

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1882.

ON THE GULF COAST.

TWO PAPERS.—I.



PENSACOLA.

THE observations on which the following sketch is based were made during a sojourn of the greater part of a year in West Florida, whither I had been sent by the Secretary of the Interior to ascertain the character of certain lands to which the State laid claim. I had, therefore, ample opportunity to study the country thoroughly, and be-

came intimately acquainted with its peculiarities. Omitting much that is interesting, I limit myself to that which in its present aspect and its relation to the past or future most forcibly impresses the stranger.

The map of the country bordering the Apalachicola River shows a line of railway from St. Joseph to Iola that once

did a prosperous business, but which does not exist to-day,—the road-bed itself being entirely obliterated in many places, and St. Joseph—one of the termini—remaining only in name, as not a chimney stands to mark the spot where was once a thriving and busy seaport.

The history of St. Joseph is brief and sad, embracing the founding, growth, and utter extinction of a town of great commercial importance. The Flint and Chattahoochee Rivers drain a large area of Georgia and Alabama. These streams, uniting and forming the Apalachicola, afforded the only means of outlet for the cotton and other products of the country tributary to them before the building of railroads from the Mississippi to the Atlantic. The town of Apalachicola, on the bay of the same name, had an obstructed entrance to its harbor, and, while the products of the upper country could readily reach tide-water, there was difficulty in getting cargoes to sea in safety. Notwithstanding this disadvantage, Apalachicola increased in business and importance. Merchants occupied brick and granite blocks, and commodious warehouses faced its quay. The inhabitants felt sure of permanent prosperity in the advantage of their position. There were better harbors on the coast, but those harbors were not connected with rivers reaching far back into the country. They feared no rival, and built with "eternal rock" as evidence of faith in their future. The commercial interests of the country, however, could not afford to pay tribute to Apalachicola, with its insurmountable obstacles in reaching the ocean, and a railroad was constructed from Iola on the river to St. Joseph, which had a harbor of easy access for the largest ships. Then the river-boats discharged their cargoes into cars at Iola, and the cars were emptied into vessels at the docks of St. Joseph, from whence they could sail in deep water to the open sea. St. Joseph grew and its people prospered, while Apalachicola dwindled in business and importance. But as a railroad had sapped the commercial foundation of

Apalachicola, so several railroads traversing the country whose trade had poured into St. Joseph, and reaching other and more convenient ports, ruined the prospects of the little city. River-steamers ceased to stop at Iola with cotton for St. Joseph, and sea-vessels kept out of its harbor, for the reason that they had no goods to discharge for the interior of Alabama and Georgia. There was no traffic for its railroad, and the iron was taken from the track and laid down elsewhere. Apalachicola rejoiced, for, as it had been shorn of strength by its younger and more vigorous rival, it was but the usual exhibition of weak human nature to take pleasure in that rival's downfall.

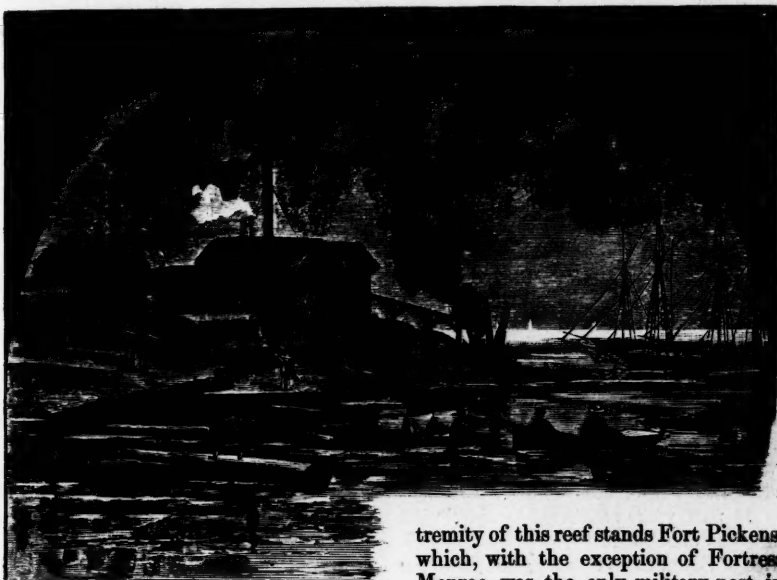
Almost immediately following the loss of its railroad and the desertion of its harbor, St. Joseph was visited by yellow fever, which almost depopulated the town. Most of the inhabitants who survived fled from the place in terror. Their houses were abandoned to those who could not get away, and bats and owls had their dwellings in common with the poverty-stricken people. Finally, a tornado completed the unfinished work of death, and everything that had stood erect in St. Joseph was levelled with the earth. The destruction was complete, and its locality as now pointed out is destitute of an inhabitant or any monument of human industry.

The same hurricane which annihilated St. Joseph laid its hand heavily on Apalachicola. Its warehouses, granite blocks, commodious churches, and fine dwellings were overthrown and swept away. No attempt at rebuilding has been made, and one of the items of business at present is furnishing old bricks for chimney-building to the country-people up the river.

Going from this region of desolation to Pensacola, we have something more pleasant to contemplate. The harbor at this place is one of the best and most spacious in the world, and during the winter months its shipping exceeds in amount that of New Orleans or any other port south of Baltimore. Timber is the principal article of export, and

ships of all nations are constructed in part of the yellow-pine and live-oak obtained for the purpose at Pensacola. English ship-builders have their buyers in this market at all seasons, and the camps of those employed to select mast-

sticks and knee-pieces are found in every locality marked by the quality of trees desired. The thorough culling of the pine and live-oak forests which has been practised for many years has made a marked impression on the supply of



A BAGDAD SAW-MILL.

available ship-building timber, and nearly all of it is taken from government land. The leading industry here is the manufacture of lumber,—one railroad of some twenty miles in length being used exclusively for bringing logs to the mills. But Pensacola's main line of railroad, as well as all the rivers, creeks, sounds, and bayous connected with its magnificent bay, are laid under tribute in the way of transportation for logs and lumber to its market.

Santa Rosa Island is a reef of sand, about sixty miles long, on which nothing grows but stunted pines and scrubby jack-oaks. It serves an admirable purpose in helping to make a landlocked harbor and protecting from ocean-breakers sounds and bays forming inside channels of communication over one hundred miles in length. On the western ex-

tremity of this reef stands Fort Pickens, which, with the exception of Fortres Monroe, was the only military post in the seceded States held from first to last by the Union forces. Opposite this on the mainland is Fort McRae, and near it the navy-yard, with a village of some eight hundred inhabitants, called Warrington. It has languished of late years, but the recent appropriation by Congress for establishing the Pensacola navy-yard as a first-class naval station—where vessels are not only repaired but constructed—will infuse new life into the community.

Pensacola Bay is a beautiful sheet of water, and from November to April is lively with sailing-vessels, tugs, and lumber-rafts. It is free from the violence of storms that sometimes prove so disastrous in the Gulf, and its smooth surface and limpid depths give pleasure to all who navigate it. Some fifteen miles east of Pensacola the clear waters of its bay are blended with the dark-

hued stream discharged by Blackwater River, which presents a surface of inky blackness impenetrable to the eye, while reflecting all objects with the distinctness of a mirror. Every moving vessel and passing cloud is shown as clearly as the object itself, and the traveller readily imagines he is sailing on an ocean of sky that no length of line could fathom. Blackwater River drains a country of ponds and sloughs. The straws of the pine-trees drop into the standing water, and, exuding coloring-matter, give it the hue from which its name is derived. The river, collecting the surface-water of a wide area, grows darker as it becomes deeper.

The saw-mills of the Blackwater bay-towns are the largest and best appointed of any to be found in Florida. Their products are measured by the million feet, and their market is all the world. The mills have contrivances for discharging the slabs at safe distances for burning, and perpetual fires are kept for the consumption of what would be valuable at Saginaw or Minneapolis for shingles, lath, or box-lumber.

In past years considerable ship-building was done at Milton, the seat of justice of Santa Rosa County; but there has been a gradual decline in this industry, as the timber of the country is steadily decreasing, and all branches of business are affected by its prospective total destruction. Nearly all the timber that is accessible from a stream that will float a log at high water has been cut and marketed, and the public lands have been stripped. The land thus denuded is mostly worthless for agricultural purposes, and, except in the immediate vicinity of the swamps and bay-heads, produces no grass that will nourish cattle.

The land-bureau of the Interior Department appears powerless to protect the timber on the public domain. Depredations have been checked, but not prevented. Special agents of the general land-office have made numerous arrests and conducted successful prosecutions against the offenders, but the expense of all this is more than the

government receives for the timber captured. Congress should legislate in regard to this matter. As long as the timber is exposed, it will be stolen if it cannot be bought. The land is not desired, but the timber on it is. There is no authority to sell the timber without the land, and this is what Congress should authorize the Secretary of the Interior to do. It might be well to adopt, in part at least, the regulations of the State of Florida in regard to timber lands. Under the Swamp-Land Act of 1850 and the acts amendatory thereto, Florida received from the general government several million acres of swamp land,—much of it being well timbered. The State provides for the sale of its timber in cases where there is no disposition to purchase the land. It fixes a price on each stick of pine and palmetto, on each thousand cypress staves or shingles, and on each cubic foot of cedar. The sheriffs of the several counties have the supervision of the timber and collect the stumpage, the State frequently realizing more from the stumpage per acre than it would receive for the land and all the timber on it if sold in a body. The advantage of this is that the land remains and the timber on it grows and increases in value year by year, a revenue is obtained, and industry and business are promoted.

The rapidity in growth of the yellow pine atones in part for the wholesale destruction of the merchantable trees. Thirty years will produce a tree of sufficient size for flooring, joists, or other lumber required in building. Where mill-men own the land from which they cut trees, they are careful to preserve those of insufficient growth. Land will bear culling every five years, so that if the government could sell its timber it would have a constant revenue for the preservation of immature trees so necessary to supply the demand of the future.

Leaving the coast for the interior, we go from Milton eastward for a distance of sixty-five or seventy miles over a country as barren as any of the worn-out and wasted fields of Virginia. It is

naturally so, for the soil is composed almost entirely of sand, on which are thickets of blackjacks, with here and there a stunted pine. For thirty-five miles along one of the main thoroughfares, and for over fifty miles on another, there is not a human habitation. The country is too poor to support a population, however sparse it might be. Grain or grass would find no nourishment in the sand, and animal life cannot be sustained where there is no vegetation. A portion of the county of Holmes is in the northeast corner of this desolate region. This county has no jail, court-house,

school-house, church, or other public building, and has no place of business of any kind, not even a grocery at a cross-roads point. I doubt if there is a county anywhere in the wilds of the West so abjectly poor as Holmes County,



VIEW OF HUMMOCK SOUND, ST. ANDREW'S BAY.

strangers to it. This barren waste extends into Alabama for a considerable distance. From its northern extremity to the Gulf coast it was the home for many years of land-pirates, who were dexterous in the theft of horses and slaves, which were taken to vessels in some stream

Florida. It is not only poor in the reality of the present, but in the prospects of the future. There is no escape from this condition until an overcrowding of population in better parts of the country shall demand more room and give a value to this unkind soil by leading to successful experiments in the culture of such esculents as are now

or bay and conveyed to Cuba. Scores of men lost their lives in pursuit of these robbers, and tales of crime and adventure are numerous.

There are parts of West Florida, however, where grain in fair amounts is raised and cotton is a profitable crop. Portions of Jackson County are naturally fertile; but a vicious system of cultiva-

tion—the result of slave-labor—has done much to impoverish the soil. There are evidences of the possession of great wealth by the owners of plantations before the war. Stately mansions now going to decay, ornamented grounds showing neglect everywhere, and large fields unfenced and untilled, point to a period when there were thrift and elegance of living among those who owned the land and owned the muscle that extracted riches from it. But all has been changed. Those who were once masters are reduced in material respects to a condition little better than that of their former slaves. This may be retributive justice for individuals, but it is unfortunate for all classes. No matter what the claim of the former slave may be for help, there are few, if any, able to extend it. All must suffer in common; and there are abundant proofs that all do suffer and that many are flying from a land which seems to be blighted. The country is losing its population, both whites and blacks forsaking it. In travelling along the roads through what were once cultivated plantations, a house is seen in the distance with all the surroundings of a planter's home, which, on approaching it, we find deserted. Probably one-half of the houses lack occupants and three-fourths of the opened lands have no cultivators. The condition of the towns is very similar. None of them are prosperous, and all have the appearance of dilapidation and decay. There is no energy or thrift, nothing to inspire the hope that lends incentive to exertion and brightens the toiler's path in life.

A large portion of the counties of Washington and Jackson is of limestone formation, and there are some curious freaks of nature in the way of caves, sinks, and arches. The Chipola River flows through a long arch, called here a natural bridge, over which runs a public road. Some distance to the west of this bridge is a sink over sixty feet in depth, resembling an immense well, but lacking water. It has never been explored, as it presents difficulties and dangers such

as no one has been found bold enough to encounter. Undoubtedly it is the entrance to a cave of which no other outlet has been found. Cypress Lake, some eight or nine miles from the Chatahoochee, has a subterranean connection with that stream, as the rise and fall of the river regulate the depth of water in the lake. Out of a limestone fissure between Cypress Lake and the Chipola River a volume of water is discharged so blue in color as to resemble indigo where it attains several feet in depth. The stream formed by this spring is a tributary of the Chipola, and will float a bateau without difficulty. The water is cool, pure, and refreshing.

High hills rise in this limestone region, and from their summits views of surpassing loveliness are had. Most of the foliage is evergreen, and equally fresh in summer and winter. Vines and creepers climb the trees and form bowers impervious to the sun's rays. The wild grape grows in luxuriance and produces a fruit similar to the scuppernong; and it may be well to remark, in passing, that where attempts have been made to cultivate the scuppernong they have been attended with remarkable success. Several experimental vineyards have produced wine of a quality that would soon acquire a national reputation in the hands of energetic men. It is an undeveloped industry which may have much to do in shaping the future of Florida.

The spring season is the most favorable time for viewing Florida scenery. The magnolia then wears its regal crown of creamy white,—the queen of flowering trees. The dogwood mingles its snow-flake blossoms with the glistening green of bay-tree leaves. The holly, with its clusters of varied hue, is the rival of the oleander, which exhibits all shades from deep carmine to pearl. The myrtle droops its ringlets of purple here and there on the hill-side and by the stream, while towering over all is the majestic palm, wearing its tuft of leaves as an Indian does the feathers on his head. Looking to the earth, its surface is seen covered with plants and shrubs, which, in their radiant freshness, reflect

all colors in a most delightful confusion and fill the air with fragrance. Spanish moss—the prevalent parasite of all the Gulf country—hangs pendent from the trees, or, imitating creeping ivies or grasping vines, fastens itself in graceful festoons, swaying its sombre gray in funereal aspect amid the variegated flowers and the verdant raiment of the trees.

This semi-tropical forest is the home of birds of rare plumage and ravishing song. The mocking-bird sings to its mate throughout the entire night, and scarcely rests by day. The red-bird is almost as incessant in his carols, and ranks high as a musician. The cat-bird attempts to rival the mocking-bird as an imitator. There are many other warblers deserving mention, and the paroquet should be specially named as one of the native birds wearing gay colors. But, beautiful in their feathers as are the birds on the trees, those in the water surpass them in the richness of their attire. The heron family—red, white, and blue—and the gorgeous curlew display costumes that give them a high value in the markets, and these wading birds are much hunted in the winter months for their long plumes. At this season they are very wild, but in the spring they are quite tame and easy of approach. There are also hunters of other birds, but, as the market for them is mostly at Jacksonville,—the headquarters of tourists from the North,—the forests of West Florida are seldom disturbed, except for the heron and curlew, whose feathers find a sale among commercial travellers in any of the small towns.

The streams, lakes, and bays of West Florida are supplied with a great variety of fish of the best quality. Trout and bass are the favorites among the freshwater varieties. The oysters of St. Andrew's Bay are not excelled anywhere in flavor or juicy tenderness. Deer are plentiful on either side of the Apalachicola, and are often seen from the decks of steamboats swimming the river. Along the Econfinia and Choctawhatchee Rivers are deer-ranges where hunters find rare sport, and those fond of bringing the

bear to bay can find game to their liking in Calhoun County and the western part of Washington. The fondness of wild-cats for spring lamb makes the rearing of sheep a precarious business, and the lives of pigs are not safe unless protected by a well-disciplined army of full-grown swine. The alligator also has a sharp appetite for all small animals, giving preference to dogs of convenient size for a single mouthful.

This paradise for hunters is turned to profitable account by a few men of sagacity and enterprise, who use it as a cattle-range. An inferior grade of beef-cattle is sustained on the native grass of the sandy soil without any cost to the owners but the branding of the yearlings and the gathering of them at maturity for shipment to the Cuban market. This stock is incapable of much, if any, improvement, even by crossing with better breeds, as the pasturage will not sustain fine qualities,—the food producing a tough, stringy beef and lowering any imported varieties down to the prevalent standard. Neither large nor fine cattle are found, but scrubby, raw-boned herds, representing an innutritious diet, as the blackjacks do a barren soil. The wire-grass of the pine woods is as coarse as broom-straw or the straw of the pines themselves, and possesses about as much value as live-stock feed. Along the streams, bayous, and sloughs the grass is better; but the best of it is poor compared with the prairie-grass of Texas or Kansas. And, poor as it is, the cattle do not have it the year round. The frosts of December kill it, and it does not come out fresh and green again until March. During the winter the cattle suffer a loss of flesh which is not fully recovered until after the heat of summer, which brings myriads of annoying insects to prey upon them, has passed away. In the autumn months they are in their best condition, and their owners, gathering up all of sufficient weight and flesh to be made ready for the shambles, place them on board vessels and land with them, after a few hours' sail, at some port in Cuba,—coming back laden with Spanish doubloons and Mexican dollars,

which enter largely into circulation all along our Gulf coast.*

Of the lands of West Florida, other than those already described, there are some hummocks† on the coast suitable for either grain or cotton. This is notably the case on the several arms of St. Andrew's Bay and the streams debouching into them, and here also are found quantities of live-oak valuable in the navy-yards of the world. On the ridge-lands a few miles on either side of the Apalachicola River oranges rivaling in flavor and juiciness those of the

justly celebrated Indian River variety are produced. With improved means of transportation and greater care in picking and packing for shipment, the oranges of this region could be given a market value second to none. A knowledge of this will be slowly acquired by the people here, for they are never in a hurry, whether in the exercise of their minds or bodies.

The treasurer of Calhoun County informed me that there were scarcely a dozen delinquent tax-payers within its limits. The manner of settling with the



STEAM-TUG WITH LUMBER-RAFT IN PENSACOLA BAY.

tax-gatherer is of the most primitive character. Each owner of realty brings to the treasurer during the course of the winter a bundle of otter-, beaver-, or deer-

*Latterly, however, Havana drafts on New York or New Orleans are preferred, as they are more convenient, and are sometimes worth a premium, as our greenbacks have been most of the time in Havana and Nassau since the resumption of specie payments. Besides, the Florida cattle-dealer is improving as a businessman, and desires to keep abreast with the world in the progress it is making, and accepts exchange in lieu of cumbersome coin.

†This word is invariably spelled *hammock* in Florida, but by what authority I do not know. It is the universal orthography in all the public documents of the State.

skins. The pelts are counted and labelled, and a memorandum made of the kind and number. With the accumulation of a wagon-load the treasurer goes to the nearest landing on the Apalachicola River and converts the peltry into money by a sale to some dealer on a passing steamboat. The surplus, if any, is faithfully accounted for. By this accommodating method of transacting the public business the treasurer is enabled to realize from his percentage on tax-collections about four hundred dollars a year, besides putting a few cents of extra change into the pockets of his neigh-

bors. While this would indicate general poverty of purse in Calhoun County, there is an untold amount of wealth in the real happiness the people enjoy. Their wants, few and simple, are easily supplied, and the result is ease and contentment, unmarred by desire for anything beyond.

A proposition has been pending for some years to annex West Florida to Alabama. Geographically considered, the territory naturally belongs to Alabama; but Alabama was a State in the Union before Florida was purchased, and the latter became a State with its original limits unshorn. The only relationship sustained by West Florida to that portion of the State east of the Apalachicola is political, and this is attended with very serious inconvenience.

There are no lines of communication, either by land or water, between West Florida and Tallahassee, the capital of the State. All the business relations of West Florida are with points outside the State, and the interests of the inhabitants would be promoted by the proposed change. The scheme meets with favor, as it would give the people a connection with a State more powerful and influential than the one in which they now reside. Alabama also favors it, seeing that it would add a long line to her coast-boundary and give her a harbor at Pensacola immeasurably superior to that of Mobile. On the other

hand, the State of Florida at large is opposed to dismemberment, and looks with alarm at any attempt to divest her of any number of her inhabitants or her unoccupied square miles. There can be no doubt, however, that the material in-



LOADING VESSELS WITH TIMBER AND LUMBER AT PENSACOLA.

terests of the whole country would be subserved by giving West Florida to Alabama and the remainder of the State to Georgia. Two powerful States would thus absorb a third one, of sufficient area for a State, but lacking the elements of sustenance for a population sufficient to give it the strength necessary to insure the prosperity of its people. There is something wanted besides millions of acres to constitute a State. A country like Florida, being best adapted to those products which must have a foreign market in order to bring profit or even to obtain the necessities of life by exchange, requires capital, and that capi-

tal supplemented by labor; and the labor by patience. The railroad system of Georgia extended over Florida would furnish the requisite market and bring with it the capital and the labor. That system could be readily extended and fostered by annexation. Any other must be of slow growth, for Florida, as a State, is poor, while Georgia is rich and is constantly adding to her wealth. The factories, mines, and agricultural

products of Georgia increase the aggregate available capital of the State many millions every year. While these millions might be made to vastly benefit Florida by annexation, it is not at all probable that the idea of annexation will be seriously entertained in Florida. Politicians would object, and State pride would raise obstacles very difficult to surmount.

BARTON D. JONES.

STEPHEN GUTHRIE.



"VIRGIL! VIRGIL DEAR!"—Page 138.

CHAPTER VI.

A BABE IN THE WOODS.

HOWEVER popular a bony heroine might be at this period, she was not doted on in the Centennial year. We

were then just beginning to murmur about decorative art and to learn there was such a purely refined pastime in the world as hunting up curios. Now everybody who aspires to society is glib in the

slang of æsthetics; and, it must be confessed, women are prettier since they plunged into the Art rage than they were when devoted to patterns.

Mr. Battelle's family could see no charms in the young lady whom he had chosen for his wife; but possibly even a Venus in that relation would have been unsatisfactory to them. They had formulated a creed for him,—which was celibacy for his portion, and utter devotion of his means to the family in which he happened to be born. Mr. Battelle's matrimonial schemes had miscarried until he was so far advanced in middle life that his family were beginning to feel comfortable about him. To gaze many years on an heirless and opulent relative with possessing and affectionate eyes and see him suddenly put himself in a way to divert his means is a bitter experience in this world.

The Battelles had been a poor family of Swiss descent living at Vevay, in Indiana. One of them, more enterprising than the rest, migrated to the State capital, and, after many windings and reverses, prospered in real-estate speculations, and in due time, his youth having long deserted him, was counted a wealthy man. His poor relations then consisted principally of uncles, aunts, and cousins, who heard of his exploits, prophesying ruin at every turn he made; but he had also two sisters and a brother, who regarded him with solicitous interest and followed him to town. The brother married, and prospered in a slow way, embittered by the glittering success of his senior and the comparisons made by the women of his family; for the sisters took up their abode with him and lived on an allowance made them by Mr. Battelle. The bachelor himself alternated between this domestic altar and various hotels. He had sometimes been moved to create an establishment of his own and put the girls in it; but certain unpleasantnesses made him hesitate and conclude finally that a wife was the necessary centre of every house, whatever else might collect there.

It was dusk and raining when the train on which Naomi Sands came home

drew into the Union Dépôt. A boom of gongs and the bells of many engines seemed to welcome her. Hundreds of lights appeared on each side of the tracks, and the usual anxious crowds were there, which are always going to or returning from some place. Never had the timbered arches, so lost in crusts of smoke, seemed dearer to her, or the shouts of the newsboys more stirring. She loved a great many things which other people detested, and this heart of a railroad labyrinth was one of them. Even the glass-enclosed eating-saloons, with their sideboards supporting and reflecting heaps of oranges and native fruits, were wholesome sights; and there were always odd parties to be seen at the counters or tables, bolting food in a hurry and looking anxiously over their shoulders at fragments of trains parading the length of the dépôt with slowly articulating bells.

"I could hug the dear old town!" whispered Naomi, as its voice met her ears once more. And she was not coming back to it as a step-child, but as an own daughter and established citizen. She expected Mr. Battelle to meet her. It is a great comfort to have any one meet you. She was tired, and had been feeling a great deal of anxiety about her brother. Mr. Battelle would comfort her. A man had better be knobby-kneed and practical than teem with the finest sentiment tinged with untruthfulness.

While the locomotive tolled its stately entrance to the dépôt, therefore, this eager young creature lifted her head from her shawl and watched at her side of the car for Mr. Battelle with an impulse approaching affection.

Mr. Battelle was walking beside the train, craning his neck for a glimpse of some arrival. Her heart gave a plunge of gratitude. He had an umbrella in his hand, and his hat betrayed where the eaves had splashed it. No wonder married women looked self-satisfied and cosey, being constantly in receipt of such attendance and devotion. A picture sprang up in this young lady's mind of Mr. Battelle and herself mov-

ing away from the dépôt in a carriage, hearing the rain splash, and feeling the springs billow under them as a sort of prelude to domestic quiet and comfort. She decided if he wanted to hold her hand she would kindly allow him the privilege. Mr. Battelle kept no carriage of his own, and was in the habit of drawing on the livery-stables for his equipages: she felt she had every right on this occasion to set him against a background of transfer-carriage at least.

He shook her hand very warmly, after assisting her from the car-platform. His cheeks were cleanly shaven, and he was alert about her comfort. "Let me take the check for your baggage," he made her hear through the babel of noise.

"I attended to that on the train: the transfer-company will send it."

Naomi snuggled her arm under his, feeling almost sure of receiving from him the tender coddling she had secretly pined for so long. A lover with a capacity for devotion of this kind acquires a grip on impressionable womanhood superior to the fascination of any Romeo.

"I'm so glad you met me!" said Naomi, as they walked across the tracks.

Mr. Battelle smiled down at her small sensitive face, and replied, "I tried to get Rodney to come with me, but she wouldn't do it."

Miss Sands just perceived that this remark was chilling. Her lover was not chilling, however. "Why are we going to this side of the dépôt?" she exclaimed. Carriages usually drew up at the other side, but he had probably forbidden his to cross the tracks.

"This is the way to the street-cars, isn't it?" laughed Mr. Battelle.

"Oh, yes," replied the girl; and they went out under his umbrella.

Mr. Battelle still practised the careful economy which had helped him to pile up his thousands.

They stood on a corner, waiting for a street-car to come up through the tunnel. She reminded herself that she had not always felt able to ride in street-cars as often as she wished, and wondered why such very small matters made a change

in people's feelings. Green and crimson glares from the drug-store behind them extended across the wet pavement. A smell of escaped gas and sewage tainted the air, and cabs and omnibuses rattled by. Her feet and skirts felt damp, but she talked lightly and quickly, asking questions and chattering. Two or three street-cars came up from the tunnel, but none of their line.

"And how did you find your brother?" inquired Mr. Battelle.

She felt a cold clutch in her throat: "I didn't find him. He had run away from there." She had intended telling this to Mr. Battelle solemnly in the privacy of her boarding-house parlor, and to enlist his sympathies. How differently everything happens from the way you plan it! Her brother's flight was a tragedy. But Mr. Battelle, watching sharply for the street-car, had no attention for her lifted eyes or the bruised blue which crying had made around them.

"Run off, has he?" said Mr. Battelle indifferently.

"You don't seem to care," murmured Naomi.

"Why, what is there to care about? He'll get back before you want to see him."

"Don't you care for your brother and sisters?"

"Why, yes, I do." Mr. Battelle's mind reverted to his kindred. "I wanted the girls to meet you and take you home with them to-night."

Miss Sands experienced a slight shock: "I couldn't have gone."

"I don't see why not. I'm not there. And they might as well get used to it." The tone implied that getting used to it might be a severe process for them.

"Aren't they willing—for you to marry?" stammered Naomi, widening her eyes at invisible objects and fidgeting at her glove-button.

The right car now came up, and Mr. Battelle signalled vigorously. They picked their way over the muddy crossing and got in. There was only a fat colored woman with her basket inside.

Mr. Battelle deposited the fares, and they sat with a yellow kerosene-lamp glaring in their eyes. The floor was muddy. Miss Sands tucked her skirts daintily back. She was beginning to own a faint resentment against all the Battelles.

"No," replied the gentleman, turning himself toward her for conversation: "they don't want me to get married." A puzzled expression came over his face, but he continued with the bluntness of manhood, "And when I told Rodney it was you, she began to cry and say you had no business to come in between her and her brother."

This was quite amusing to Mr. Battelle. He laughed and struck his knee several times. In another mood the young lady of his choice might herself have seen something comic in the situation; but she was tired and heart-sore, longing to feel the pressure of family ties, and more anxious than woman ever was yet to be welcomed into a connection she felt certain of adorning.

"Oh, yes, they had quite a cry all round," said Mr. Battelle. "But they're welcome to marry as they please, and I shan't consult them about doing as I please. I'll always do something for the girls, and John too, if his family needs it. Oh, it's all nonsense; they'll get over it after a little."

"They wouldn't come to meet me?" said Miss Sands faintly.

"I didn't urge that. I merely mentioned it to Rodney, and she began to cry again, and said she wouldn't."

She said nothing more until they reached her boarding-house. Mr. Battelle hummed occasionally, in the full enjoyment of his position.

The gentle enthusiasm of a boarding-house-keeper over a returning guest being exhausted, and Miss Sands having been to her own room to remove a few of the stains of travel, she came down wearily to Mr. Battelle, who seemed bent on claiming a large share of her society. He was walking round the parlor, cracking his knuckles, or pushing a

flower-pot table out of his way, utterly ignoring the fact that it was placed there to hide a weak spot in the carpet. "You look used up," he said, as Miss Sands came in. "I guess I'll go."

He cracked his knuckles all together in what she considered a diabolical manner. Yet she begged him to wait a moment, and sat down in an arm-chair, looking at him with piteous eyes.

"Why, what's the matter?" he inquired.

"I seem to be governed by moods and emotions rather than by reason, don't I?"

Mr. Battelle did not know. He put one hand on the chair-back and inquired what she was driving at.

"It's shameful for them to treat me so. I have never done anything in my life to deserve such a reception from the family of the man I am to marry."

"Oh, the girls!" said Mr. Battelle. He frowned over her working face. "Pshaw! that's nothing. Don't you know the most unpleasant things that happen to a person in this world usually come from his own family?"

No, she didn't. That was a dreadful doctrine. She didn't know anything about family life herself, but supposed, of course, it was a paradise.

Mr. Battelle's experience and observation had taught him differently. His sisters and brother were as good as the average, but they had their little failings. Everybody had little failings. He thought a great deal of his family. You mustn't expect perfection. There isn't any perfection in the world.

"Isn't there?" pleaded Miss Sands.

"Why, I can imagine noble beings who would be a perpetual lesson to me, who would make all my good grow, and dwarf all my evil."

"Oh, yes, you can imagine them; but when you come right down to folks," said the bachelor, trying to subdue his stubby chin-growth, "you'll find they're folks, and not angels." He drew up an argumentative chair and sat down, knocking his fists together lightly, for pastime.

The girl stared along the carpet, her nervous fingers gripping the arm of her

chair. Her morbid face was unpleasantly like an anatomist's plate representing the muscles denuded of tissue. Yet it had an attraction as unseen and potent as electricity. "Mr. Battelle," she said suddenly, "I don't think I ought to marry you, after all."

The gentleman stopped knocking his fists, and stared, as he had a right to do. "Well?" he inquired. "Why not?"

"There was a letter for me up-stairs from Miss Guthrie, and I opened and read it before I came down."

"Well," said the bachelor, "what has Miss Guthrie to do with our engagement? I had very little to say to her," he added: "you can't suppose I tried to carry on a flirtation with her?"

"No."

"I admired Miss Guthrie. She was a very pretty little lady."

"Yes."

"Then what has she to do with us?"

Naomi leaned back. She was on the point of confessing her romance and the results growing out of it, but behind the gay and girlish letter just received—to which she must for dignity's sake give some reply—stood the mass of influence which Stephen Guthrie had exercised over her. His masculine logic, his exquisite sympathies, his stirring sense of freedom,—what a world these had been to her! Even yet that world was not to be lightly spoken of. Within its horizon she had put away the very dew of youth, the memory of her mother's prayers, and her first zest in living. How contradictory and queer things were in this life! "I am the simplest, most credulous soul created," she thought. "It was no feat at all for that little creature to make a dupe of me. She needn't have taken so much pains and made me so happy in the process. I always took the word of a fellow-being in preference to the evidence of my senses."

"What has Miss Guthrie to do with our engagement?" repeated Mr. Battelle. "You're dodging the point."

"When we were engaged, you know, I said in another mood I might answer

differently. There are so many sides to me, I feel afraid of myself."

Mr. Battelle puffed to express dissatisfaction.

"Maybe I don't like you as well as I ought to."

"Is there anybody you like better?" Mr. Battelle's forehead showed a bulging vein or two.

Naomi hesitated: "No. You seem kinder and truer than any one else in the world."

"Then what's this nonsense about?"

"It would be horribly unpleasant to you to have me *always* hating them: I shall resent it as long as I live!"

"What are you talking about? the girls again? I wish I hadn't told you. Pshaw! They like you just as well as they would anybody I'd marry. Better, in fact. You needn't mind the girls. I've got a little grain-speculation fixed up for them that's going to give them an independent lift, and when they find that out they'll be only too anxious to treat my wife and me well."

"Is their affection governed entirely by money?"

"Well," said Mr. Battelle, drolly lifting his eyebrows, "I suppose they think well of a brother in proportion as he does well by them."

"I couldn't be that way," darted out Naomi Sands. "Do you suppose I would adore my husband or brother in prosperity and when reverses came turn my back?"

"I hope not," said Mr. Battelle. "But women like money to spend, and it's a man's place to make money. If he reaches my years without doing it, he isn't good for much." Still he drew his chair a little nearer, his face expressing satisfaction with the young lady's sentiments. "As to breaking off our marriage, of course it will be just as you say. I never had any desire to force you into what you dislike. All our friends know it was planned to come off soon; but we're not obliged to go ahead on their account."

"Please don't thump your hands together," exclaimed Miss Sands with the petulance of a child.

"Does it annoy you?" Mr. Battelle desisted, and hummed in his throat to cover a slight embarrassment.

"Yes; and I can't stand that humming noise you're always making. I might as well tell you. Then you *will* drum with your fingers, and your beard is so stubby!"

Mr. Battelle's indignation was suspended by surprise: "What kind of a queer girl are you? I never saw you take a freak like this before. Perhaps I'll shave my beard off if you don't like it,"—this in a tone which rather implied that he would not.

"I don't think I like *any* of the Battelles."

"Whom do you like?"

"That's it!" stretching up her hands and clasping them across her head.

"Whom do I like?"

"Now," said the suitor, "we'll consider all our plans as if they had never been made. And I can tell you plainly I never courted you for your beauty."

"That goes without telling."

"Nor for your style. You haven't any." Miss Sands continued silently in her position. "But for certain good qualities which I thought you had."

"But find yourself mistaken?"

Mr. Battelle went across the room, smiling while his back was turned toward her, and took his gloves from a table. He wore dark Lisle gloves, whatever the fashions in gentlemen's wear might be. Coming back with his gloves, he inquired politely, "And may I ask what your plans are for the future, Miss Sands?"

"I have often thought," she replied, "of going to New York and—and writing poems for my living. The Carys did."

"That's a very practical idea! You have friends and influence there, of course?"

"No; I should be alone. Oh, I shall always be alone."

"Well, good luck, and good-night," said Mr. Battelle, moving to the door. Though he stooped slightly, his back appeared to advantage.

"You have forgotten to take your

ring," said the young lady. He turned indifferently and held out his hand. Mr. Battelle was not one of those storied lovers who trample a valuable diamond under foot on such occasions.

As he showed no disposition to return, she was obliged to rise and carry it to him. But, instead of dropping it into his open palm, she turned it around on her finger in further parley: "Are you going away angry at me? I have said very disagreeable things. Miss Guthrie criticised me freely on the boat that day, and I suppose it rankled until I took vengeance out of you. I have a dreadful disposition."

"Miss Guthrie appears to occupy a great part of your mind. If our engagement were not broken off, I might object to so much of Miss Guthrie." His sandy countenance was quite complacent.

"I don't believe you care at all," said Naomi, pulling the ring over the first joint.

"I care for your happiness," said Mr. Battelle with manly directness, "but I don't care to subject myself to all kinds of foolish whims. When I made you an offer of marriage, I meant to devote myself and my means to your happiness."

"How new that would be," murmured Naomi, "to have any one devote himself and his means to my happiness!"

"But I suppose this is final, and there is no use in saying any more about it."

"Yes, I suppose it is. It would never do for me to marry. I should make a dreadfully bad wife. I am too cognizant of my own existence and all its intricate workings. That's a very pretty way to define selfishness, isn't it?"

"I rather thought you would make an excellent wife." Mr. Battelle opened the parlor door.

"Oh," said Naomi, leaning her head against it in a way to push it shut again, "I want to thank you for all your kindness to me. You have been very kind." Her lip trembled. She had a finely-cut mouth, with, on some occasions, the ghost of a dimple beside it. This was one of

the occasions, and Mr. Battelle's sandy-lashed eyes noticed the weak indentation.

"You're a sort of babe in the woods," he observed indulgently.

"I guess I am."

"Of course you are: ready to wander here or there and live on wild berries. What you need is a husband to give you some practical idea of life."

"Perhaps it is," murmured the young lady, turning her ring around and around. "I magnify trifles. But every little occurrence of life is really of importance. Do you know, I have never been in harmony with my surroundings, and sometimes I think there isn't harmony in me for any surroundings? I shall be a waif and go out at last in death never having taken proper hold on the world or anybody in it."

"Oh, let yourself alone," said Mr. Battelle, with some impatience. "Don't be always turning yourself around to examine on every side. Think of somebody else,—me, for instance. I want to get out of this door and go to the hotel."

"Am I detaining you? Beg pardon, I'm sure."

"Now, you go to bed and to sleep," he exhorted, holding the door half open. "When you're rested and fully in your senses, if you're of the same mind you were this evening, you can send the ring in a note around to the hotel. Good-night."

"Good-night." She clasped her hands and looked down until his step touched the veranda. Stormy love-quarrels and reconciliations were probably reserved for other girls. The region of decorum and commonplace was allotted to her. For one brief instant she pictured herself at odds with the Stephen Guthrie who had never existed. He upbraided her, besought her for her troth again, and, when he turned his back on her, drew her whole heart out of her bosom after him.

Mr. Battelle shut the gate. She remembered it was that constant friend, and not the vision, who was departing in an injured frame of mind.

He paused at the gate, hearing his name called softly through the dark: "Well?"

"I thought I would just tell you you needn't expect those things in the morning, Mr. Battelle. I shan't send them, of course."

CHAPTER VII.

SISTER RODNEY.

DURING the month Rodney came sauntering into Miss Sands's boarding-house, with Lucretia in her wake. Lucretia was good only for Rodney's back-ground. In case of the younger sister's marriage, Lucretia would be thrown in as a make-weight. She was an aquiline, precise maiden lady, with very red hair, and brown splashes like scales upon her skin. Her head was large; she walked with pigeon-like dignity, looking down and bridling her chin toward her breast, until perpendicular wrinkles like tiny ribbons extended from her cheeks down her neck. Lucretia was the eldest of the family, but if she had any individuality it existed in a diffused state through the other Battelles. Nobody considered her worth much attention; but people who had occasion to search for some positive quality in her said she was amiable. Amiability is an imaginary flavor which saves many flat, stale women. Lucretia looked much younger than she was. Still considered an old young lady, she went everywhere with Rodney, and assented to all that Rodney said.

Miss Sands held this younger sister of Mr. Battelle's in secret terror. She was not able to account for the way Rodney made her quiver and tingle: seeing that serene young lady bearing down upon her from any point made her involuntarily commit some *gaucherie*.

Rodney never did anything coarse or commonplace. She rose up in the parlor that had seen its best days and condescendingly touched her lip to the teacher's cheek, and, while Lucretia repeated the performance, sunk upon her chair again, silently disapproving of her future sister-in-law's elbows and flurried manner.

Naomi sat down and tucked her feet under her dress, feeling like a young pupil caught in some dreadful act. She knew the raw edge of her hardships appeared all over her under Rodney Battelle's eyes, and she foresaw despairingly that years of ease and plenty and advantageous social contact would not make her able to resist the powerful groundswell of Rodney's presence.

Rodney was pretty. Her face and throat were beautifully cut, the tint ivory-clear and flushing richly through the cheeks. In profile, the point of her nose was blunted just enough to give it delicacy and save it from too great piquancy. Her eyes were brown and large, and she had one expression, when occasion arose for it, which made them very warm and winning. Her hair was a cloudy brown, without the cinnamon tints of her eyes, curling over her forehead and always escaping in two ravishing finger-curls at the nape of her neck. Its intermediate evolutions were mysterious and fine in effect. Rodney always had a flower, or flat silver comb, or float of ribbon color, or some unexpected ornament, tipped sideways in her hair. The French tang remained strong in her Americanized blood. Whatever combinations she made in dress, the result was effective and original. She made her own hats, or bullied her chosen milliner into performances under her own eye. One of these works of genius was now slightly tilted on her head. For the rest, she was a shape of lawn and lace, very slim about the waist, but plump and pliant. One never thought of Rodney's feet, they were so inconsiderable a part of her; but when she sat down opposite the long mirror which a careful boarding-house-keeper had twined around with turlatans, she regarded her image with satisfaction and tipped up one little boot until its sole was revealed.

Naomi was conscious of turning her dullest side to the foe. She wished it was possible for her to sit without twitching,—to sit, indeed, in such languor and growing repose as Mr. Battelle's younger sister luxuriated in.

"Ambrose has told us when we may expect the event to come off," said Rodney, prolonging each word as if she enjoyed the mellowness of her own voice. "As it is so soon, I suppose you are in the midst of preparations."

"Yes," said Naomi. "Some women are working for me in the house. I have just been trying on."

"I thought you looked rumped," slowly commented Rodney.

"A person always looks rumped after trying on," put in Lucretia, with turkey-like abruptness. She then tucked her chin down again and appeared to drum and scrape her plumage on the ground, as if she had not gobbled or ever thought of gobbling.

"It rather surprised us, his marrying at all," pursued Rodney, descending to real affability; "but I suppose you are both old enough to marry and to know your own minds."

"I hope so," said Naomi. And she was moved by spitefulness to add, "So is Miss Battelle; but she hasn't used her privileges."

"Crete will never marry. I shouldn't allow it. It would be too cruel to have both brothers and sister taken from me." Miss Rodney turned her foot around so that the French heel coquetted with the French heel in the glass.

"Is the brother already married lost to you?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," said Rodney, looking from the mirror at the thin-cheeked school-teacher with frank melancholy. "His wife is always in the way and having a baby to cry about the house. When the first one was born, I thought I never could stand having it thrust between my brother and me. I stayed away and cried nearly a week. Didn't I, Cretie?"

"Yes, you did," Lucretia confirmed in her fowl-like voice. "Nearly a week."

"I've rather got used to Amy now," pursued Rodney. "But she will always keep poor John tied down. She spends so foolishly, and seems to forget she brought almost nothing into the family: two or three thousand dollars can't be

called any amount of property. And she is so jealous of Ambrose's money," added the lovely girl, with the air of owning that herself.

"I suppose you'll get used to me some time," suggested Miss Sands, feeling a heated spot on each cheek-bone.

"Oh, yes, we shall have to," murmured Rodney, with a pretty laugh,—so pretty that she was obliged to look at the reflection of her milky teeth and lift her lip a trifle to inspect the gum, coral-line in its healthiness, before continuing. "I'd rather he'd marry you, since he's determined to marry, than 'Du Russell. I thought at one time 'Du Russell would get him. She's been accustomed to everything heart can wish, and such a person for display I never saw. Julia's a nice girl, but she's verging on the sere and yellow, too, and the Russells aren't able to keep up as they used to."

"You're able to wring some consolation out of his choice, then?"

"Yes. I know you won't expect as much as Dudu would; and then you haven't a whole regiment of relatives to quarter on Ambrose. There are such a tribe of Russells."

"There are compensations in being alone in the world," remarked Miss Sands. She sat straight up in her black dress, and her eyes flared.

"I think we must be going, Lucretia," said Rodney comfortably.

"Yes," exclaimed Lucretia, "we must be going."

"Pray don't," said the teacher. "I am enjoying your call amazingly."

Rodney gave her a benign smile: "Oh, we have stayed a long while. I don't like long calls. It tires me to talk continuously to the same person. I have to do all the talking when we call, for Lucretia never says a word. Do you, Lucretia?"

Lucretia strutted slightly in rising, and assented as she preened her wings, "No, I never say a word. I haven't the gift of talking."

"Ambrose used to say I was the talker of the family," said Rodney pensively. "I always liked Ambrose better than John."

"He does more for you," suggested Miss Sands.

"Yes. Ambrose always *has* been kind to us. Well, he had more to be kind with than John. Ambrose was my favorite brother."

"You speak as if he had fallen from grace."

Rodney exerted herself to create a glimmering smile of resignation. "Amy will come over to see you," she added, while they moved toward the veranda, in a tone which implied it was of no consequence whether she did or not. "She's musing with jelly or something. When she gets done she'll come over. How singular it is we have been acquainted so long, yet I never called here before!"

"Very singular."

"Our set is so large we have so many calls to make. Cretie, did we ever call at this house before?"

"Did we?" repeated Lucretia, perking her head on one side, as if she were about to utter the "cra-cra-cra" of a meditative hen.

"Why, yes, we did!" languidly exclaimed Rodney. "Don't you remember the little school-teacher that married that old widower,—what is his name? Married him for his money, and he took her abroad and tumbled her down the Alps, or something: anyhow, she died there. We called with his mother: she urged us to."

"Oh, yes," croaked Lucretia. "Yes. Of course I remember."

"She boarded here. This is quite an old boarding-house, isn't it? The windows look so little. I should think the upper rooms would be unpleasant, the roof is so low."

"The roof is low," confirmed Lucretia.

"But the rooms," said Naomi, "are really palatial. You ought to see them. You'd wonder what could lure me away into the bosom of your family."

"Oh, you're joking," said Rodney, gathering the lace tail of her dress into her hand. "Well, run in and see us, now. Don't be formal. You'll generally find us in from two to four in the afternoon. That's the engagement-ring, is it?"

"Not at all," replied Naomi. "This is an heirloom of our ancient and noble house."

"He never gave me a diamond ring," said Rodney. "Ambrose can be real stingy when he chooses. I never got much jewelry out of him,—just our watches, and our pearl sets, and a few rings, and my bracelets and locket. Have you any idea what he paid for it?" insinuated Rodney.

"I have not," replied the bride elect.

They closed the gate, Miss Rodney bestowing a slight patronizing nod, and Miss Battelle a dip of the beak, in token that the conference was ended.

A block away, they met some congenial acquaintance, and paused for an instant's chat.

"We've just come from looking in at that girl," said Rodney, raising her shoulders. "Ambrose drove us."

"Don't you like her at all?"

"Oh, she has about as much manner as Amy. You know how much Amy has."

The acquaintance tried to look subdued and sympathetic.

"But she's a very nice girl," said Rodney, with a virtuous and sisterly effort to make the best of it. "We don't know the least thing against her: do we, Lucretia?"

Lucretia considered Rodney's statement correct.

"But we can hardly be expected to love her yet, you know."

Lucretia did not see how it could be expected.

The acquaintance murmured in a general way that it was too bad, and shifted her white parasol to the eye of the sun.

Their shadows tipped eastward on the dusty pavement.

Within the boarding-house parlor the teacher, lying face downward upon a sofa, looked up and saw her wraith-like visage given back from the glass. "Lugubrious is a chubby kind of word," she observed to it: "that French walking doll would not allow herself to look lugubrious. Then why should you, football of your own charming sex? Thin-skinned, credu-

lous people have a hard time in this world. Toughen thyself."

But many persons took a kindlier interest in Naomi's wedding. Her boarding-house-keeper bloomed out like a mother, and forgot all such past unpleasantnesses as gas used at unseemly hours of the night and ingratitude for economical dishes.

Mrs. Camperman, whose delight in weddings grew with her years, made this one her pet, and stopped her carriage nearly every day at the gate, wriggling out of it with much difficulty and sighing with relief as the springs rebounded. To the bride elect she assumed the position of relative, and dictated every article of the trousseau, beholding with perfect good nature the greater part of her advice disregarded. "Well, please yourself, child," she said: "it isn't so much what you marry with, after all, as whom you marry."

CHAPTER VIII.

A NEW HOME.

THE wedding took place, and the pair went for a few days to Chicago. On their return they took rooms at a hotel until the house Mr. Battelle was having built should be finished.

Mrs. Battelle received and returned calls. She could place her wedding-presents in array and look at them in childish satisfaction. Such an abundance of pretty things and the degree of grandeur allotted to her kept for a time the semblance of unreality. But Mr. Battelle came home promptly from his office and took her to drive. Every day she sat at table in an immense glittering room, and saw people come and go as in a panorama, and was waited on by a polite black man in spotless linen, whose every attitude showed that he considered his business a great and sumptuous profession in which nobody so excels as a man of color.

Rodney was ostentatious in the attention she showed her brother's bride. It was very kind of her, as everybody said. She pleaded with her various friends to go and call, and marshalled them pen-

sively to that social duty. Her manner toward her brother greatly touched him. She hung on his arm or had some lingering, languid caress for him which he had never received from her in his bachelor days. She told him he was lost to her now, and he said, "Oh, nonsense!" but patted her hand or head, with that sentimental grimace which always betrays a man when his weak point is touched. This was usually done in the presence of spectators who were bound to reflect Mr. Battelle's facial expression.

Naomi stood by, feeling as she folded her hands that they must be the paws of a relentless man-eater and the room an arena full of juicy Christians.

But, when the house was done, she had a busy and delightful month, selecting furniture and the thousand beautiful things that go to the making of a home. Mr. Battelle owned some fine pictures hanging on his brother John's walls, and their transfer was regarded as a second carrying away of the sacred vessels to Babylon.

"Our family is a little queer that way," said Mr. Battelle to his young wife. "They get a notion they own whatever is left around with them. I ought to send Amy a check to buy her a dress. Women have to be bought over to everything."

"Do they?" said Naomi.

"Generally speaking."

They were in the new house, superintending the men who placed the furniture. She laughed aloud; her heart felt triumphant and light. "Do you remember Stephen Guthrie?" she inquired, taking her husband by the arm. "Certainly." He rubbed her hand with his fingers, which were usually dry and cold. The circulation of Mr. Battelle's blood was not vigorous.

"Let us ask her to come and visit us. I will hold out Rodney Battelle for a bait: the name will deceive her. She must always have new worlds to conquer, and she'll think your sister is a gentleman."

Mr. Battelle assented. He had assented for two or three months to every proposition his wife made.

"We'll put her in the octagon chamber.

I'll have a writing-desk set in there containing all her old letters to me, and some rainy day I think I'll lock her up with them. They'd be so improving to her. They were intended to be improving to me."

"But that's the room Rodney pitched upon," objected Mr. Battelle.

"Rodney?"

"I told the girls they could take their choice," said the husband stolidly.

"Are they going to live here?" inquired Naomi in a faint voice.

"Oh, that's an old arrangement. And John's getting some family now, and the girls will be more comfortable here. They will be a great deal of company to you while I am at business," said Mr. Battelle, with the manner of conferring a favor.

Mrs. Battelle walked into the hall and looked up at a stained-glass window. It threw a purple diamond upon her mouth and turned her eyelids crimson, set one cheek in gold and deepened with chocolate shades the brown of her hair; but for her hands, laced across her breast, was reserved a green light, which made them look dead. The carved stairway, up and down which she had bounded, carrying old keepsakes to her room in her own home, now appeared as dreadful as the ascent to a cross. "What shall I do?" she whispered. "I cannot endure it! indeed I can't!" Going back, she put both hands around her husband's arm. "Mr. Battelle?"

"Well, Mrs. Battelle?"

"You have lots and lots of money, haven't you?"

He widened his eyes: "Not nearly so much as I want."

"But you said you had fixed a nice grain-speculation for your sisters."

"I did, but," said Mr. Battelle, with a lengthening visage, "it has rather fixed me. I haven't realized yet."

"I thought they made lots of money in grain."

"They do," he assented evasively.

"Then couldn't your sisters take the money and buy a cosy place for themselves? Are you real sure they would like to live with us?"

"Certainly they would. And what would be the use of my keeping up two houses, when there are only two of us in this? Besides, it wouldn't look well for the girls to live alone. I always meant to give them a home with me, unless they married."

"Oh, do you think they will ever marry?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Battelle, bristling in a masculine fashion: "Lucretia probably never will. Are you anxious for them to marry?"

"Not more so than they must be themselves," replied Naomi. "I don't mean to be ill-natured,—don't look that way,—nor unreasonable. But they do loathe me so."

"Loathe you!" said Mr. Battelle. "I think they've been very kind,—very kind indeed."

"Yes, if putting one into a mortar and grinding her to pieces is kindness."

"What are you talking about?" said Mr. Battelle, staring.

"Oh, men can't see anything."

"I see you don't like the girls."

"Yes, I do," said Naomi, turning her back on him suddenly: "I dote on them." She laughed a short chuckle and put her handkerchief to her lips.

"Rodney may have said something about my marrying," recalled Mr. Battelle, full of family feeling, "but that was natural: she always thought a great deal of me."

Naomi looked at him over her shoulder, and mentally exclaimed, "Oh, you great booby, standing there with that innocent expression on your face! You're a great deal simpler in some things than I ever was."

"I thought," pursued the husband, "that Rodney would be of assistance to you, too. She's pretty, and all our friends agree she has excellent taste. They go to her for advice. You could go to her, too. She could show you how to put your clothes on better than you do, and about your hair and all a woman's little nick-knacks."

"It seems my appearance doesn't quite suit you," said Naomi in an odd voice.

Mr. Battelle seemed startled by the sound, but he leaned against a door and continued frankly, "No: you know I told you considerable improvement might be made. I want my wife to do me credit, of course. And Rodney always seems to get things just right."

"You should have married Rodney."

Mr. Battelle laughed and reached for his wife to bestow a sedate caress on her. "My choice is a good one," said he, when his harangue was cut short by Mrs. Battelle's suddenly forgetting her dignity and flying to the dining-room, wherein she locked herself. "What's the matter?" exclaimed Mr. Battelle, following. He turned the door-knob to no purpose. "Here's another freak! I never can make a woman out. Naomi, unfasten this door. How are the men to get the sideboard in?" This reminded Mrs. Battelle that there were other doors to the dining-room, and she locked them. Her husband frowned and knocked. He continued doing so some time, and his impatience rose with delay: "I shall go back to business and leave you, and Rodney and you can attend to the moving in yourselves."

The door flew open: Mrs. Battelle looked up at him, rumped and trembling: "Is she here?"

"Who?"

"Your sister."

"No. Why did you go in there and lock the door? You showed considerable temper about something," said Mr. Battelle severely.

Naomi leaned her heated cheek against the door in a juvenile way: "You knew I had a spunky disposition long ago. But you waited till you had married me to tell me my bad points."

"Certainly: a man's privilege," said Mr. Battelle, his sandy face widening with a smile.

She lifted her eyes, which were flame-like; her whole face was lambent with excitement.

"What's the matter with you? What did I say to drive you into such a tantrum? It can't be about the girls living with us?" His tone was incredulous.

"Mr. Battelle, do you like me a bit?"

"Why, certainly I do. A man ought to have a warm regard for his wife."

"Oh, I could shake you!"

"That would be very ungrateful; and, besides, you haven't the physical strength."

"There you stand and smile! Oh, Mr. Battelle, I meant to be such a good wife. But if other people live with us I shall be a perfect fiend."

"How about your brother?" Her color died swiftly away. "You want me to take your brother into the house and provide for him and give him a chance in life, but keep my sisters out."

There was a silence in which the ticking of his watch became audible. "Don't you see how unreasonable you are?" said he, with the air of a conqueror.

"No," said Mrs. Battelle, "I don't." But immediately afterward she drew closer to her husband and hooked her hands upon his breast-pocket. "I have not behaved well. I never do behave well. My hair and the way I put on my clothes will always be a disappointment. I am haughty, and like to dictate myself instead of being dictated to. But I think my nature is loyal; and I am married to you."

Mr. Battelle was moved by her attitude, or her words or spirit, to regard her indulgently. "Sometimes you are very childish," said he. "I've noticed some people carry their childhood longer than others. Our girls were always women."

Several men came shuffling in under heavy loads. Mr. Battelle followed them, but Naomi sat down on a box by a register. It was late October weather, as a chill air suggested. Her first enthusiasm in house-furnishing was gone. The day looked very dull, and, when Mr. Battelle came back saying they must go at once to the hotel or run the risk of taking cold, she was glad to go.

In the night Mr. Battelle opened his eyes and saw by the spark of gas left burning a ball of white in an arm-chair by a window. "Is that you?" he inquired. "What are you doing up there in the draught?"

"I'm watching the stars," replied Naomi.

Her husband uttered a grunt of disgust. "Get into your bed," he commanded.

"Men have no patience with vigils kept by other people than themselves," said Naomi, adding this item to her experience.

"I don't see any use in keeping vigils."

"Mr. Battelle, I couldn't sleep; I was thinking about my brother. My heart is full of trouble about him: the pain sickens me."

"That's absurd," said Mr. Battelle, yawning and stretching his arms above his head. "You're waking me wide up. You wrote, and telegraphed, and sent money to that place, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, keep on telegraphing, and send more money. But don't get up and owl around in the middle of the night."

"Don't you hear that train on the north road?"

"Is there a minute in the twenty-four hours when you can't hear a train in this city?"

"They say boys who run off steal rides on the cars. They crouch on a bumper, and some have even hid under the freights on the trucks. Maybe he is whizzing along through the dark that way. What if he went to sleep and fell under the wheels? What if the brakemen found him and made him get off in some lonely, dark woods?"

"Boys," said Mr. Battelle, "deserve killing a dozen times where they only get it once. This brother will live to worry your life out, never you fear. I know boys."

Mrs. Battelle doubted that. It was so long since he had been a boy. But she took a sleeping-mixture and returned to her pillow.

A fortnight later she stood in her own back-parlor, waiting for the six-o'clock dinner-signal. The house was complete from garret to basement, and her housewifely pride and administrative talents were revealing themselves. Though Miss Battelle and Rodney filled the

octagon chamber with their treasures and overflowed into such other apartments as pleased them, Mr. Battelle's wife felt certain of holding her own position with grace. She profited silently by Rodney's immaculate dressing, too. It educated her tastes to be constantly associated with a woman who made personal adornment a fine art. Naomi belonged to the pioneer class: her forefathers had lived severely, rejecting the very name of beauty as a species of luxury. Her experience had been a civilized repetition of theirs. She was a pioneer of hard fortune; but nothing is easier than to relax into habits of luxury. The change was rapidly developing her. She had noticed first in the dressing-glass her arms beginning to expand and round up softly to the shoulder, her collar-bones and jaw-angles sinking under successive waves of delicate plumpness. Day by day the chemistry of alteration went on, and she observed it as curiously as if a fleshly house were being built around her for the first time. This fuller *physique* also rounded her manner and softened all the edges of life.

She was in a contemplative mood, trailing a long house-dress before the grate and holding a volume of Emerson closed upon her finger. Everything in the house was moving with the ease of machinery. When the French clock chimed half-past five, Mr. Battelle would enter from his phaeton. They would have dinner,—the best afforded by the markets. She would read a few blocks of this solid thinking to Mr. Battelle afterward. Rodney was usually receiving gentlemen friends or going out with them. Lucretia would sit by the drop-light with her fancy-work and croak anything which anybody suggested to her.

"If my brother were here," said Mrs. Battelle, "I should be happy enough. The great secret of life is not to expect too much. I was foolish to snatch at a great invisible good, but in doing so I stumbled into a material good. Isn't it better to have these lovely tiles to feast one's eyes on daily than to be gazing

into the sky at a high altitude and in a thin atmosphere? Emerson could support life there, but I couldn't. It is pleasanter to read his noble thoughts by a hard-coal or melting wood fire than to be straining one's life away after ideal things. Mr. Battelle is a good man. He is not duller than other people. Perhaps it is not best to be stirred and stimulated. Domestic life ought to be quiet. If I felt toward Mr. Battelle—I am loyal enough toward him. Other women take things just as they come in this world, without rejecting or questioning. Why have I never done so?"

Mr. Battelle came home, and the family took their places at the dinner-table. Rodney appeared in a black-blue dressing-sacque Rodneyized by dull-red bows and cascades of point lace. Mrs. Battelle's hand paused on her soup-spoon; she looked surprised. "I thought you were going to make a gorgeous toilet this evening," she observed. "You had everything laid out for it?"

"I didn't want to dress so early," said Rodney. "Ever so many people are coming here to-night."

"Ever so many people?"

"Only a small party,—about sixty or so," vouchsafed Rodney with composure. "I invited our club, and the members are always privileged to bring their friends."

"Do you mean that you have invited your dancing-club here without having given Mr. Battelle or me a word of warning?"

"You have due warning now," said Rodney, adding a tang of walnut sauce to her soup. The perfume hanging around her was scarcely started in air-waves by her languid motions. "And you had better hurry about your dressing; for the club always comes early."

"I hope," said Mrs. Battelle with indignation, "that you have provided refreshments for all these people." Though she was conscious of making headway against Rodney's absorbing personality, this was the strongest protest she felt capable of at that moment.

"Oh, yes," said the girl, who was

always less a girl than a complete, invulnerable goddess; "everything is in the house. I ordered yesterday. The ices will be sent about eight o'clock."

"I suppose Mr. Battelle, at least, was in your confidence?" said the mistress of the house, feeling that she held herself in excellent control before the servants.

"No, I didn't know anything about it," said Mr. Battelle, uneasily good-natured. "But I suppose the bills will come to me, Rod, won't they? You didn't provide for a party out of your allowance?"

"Certainly the bills will come to you. Would you have company entertained in your house at my expense?"

Mr. Battelle laughed heartily, and told his sister to give them a little notice in case she took a fancy at any time to put the house and furniture on the market. He then looked with slight apprehension at his wife.

"You have taken a great deal of responsibility off me," said Mrs. Battelle coolly. "I can console myself with the reflection that the success or failure of the affair depends entirely on you."

"Indeed not," said Rodney. "You're the mistress of the house, and if it turns out poorly you will get the blame. So you had better exert yourself."

"There is a great deal in being mistress of the house," said Mrs. Battelle.

This sounded so much like irony that her husband hastened to exclaim, "Oh, never mind, never mind. It's all right. Women are freaky creatures."

"Why shouldn't it be all right?" inquired Rodney, sweeping the three other faces with her brightening eyes.

"No reason under the sun," said Mr. Battelle.

"No special reason," observed Lucretia, though her voice was drowned in her breast like the drumming of a cock-pigeon.

"We ought to have had the carpets covered," said Mr. Battelle. "This white stuff that they use. There isn't time for that now."

"You ought to know enough about this house," said Rodney, "to notice that the rugs can be unfastened and

turned back, and the oiled floor is a great deal nicer for dancing than any canvas surface. But it isn't the dancing club. It's the musical club."

"It's pleasant to know that," said Mrs. Battelle.

"But, Roddy," exclaimed Mr. Battelle, warmed to the occasion by a bird-pie, which always brightened his looks and gave him lenient ideas, "where are the flowers and such things? I thought when we began to give parties we'd do the whole business."

"Oh, it's so informal I didn't order many flowers. The florist ought to be here now. A little smilax for the chandeliers, a few bouquets, and a basket or so of promiscuous ones to sprinkle around. He can place them in a few minutes, and I will rearrange anything that happens to be amiss afterwards."

While Mrs. Battelle ate her dinner, a succession of lumps billowed up her throat. The china swam before her. The urn, when it came on with coffee, rose to the ceiling and then squatted as docile as a plate.

But all the Battelles took tranquilly to their dessert, and she was convinced if her burning mood cooled to tears and she shed them before Rodney Battelle suicide would be her only resource.

So she excused herself, and went out of the dining-room, and lay face downward on her own bed, wondering: "Why am I such an extremist? Everything takes the hue of desperation to my eyes. I am really that girl's superior. She has not half the depth and strength that I have. There are dozens like her. She is all *physique*. I am smarter than she is,—yes, that good Americanism, *smarter*. I have brains, adaptability, courage. She is not going to gallop over me any more."

On the stairs Rodney at that moment was remarking to Lucretia in a mellow voice which yet had penetrating qualities, "I wonder if she thinks she has a better right to order things in my brother's house than I have!"

Presently Mr. Battelle came into the room, and his wife rose, closed the door,

and met him. He looked disturbed; his sandy eyelashes moved rapidly up and down. "Now, don't go to crying," he exclaimed. "It's done, and the best way is to put a good face on it."

"Am I crying, Mr. Battelle?"

"No. But I know how women act just before they cry. I wish it hadn't happened, especially just at this time. I didn't want to begin entertaining till later in the season. Didn't you know when all that stuff came into the house?"

"I was out all the afternoon until near dinner-time."

"Where's my dress-suit?" inquired Mr. Battelle.

His wife laid out such articles as he required from various drawers and closets. In the midst of this employment she burst out laughing, and, running to Mr. Battelle, hid her face on his arm.

"Well, what's the matter now?" he inquired, hesitating with thumb and finger ready to loosen his necktie.

"Nothing," gasped Naomi.

An injured look came into his countenance: "Roddy has always had her own way, and she may be spoiled. But she means well."

"Oh, I don't doubt it," gasped Mrs. Battelle. "It's such a consolation to me to think she means well!"

The gentleman loosened his necktie with a jerk. "There, now! I thought when I married my comfort and happiness would be secured for life. But if a man has to go through scenes like this constantly, and for such nonsensical reasons, I might as well have stayed a bachelor and boarded. I've done everything I can to make you comfortable: why do you want to raise unpleasantness around my ears? If Rodney wants to invite company, let her. We'd better be entertaining our friends than quarrelling among ourselves."

"Very true," said Mrs. Battelle, moving away from his arm. "There are always two sides to a subject," she murmured. "It behooves me to see Rodney's side. I ought to apologize to Rodney."

"Where are you going?" inquired Mr. Battelle. Her expression was not calculated to suggest harmony and put him at his ease.

"Merely going to chat with Rodney and learn my exact position in this house."

"Where are my pumps?" objected Mr. Battelle; "and what did you do with that box of white ties?" He gazed after his wife with a degree of apprehension. It is impossible to foresee what these comet-women who live in a state of combustion and rapid action will do.

She did not know the exact words she meant to say to Rodney when the chamber door opened to admit her.

That lovely girl was under Lucretia's hand, submitting to a course of toilet-powder. Lucretia's existence had prevented Rodney from ever demanding a maid. "I thought you were dressing, Naomi," she observed. "Try and look your very best: our musical set do dress so. I didn't ask John and Amy, and they will be furious. But that makes no difference. Amy would sit with her arms folded across her stomach, looking self-conscious. She has no more manner than a stick. If John could come without her, I should have asked him.—Cretie," in the languid, liquid voice which Rodney was not known to raise or hasten, "I don't want that mopped into my hair, if you please.—I should have offered to come and dress your hair, Naomi; but I haven't time, with those flowers on my hands. He was to send me some Niel roses for corsage-bouquets. I do hope he won't forget them." She turned from the glass and looked inquiringly at her sister-in-law. "Why don't you hurry your dressing?"

Naomi leaned her arms on the back of a stuffed chair and looked at Rodney. She silently told herself such a vast, dull mass of insolence needed gigantic handling.

"You stand there like a sulky child," continued Rodney, with an air of candor, "and that isn't your rôle. You're too large to play juvenile.

Cretie and I have been in society more than you have, and we can tell you you will get a very unenviable name if you pout in the background instead of trying to entertain your husband's guests." She made her liquid remarks gently, turning her head to let Lucretia carry the puff under her ear. "A number of new people will be here. Catterson Russell is going to bring a young lawyer who has come here to settle,—and this city running over with lawyers! Duda says he doesn't have to practise for a living,—which must be a great mercy. She is so silly about every new young gentleman; but I believe her family have known this Mr. Stephen Guthrie a good while."

"Stephen Guthrie!" said Mrs. Battelle, stung out of silence by the name.

"You have never seen him," said Rodney.

"Have you?"

"No; but Julia told me considerable about him. The Guthries live in a hilly kind of a town up the Hudson River. They say it's very lovely. There is an old fort or barrack of the Revolutionary War there. Dude stopped there one summer. Ambrose knows the place. Dude said this Mr. Guthrie was at college, or away somewhere, and she didn't see him during the few days she spent with the family. I know she is older than he is."

"Perhaps he was in his law-office," said Mrs. Battelle, in a tone which Rodney considered mocking and disagreeable on general principles. "You'll be delighted when you see him."

"Cretie," said Rodney, "if you'll quit rubbing that thing around my ears an instant, I can hear whether that was the door-bell or not."

"It was the door-bell," said Mrs. Battelle. A second peal confirmed it.

Rodney glanced at her watch, which

stood open on the dressing-case. "It's the florist's man," said she. "I shall have to go down myself and show him just what I want done."

Naomi pressed her lips against her arm on the chair-top, while this lovely girl flew into her dressing-sacque and ran out on the landing. "Is it the florist?" she called, peering past the gas at the servant, who was penning an objectionable ringer in the vestibule.

"No'm."

"Well, who is it?" Rodney drew back.

Reassured, the colored maid opened the door wider, and a shabby figure slouched quite into the hall.

"Who is it?" repeated Rodney. "A tramp?"

The shabby figure muttered something, and the colored maid looked back at her young lady, interrupting, with a show of teeth, "He says his sister lives here!"

"His sister lives here? He's an impudent tramp. Put him out, and lock the door on him."

"Don't you dare do it!" said Mrs. Battelle, passing Rodney so swiftly that her long dress seemed but a flash upon the stairs. "Let me see him," she gasped, and, reaching him at a bound, she pushed the ragged wool hat off his forehead.

He was an aquiline-faced youth, about sixteen years old, sad-blue in the eyes, and wearing a general look of sulky dilapidation. He saw before him one slender, brown-haired woman, refined and fair in the face, trembling while she seized him, a colored girl lost in astonishment, and, on a plane far above, some one like a frozen angel gazing down.

"Virgil! Virgil dear!"

"How 'do, Gnome?" he said, moving uneasily on his feet.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MORE ABOUT PETS.

MIRACLES usually end where the Age of Reason begins, and it has been pointed out as a suspicious circumstance that snake-charmers are the almost exclusive product of semi-barbarous countries. But Dr. Grotius reminds us that the discovery of a new law of nature would enable any man to work apparent miracles; and there is no doubt that the out-door life of such long-headed barbarians as the Chinese and Hindoos has put them on the track of some useful zoological secrets. Observation and invention are two widely-different faculties; the crude empiricism of our forefathers has led to sundry discoveries which our analytical methods might have failed to achieve. Besides, the East-Indian beast-charmers belong to a special caste, a corporation that has carefully preserved its *trade secrets*. For, in Hindostan, snake-charming is a branch of a regular business that includes horse-breaking, rat-catching, monkey-training, and other occupations that must give their adepts a peculiar insight into the faculties and foibles of animal nature. A tame snake is only a side-show of the *Guruwalla*, or travelling vermin-destroyer; or, so to say, a living diploma of his mastership. He uses a trained cobra as a business-advertisement.

Jugglers with dancing snakes are seen on every Bengal market-place, but the grand masters of their craft exhibit very different tricks. Lord Dalhousie's guruwalla-en-chef used to call rats from their holes in broad daylight, and had a water-snake that followed him like a dog and could not be driven out of the room as long as its master was present. He had evidently established some hold on the affections of his strange pet, for he never failed to bring her back by a single whistle after flinging her into the middle of a pond where she could easily have escaped if her subjection had been an involuntary servitude. His favorite trick

was to get a lot of the common black tree-snakes (*Coluber dryas*) and by a mere word make them engage each other in mortal combat,—snakes which but a minute before had lain coiled together in a sluggish repose from which no other human voice could rouse them even for a moment. By a slightly different sound he would inspire them with a panic that sent them darting out of the room, and out of the house if the doors were open; nor did he trouble himself on such occasions to recapture them, for, after a few hours' manipulation, a batch of fresh-caught snakes would serve his purpose as well.

The professional jugglers prefer the *cobra* only as the least expensive of all sensational animals, for crocodiles and pythons are equally tamable. The wardens of the sacred crocodile-ponds near Benares keep their pets under perfect control, and, as Captain Godwin Buchanan assures us, through influences among which hunger is only a minor item. His opinion seems confirmed by the statements of a famous Spanish beast-tamer, proprietor of a cockpit and pulque-shop in Tampico, Mexico. The effluent canal of the Tampico Laguna is well stocked with alligators, whose services to the health-police have made them a sort of public protégés. They live upon the offal of the slaughter-houses, and are so well fed that they can afford to spare their two-legged fellow-citizens: they mind their own business and give bathers a wide berth. But the cockpit landlord has a negro-of-all-work who for a couple of coppers will convoke the caymans as a farmer would summon his pigs,—nay, often without any audible signal, by merely going to the water's edge and standing with uplifted hands till the alligators throng around him in crowds. He declines to divulge his *modus operandi*, but his employer is positive that he never feeds or touches his pets. About his private

theory the *pulquero*, too, is somewhat reticent; but when my former colleague, Dr. Landgrebe, of Tampico, once asked him a home question,—“What could possibly induce the caymans to gather around a person who never feeds them?”

during the reign of the first Mogul dynasty. In Austria, where the *zigeuner* are as frequent as tramps in New England, a rat-catcher will take a contract to expurgate a farm for ten kreutzers (about eight cents) a house, and twenty

kreutzers the whole premises; and he certainly earns his fee. He uses both traps and poison; but the peculiarity of his bait is its instantaneous effect. With poisoned cream-cheese a man might kill a good many things in the course of a year; but the *zigeuner* will lock himself up in a stable, and after an hour or so come out with a bagful of mice, live or dead, at the option of his employer. Their incantations are confessedly a “blind,” a sham imitation of an art which the masters of their guild reserve for themselves, for the exploits of the Oriental jugglers leave no doubt that musical instruments form the essential tools of their trade, and I have often wondered if the story of the Pied Piper, and even that of Orpheus, may not be something more than an allegory. The undoubted ability of the professional *guruwallas* to convene a troop of rats in broad daylight is not a whit less marvellous: the tricks of the crocodile-wardens might be founded upon a character-study of individual saurians; but the exorcism



THE ALLIGATOR-CHARMER.

—“No sé” (“I don’t know”), he replied: “*se cogan los castores con el rastro*” (“beavers are baited with a scent”).

In Europe the rat-catching business is monopolized by the gypsies, who may have imported their methods from their native country, for it is now an established fact that their race are the descendants of a tribe that left Hindostan

of a swarm of wary and timid domestic parasites seems to imply the discovery of a key to a generic peculiarity of such creatures.

Much less miraculous is the tameness of an old household pet, no matter of what species, for the daily intercourse with human beings has an almost incalculable effect in transforming the

character of a captive animal. Next to the love of liberty the love of life is certainly the master-instinct of every living creature; yet domestication has subordi-

nated this instinct to the wholly artificial sentiment of man-worship. At the bidding of a revered master, dogs, gerfalcons, horses, camels, and even elephants,



A DANGEROUS PLAYMATE.

will rush to certain death, and not blindly, either, but open-eyed and with a persistent suppression of the *horror naturalis* and a disregard of well-known dangers that must be called a deliberate self-sacrifice. Major Keogh's old roan, the only survivor of the Big-Horn massacre, was found limping about the battle-field with eleven bullets in his body, yet every now and then hobbling back to the place where his rider had fallen; nay, during Mehemet Ali's campaign against the Wahabees a troop of baggage-camels broke away from their captors and followed their comrades through the fire of a burning village.

Conscience, too, in one sense of the word, is, properly speaking, a factitious instinct: as a synonyme of remorse it im-

plies a *post-facto* feeling of compunction, —a feeling unknown to the creatures of the wilderness: instinct-guided, they act in conformity with their only standard of right, and have nothing to reproach themselves with. But the artificial circumstances of domestication alter that standard, and the instincts of a captive animal may betray it into actions which on second thoughts appear to be at variance with its true interests. Where a fox has once robbed with impunity he will try to rob again, unable to realize to what degree his actions may provoke the resentment or sharpen the wits of the injured farmer. If a mischievous puppy is not punished on the spot, it will expect to go scot-free. But an old dog knows that the prerogatives of man in-

clude the faculty of nursing his wrath. I knew a pointer bitch whose contrition quite disqualified her for business for the rest of the day whenever she had been guilty of a mistake. The herders of the Transvaal often leave their flocks in charge of the dogs, and upon their return to the pasture perceive at once if anything is wrong, if a sheep has been crippled, etc., for at the sight of his master the responsible dog will break out into a howl of abject terror. But the most curious instance of the power of conscience in animals is recorded by Professor Schomburgk in a communication to the *Bilder aus dem Thierleben*. He had taken charge of the zoological department of the Adelaide City Park, and was almost nonplussed by the inveterate mischievousness of a female bhunder-monkey. In solitary confinement she would alarm the neighborhood with her piercing shrieks; but the name of the happy-family cage became a misnomer whenever she was restored to the companionship of her relatives. Not content with teasing the young macaques, she would aggravate the old ones in every possible way, and had a dreadful talent for raising a general row; but thus far her offences had always been condoned by the intercession of her old keeper. One evening, however, this same keeper appeared with his arm in a sling and stated that the bhunder had tried to bite his hand off. His arm was dreadfully mangled, and the laceration of the wrist-sinews made it doubtful if the man would ever regain the full use of his hand. Schomburgk at once ordered the bhunder to be shot. Early the next morning one of the assistant keepers loaded a shot-gun to execute the sentence. The monkeys were quite familiar with the sight of this gun, which had frequently been used to shoot the rats that infested the premises, and when the keeper approached the cage they continued their several occupations with perfect unconcern. But with one exception: the moment the bhunder caught sight of the fateful implement she came down from her perch like a shot and darted into a

back room,—the sleeping-apartment of the cage. It was near the breakfast-hour, and the keeper bided his time. Breakfast came, and the monkeys charged in like a lunch-brigade. But not the bhunder. Contrary to all her habits, she kept out of sight till her comrades had picked out the tidbits, and only when the keeper had stepped round the corner she slipped out, grabbed a piece of bread, and rushed back into her hiding-place. The keeper then tried a stratagem. The door of the sleeping-cage could be shut with a spring-bolt, and, after connecting the spring with a long strap, he posted a boy in the opposite corner of the hall while he crouched down below the platform of the main cage. After a full quarter of an hour, he saw the boy raise his hand, pulled the strap, and heard the door shut with a click. He now had the bhunder at his mercy, and her behavior showed that she knew it. When he pulled the strap, she made a rush for the door, and, finding her retreat cut off, began to "rage around like a wild-cat possessed," up and down the cage, with piercing screams, while her companions eyed her with mute astonishment. Finally, feeling her strength fail, and seeing no possible way of escape, she flung herself into a corner, where a much-deserved fate at last overtook her.

Intelligent animals rarely resent the severity of a trainer who once has made them feel his power; but that their forbearance must require a great deal of self-control is proved by the fact that they sometimes revenge themselves upon a proxy of the tyrant,—his friends or a favorite pet. After a knout-drill some hunting-dogs have an ugly way of falling upon their comrades, or even upon their own puppies, resolved to "take it out" of somebody. Sick horses often kick the stable-boy by way of getting even with the farrier; and I remember an amusing instance of an animal's appeal to the code of the *lex talionis*. During the winter season the Botanic Garden of Brussels is used by the proprietors of various peripatetic menageries as a zoological dépôt, where the caged travellers can recuperate and enjoy the

hospitality of the city on condition of exhibiting their charms gratis. Sick animals often stay the year round; and a few years ago the managers took charge of a baby elephant whose constitution had all but succumbed to the rigors of the climate. In the course of the summer, however, Micheline got on her legs again,—so much, indeed, as to become positively rampant, especially when her keeper indulged her in an out-door ramble. On account of the supposed sensitiveness of her lungs she wore a woollen *couvrette*, or shawl-saddle, to which for some reason or other she had taken such a fancy that she would readjust it herself whenever it slipped down. But one morning she sauntered toward an open gate where the laborers had unloaded two big vats full of pickerel-spawn, and, finding the mixture pleasantly cool, she upset one of the vats and began to welter like a pig in a puddle. She had just upset the second tub when the enraged gate-keeper fell upon her with a cow-hide, and, after belaboring her till her grunts changed into pitiful squeals, he snatched away the soiled *couvrette* and dismissed the culprit with a fifty-pound kick. Micheline had not offered the least resistance, but when she walked away she uttered a series of peculiar gutturals, sounding almost like muttered threats. She walked toward the orangery, and one of the gardeners who had watched the rumpus from a window of his lodge then became the witness of a curious scene. In the orangery the gate-keeper's children were at play among the trees, and, without the least provocation on their part, Micheline suddenly charged them, and, singling out the biggest boy, began to thrash him with her trunk just as the old man had thrashed her with his cow-hide. After dodging left and right between the bushes, the little lad ran screaming toward the gate; but the superior speed of his pursuer obliged him to take refuge in a tree, and before he could clamber out of reach Micheline grabbed his breeches—a worn-out pair, luckily—and tore them off with a single jerk. When the pitchfork brigade rushed

to the rescue, she was strutting up and down with her trunk proudly aloft, waving the *spolia opima* over her head.

But only hunters can realize the influence of education in controlling the passions of an impulsive animal. The Mongol Tartars hunt with trained panthers ("cheetahs"), and Kohl assures us that hunger itself will not tempt these cats to tear their prey before the arrival of the hunter. After the return of the Saracens from the Persian conquest the cattle of friend and foe got mixed, and the Commander of the Faithful is said to have identified the Arabian horses by the following test. He kept them three days without a drop of water, and then let the slaves drive them toward a river-bank. But in the moment when they saw the water and rushed ahead to quench their thirst he ordered the trumpeters to sound an assembly call, and one-third of the famished beasts actually wheeled around and galloped back to the camp. The word *ennui* does not begin to express the misery in-door life must inflict on dogs whose souls, like the Scotch exiles', are roaming through the Highland fells. But how resignedly do they await the pleasure of the complacent master who beguiles his leisure with page after page of printed adventures which his dumb companions can enjoy only in their dreams! No words can be more eloquent than the occasional inquiring look of a hunting-dog, sick with hope deferred, but whose only protest against martyrdom is his unbounded joy at the termination of it, when his master at last reaches for his hat and takes down his shot-gun.

The Hindoo fakir who fills his mouth with gall *in majorem Dei gloriam* cannot suffer more for Buddha's sake than many a town dog has to suffer in the service of a master who keeps a tan-yard or a chemical laboratory. To a creature whose nose can distinguish the "cold trail" of a rabbit at a distance of sixty yards, odors which offend even our blunt olfactories must be as irritating as the continuous screech of a steam-whistle would be to the human ear or the sound of a fiddle to the ear of a bat. The

upper story of the Salzburg Acropolis is infested with innumerable horseshoe bats, and the steward often uses them for a curious experiment. He claps one into a wire cage, puts the cage on top of a desk, and on a lower shelf of the desk a *Hackbrett*, or Styrian zither. At every twang of the zither the bat will start as if a fine needle had pierced its body, and a prolonged performance will throw it into a fit, a convulsive twitching of the whole flying-membrane. This same nervous twitching I sometimes believe I recognize in the grimaces of a town dog averting his head with a sort of shudder or rubbing his nose against the ground. Life would be a curse to some dogs if nature had not mitigated their martyrdom by blunting their senses. The effluvia of the sheep-fold have made the shepherd-dog almost scentless, though

his form most unmistakably betrays his descent from the sharp-nosed jackal.

Arthur Schopenhauer maintains that the development of artificial faculties weakens our natural instincts; but it is likewise true that in lieu of lost instincts our domestic animals have gained several new faculties. If domestication has spoiled the nose of the average house-dog, it has certainly improved his ear. Dogs and horses have but scanty means for expressing their emotions, but their power of apprehending spoken words and other sounds far surpasses that of the parrot. A cavalry-horse learns to distinguish about fifty different commands, besides their equivalent bugle-signals. People who will content themselves with looked and acted answers can carry on a regular dialogue with an intelligent dog. A poodle will distinguish an exclamation



SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

from a command, a question from an invitation, a compliment from a persuasive coax, a warning from a taunt, and even a bantering taunt from a real reproof. The memory of an old hunting-dog is stocked with a regular glossary of venatorial slang, and the inability of animals to discern the elements of articu-

late speech only increases the wonder: they seem to depend exclusively upon the differences of intonation which a speaker somehow adapts to the sense of the essential words. Domestic pets will recognize their master in almost any disguise, but it is still more difficult to deceive them by a dissembled pronunciation: in the

darkest night dogs and monkeys identify an old acquaintance by a single word, or even by the mere sound of his voice.

It is a strange fact that in night-time an unknown sound will scare monkeys almost out of their wits. The creaking of a wheelbarrow, a whisper, the rustling of a window-curtain, is enough to throw them into a fit of horrified screams and contortions; capuchin monkeys rush wildly through their cage, macaques try to force their prison-doors, the little marmosets huddle together like the princes in the Tower, all about a matter they would disdain to notice in daytime. The old males of the anthropoid apes are about as hard to scare as any living creature, but after dark the veriest trifle will inspire them with an almost supernatural fear; and it may be a mere fancy, but I cannot get rid of the notion that this night-horror of our hirsute relatives must be the origin of the spectre-dread of savage nations, and indirectly, perhaps, of mediæval demonism and modern spiritualism,—“ghost-mongery,” as the sceptical Germans call it. Monkeys are not very sharp-scented, and have to rely on their eyes, and in night-time, therefore, are almost at the mercy of their enemies, jaguars, panthers, and leopards, whose owl-eyes enable them to hunt by moonlight, and in the virgin woods of the tropics the constant dread of mistaking the approach of a murderer for the rustling of the fitful night-wind would be enough to make a Berserker nervous. “It is not books or pictures,” says Charles Lamb, “nor the stories of foolish servants, which create these terrors in children. They can at most give them a direction. The stories of the Chimæras and Gorgons may reproduce themselves in the brain of superstition, but they were there before. They are transcripts, types: the archetypes are in us, and eternal.” May it not be that those archetypes are the prowling *feræ* of the tropical forests?

There is a story about an ex-railroad-conductor who, in the fever-dream of his last disease, called out the forty stations of his route, in due succession, and at correct intervals, and the fortieth at the

terminus of his life; but the power of habit manifests itself quite as strangely in the “second nature” of our domestic animals. The *trapiches*, or cog-wheel mills, of the Mexican planters are turned by horses, which have to make several thousand rounds in the course of the day; and in the solitudes of the chaparral it is nothing uncommon to see a revolving object which upon nearer investigation turns out to be a spavined old horse walking the rounds of an imaginary trapiche. Animals seem to get actually fond of such occupations. I remember an old billy-goat whose reluctance to furnish the motive-power of a baby-carriage had changed into such a passion for that employment that he would tolerate no rival on the track, and once killed a poor huckster's dog who, unintentionally enough, had excited his jealousy by drawing a larger-sized vehicle.

In process of time our four-footed ally may come to relish city odors, for his power of adaptation rivals that of the human species. In China, dogs eat rice; in Greenland, dried fish; in Siam, bananas; on the Pampas, carrion; and one of the Solomon Islands is inhabited by a race of half-wild curs that subsist entirely on crawfish. This plasticity of the canine species is almost enough to account for its infinite variety of forms: in the course of two or three thousand generations artificial selection may have turned a jackal into a mastiff, or a wolf into a pug-dog. It is strange to think what the continued operation of the same agency might have done for other animals, what marvels of beauty “in-and-in breeding,” as our stock-raisers call it, would have developed from the gallinaceous tribes of the Old World, not to mention American parrots.

And what about the moral capabilities of such animals as monkeys and raccoons? Considering their intelligence, their faculty of imitation, and the mental superiority of a wild monkey to a wild dog, one cannot help thinking that the Darwinian theory might admit—not of an excuse, of course, but perhaps of practical demonstration.

FELIX L. OSWALD.

GRANT'S LUCK.

I.

IT was indescribably warm in Panama that bright February afternoon. For ten long hours the sun had been glaring down upon the old gray walls and red-tiled roofs, until it seemed as if there never could have been such a concentration of light and heat in any one spot of earth before. Long, spectral fingers of lambent light, whose touch, it would seem, might almost leave a blister, struggled to reach one through every chink in blind or awning; and when one ventured out into the street it was as if a flaming hand had struck him, so startling was the staring whiteness, everywhere intensified by the radiations of heat that quivered in the air as if the old city itself were panting for breath beneath the thick veil of dust that had laid itself over every feature.

It was as still as a city of the dead. For hours the sign of the little wine-shop by the Taller sea-gate—" *Aquí se vende buen vino*"—had not reasserted its vicarious lie to mortal eyes. It was not often so deserted here, even when the tide was out; but now it was Sunday afternoon, and all the world had gone to the cock-fight,—all that portion of it, at any rate, recognized by the señora dozing by her window,—the portion that daily came to taste her wares, nor glance disrespectfully at her sign. To be sure, the señora's customers could not often read; and, as they sipped her *chicha* when their funds were low, or revelled in fiery *aguardiente* when Fortune smiled, they were hardly in a position to say that her wine was not all that the black-lettered legend declared. The señora, however, had her own ideas on the subject, significant in her choice of refreshment as she roused herself from her Sunday siesta. It was a dripping calabash of *chicha* she filled for herself, coming back to her window and looking thoughtfully down the bay over the brown arc tipped gradually more and

more over her nose until it extinguished her vision entirely with the last drop.

Quite reanimated then, she stepped out of doors and slowly walked down the long covered portico of the building alongside, betraying the Jamaica quad-room in her loose swinging stride, leg thrown straight from the hip, and head erect, as used to bearing burdens, her stiffly-starched gown rustling far behind in the train that was the pride of her heart, and her massive bosom palpitating with the motion like the troubled waves below. A dirty vagabond stretched out asleep across the warm pavement, one hand keeping tight hold of a torpid brown monkey, barred the way, and by him she paused, sucking a chichanoointed thumb while she gazed speculatively around the bright water before her.

A stretch of glassy blue enclosed at the left in a wide semicircle of shining white beach, where, keeled over on their sides with that peculiarly demoralized air which even inanimate objects seem so naturally to assume in the tropics, a few boats are drying their parti-colored sails in the sunshine. Crowding down toward the water are buildings of all sorts,—the solid masonry of the old time, the flimsy white cottages of modern date, and brown unpainted sheds of no particular epoch,—and among them all the fern-like tracery of palms softly outlined against the blue-green background of old Mount Ancon. Farther around, the wharves and long white storehouses of the railroad and shipping companies, and beyond, tangled masses of greenery, fading away by dim gradations until almost merged in the soft blue of the sky. A shimmering, scarcely definable horizon-line of open water running around from that opposite point of land until it is sharply cut off by the crumbling corner of the sea-wall that extends on from the right of the Taller steps. A few small boats at anchor, idly

rocking with the swell of the incoming tide, and here and there a turkey-buzzard making a shifting blot on the brightness. That is fair Panama Bay as it may be seen from the Taller steps any day of the dry season, as it had been all through the long Sunday hours, unchanged in any particular since the boats went out on the high tide of the morning, except as the shadows grew shorter on one side of the walls and crawled slowly along on the other, and as the water had fallen away from the city as if it would never return, only to come drifting helplessly back again.

But now it was almost high tide, and presently around that point below would come gay gigs and launches from the men-of-war and merchant-ships lying down the bay, sail-boats and canoes of fishermen and fruit-venders, small craft of all sorts hurrying to enter the city by those old stone stairs, worn deep by centuries of passing feet. These could not wait for the cool of the evening; they must come now, while the tide served, while the dimpling waves were laughing together over the cruel black reefs that reach out menacingly from the gray walls.

Rapidly glancing over the familiar scene,—seeing nothing, indeed, the señora would have said, in the lack of what she sought,—the black eyes came back again to the two green parrots, closely clipped of wing, drowsily perching near the sleeping fellow. “*Loro, Lorita!*” she cooed, seductively holding out one finger, at which one suddenly-revived bird plucked viciously, while his brother burst out into a strain of untranslatable profanity that threw the woman into an ecstasy of laughter. “*Zape!* but what a bird!” she cried, raising a bit of the pink skirt to wipe her mirth-moistened eyes, with naïve disregard of possible exposure.

“It is a demon!” the aroused man retorted, with all good humor, his sleepy eyes appreciatively regarding the purple-shod foot and glimpse of red stocking so near his nose.

“*Ay de mi!* but it is hot! And the tide is almost up to the steps,” she irrele-

vantly went on, directing his attention seaward by a quick gesture. “And behold!” in a fever of excitement regarding a small boat that was just rounding the point, at sight of which the man, lazily bracing himself up in a sitting posture and disposing the blasphemous birds in graceful unity on one shoulder, began, with business-like imperturbability, beating the dust from the monkey’s thick pelt.

“Who is it, thou lovely little one?” he cried, in that Panama patois which, outraging Castilian elegance with every word, is yet musical to the ear, with its caressing tones and meaningless embellishments.

“It is the husband and the lover of *la Americana de la Calle de la Merced*,” shading her eyes with her hand and peering sharply at the pretty boat, with its gayly-fringed awnings, with a lively remembrance of the party she had watched out of sight in the morning.

“And which, then, is the lover, and which the husband, thou dearest of all women?” dropping the monkey and searching in his crimson sash-folds for a tiny phial, which he presently held up to the light, revealing a few milky globules swimming in oil.

The señora shrugged her broad shoulders with a glance that seemed a significant answer to the query. “God knows!” she added with a laugh, turning back to her shop.

“Husband and lover!” repeated the little sailor in a tone bordering on awe. He had seen *la Americana*,—who had not?—with her fair face and shining hair and the wonderful costumes that made the street-folk stop and catch their breath as she passed, and with alert interest he waited for that favored pair, with no thought in his simple soul either of condemnation on the one side or commiseration on the other for that divided realm down in the *Calle de la Merced*. A cat can look at a king, and the meanest son of Adam may share the secrets of his fellow with whom he has nothing in common except as he has eyes to see and ears to hear. We live encompassed by eyes into which we

never care to look; and while we dissemble before the friend whose hand we clasp, and even subtly cheat ourselves in the effort to keep whole the thin fabric of our self-respect, the *vox populi* is hawking our weakness through the streets. But the Panama code of morals is not rigid; and so long as those two men seemed to go on, as now, in amiable toleration of each other, he on the steps, in his familiarity with their affairs, could have conceived of no occasion for invidious criticism on his part.

Opposite the landing there was a pause and a hurried rolling up of blue cotton trousers before the oarsmen jumped out to draw the boat through the shallow water. The gentleman with the blond beard alertly shook himself up from his lounging attitude, throwing a glance of good-fellowship around that was as good as a hearty hand-shake to whomever it met, while his friend of the dark, effeminate face wearily threw down the tiller-lines, looking angry impatience at the dilatory men. They had stopped, their hands on the gunwale, in that instinctive appeal for help without which any native of the Isthmus would feel himself failing in his duty toward himself, whatever the enterprise. "*Vamos, compadre!*" and with that willingness to assist, in the French sense, also characteristic of the place, the object of the appeal lounged down the steps, looking helplessly on while the boat shot to its place, suddenly impelled by a mixed volley of equally strong English and Spanish that issued through the black moustache.

The dirty sailor grinned in broad appreciation of that pungency of phrase, involuntarily reaching up for that bird whose vocabulary might well appeal to the taste of this fine gentleman; but it was the little bottle he thought better to offer: "Real fine opals, señor; opals for lady's ring and brooch. Not oiled to keep from crack, just to stop the scratching together. Only one sol for big one, señor."

"Deuce take your opals!" sharply retorted the profane gentleman, with a

vicious kick at the monkey as they passed on through the low arched way leading up into the street. "Good Lord! can't a man have enough bad luck without getting your infernal stones?"

"Sus! and who now is the husband, do you say?" laughed the señora from her doorway.

"The devil knows!" snapped the crestfallen merchant, shrugging his shoulders in turn. "But it is not lovers that curse their bad luck!" And the two men, gingerly picking their steps over the sharp cobble-stones of the street beyond, caught the peal of careless laughter that greeted this unconscious bit of cynicism.

II.

"HAPPY people! going on in the ignorant bliss of believing that all life was given them for was that they might live and laugh," commented Rodney Allen in bland good humor, though winking painfully with the effort to look the President's cheese-colored palace square in the face. His friend, striding sullenly along, did not trouble himself with even a responsive glance; and presently Allen, with a sociability not to be rebuffed, began again, in a tone confident of striking a sympathetic chord, "By Jove, Grant, I have a thirst that is worth fifty dollars! I could not invest the money in anything that would give me as much solid satisfaction as a good drink. By the time we reach the Plaza it will have gone up to seventy-five; and when we reach the hotel I would not sell it for a hundred," laughing gayly at his whimsicality. "I tell you, my boy, it is a glorious country, a model for the contemplation of the political economists, where a man can purchase a hundred dollars' worth of happiness with ten cents!"

"And where the next man could not buy ten cents' worth with a thousand dollars," the other moodily returned.

Extremes met in the persons of these friends, each with his individuality now emphasized by the day's pleasuring,—Allen agreeably exhilarated, Grant de-

pressed and out of temper. "Out of wine comes truth." His friends remarked it as typical of Grant's luck that he never imbibed peace from that source where most men think to drown care. That Bertie Grant drunk was the most miserable of mortals—a spectacle not so uncommon, or shocking either, in that vagabond city as in more austere and well-regulated communities—was simply regarded as on a par with the unparalleled rapidity with which he emptied his pockets when he essayed poker, and came to grief in kindred ways. That he would too often drink, and could not always resist the allurements of cards and chips, the men who shared his "cocktails" and usually held four aces when they dealt him "a full hand" superstitiously counted as the evidences of a predestination against which it would be useless to contend.

When Rodney Allen was passing through the preliminaries of his introduction into Panama society, Grant's fated drawing of the blanks in life's lotteries was a favorite topic with the little gossiping community of foreigners in the town. Allen was predisposed to hold an opinion of his own on the subject, however. He had met Mrs. Bertram Grant. (It was significant, by the bye, that the lady alone was ever dignified with her husband's complete name.) He had made the nine days' voyage from New York in her company, and was ready to swear—what no man was disposed to argue, indeed—that she was one of the most fascinating women he had ever met; and when he presently found that the lady reigned in one of the most delightful homes on all the Isthmus, he felt bound to say that Bertie Grant had drawn rather more than his fair share of Fortune's prizes; nor was he disposed to modify that conviction even when he came in time to know why his fair countrywomen smiled and dropped their eyes and men sometimes laughed at his outspoken enthusiasm respecting the Grant household.

As for Bertie himself, too, if he had any misgivings about his lot in life he was never heard to say so. He adored

his wife, and if she was ruinously extravagant and he was bullied and henpecked, as report alleged, no word or look of his had ever testified to it. That Mrs. Grant should be dangerously charming to other men, too, he seemed to accept as a matter of course, looking on at the admiration openly bestowed upon her with perfect complacency; indeed, he would have been more surprised than pleased, perhaps, had others been quite insensible of the spell that held him in such sweet subjection. His faith in her was his religion, out of which all petty doubts were cast away. His home was an Eden into which no demon of discontent had ever crept. Even the occasional depression of alcoholic origin was always nervously absorbed in small things,—the climate, the flies and fleas, indifferent dinners, and the worries of making both ends meet,—and never inspired him with the smallest desire to change his lot for that of any other. But still his friends treated him with that sort of condescending kindness which is the outgrowth of not-to-be-spoken pity,—perhaps, after some unreasoning metaphysics of their own, regarding it as the worst of all Grant's bad luck that he did not know how unlucky he was.

"You are all broken up, Grant," Rodney Allen remarked now, with an indulgent smile, as they paused at the hotel entrance. "Come up and take one of my hundred-dollar drinks,—at a discount. Which shall it be?—iced tea, coffee, or water?"

"Cannot you make it lager?" suggested the other, listlessly following him up the stairs.

"No, my boy; you and I have been sufficiently poisoned for one day. It is an antidote we need.—A pot of strong coffee and a bowl of ice to my room, immediately!" he called out to a passing servant.

"You appear to think that I am about half-seas over," said Grant, with a wan smile.

"Oh, not at all. I make it a point not to think on a day like this: it is too hot for so much exertion," leading the

way into a large shaded room and carelessly tossing his hat in one corner while he drew back the lace curtains from the narrow bed. "Turn in, old fellow, and take it easy."

Grant seated himself in a limp, dejected attitude in response to the unceremonious suggestion, but with no evident disposition to "take it easy." "You remind me of what Emerson calls 'a mush of concession,'" laughed Allen, comfortably swaying in an American rocking-chair near by.

The other let the pleasantry go by unnoticed. "I want to talk to you, Allen," he said wistfully after a while.

"All right; go ahead," indifferently tilting himself far back to take a sheet of draughting-paper from the table, which he converted into a fan, as, with a shade of forced patience on his face, he awaited the talk. In his heart there was very little affection for Mrs. Grant's husband, as he designated him to himself, contemptuously refusing to allow the man any individuality apart from the woman in whom he was so absorbed. He was weak, with the tendency of his kind to lean upon his fellows, and Rodney Allen hated weakness with the intolerance of one who in his five-and-twenty years had never learned a doubt of his own strength or felt a need for sympathy or aid. That Bertie Grant admired him and clung to him in spite of the coldness he could not but sometimes have felt, was but an added proof of feebleness which hardened Allen the more, while he still took a sort of pride in punctiliously respecting the claim it seemed to establish on his courteous forbearance. And now his tone was scrupulously kind as he broke the long silence: "What is it, Bert?"

"It is about—Truda," hesitating at the name with a womanish quiver about the mouth and in his soft velvety eyes a look of sorrowful appeal suggestive of a wounded animal.

"Mrs. Grant?" in sharp surprise.

"Yes!" with an outburst of pain that was a sob and groan together. "Oh, Allen, I am not drunk! my heart is broken!"

For the moment Allen's sense of the ludicrous had the better of him, and he laughed, a long, loud peal of pitiless amusement. "Excuse me, old fellow," he presently begged, however, regretful more for his breach of politeness than for the lack of feeling. "Wilson's breakfast has been a little too much for both of us, I am afraid," and, the coffee coming as an opportune interruption, he occupied himself with fussy alacrity. "And so Truda and you have been quarrelling?" he meditatively observed presently, apparently absorbed in measuring a modicum of brandy in a spoon.

"Quarrelling? no. But, Allen, she does not care *that* for me!" snapping his fingers despairingly.

Allen deliberately fitted a punch-shaker over a glass. "Nonsense, man!" in a tone of brusque kindness meant to be reassuring, while he briskly shook his refreshment, not looking at his friend. "Take some coffee, and you will feel better."

"And you know she doesn't, Allen," the other added, with gloomy conviction, looking him square in the face as he returned the emptied glass.

"I know! Look here, Grant: don't make an ass of yourself!" with a sudden fierce vehemence, his face flushing hotly.

"Everybody knows it," went on Grant in a dull monotone. "It has been town's talk, I believe. Heaven knows, I have been given hints enough, if I had chosen to take them! But you know how I have worshipped her, Allen."

"Yes," he assented quietly, slowly walking up and down the long room.

"I do not think she ever cared for me as I do for her: I never have thought her capable of it. She is like a snow-drift,—soft, glittering, and beautiful, but cold at heart even when seemingly melting. I never expected much of her. So long as she would only hold up her cheek, I was happy enough to give the kiss without exacting any return. God knows, I have felt heart-hungry and savage enough sometimes, but it has seemed unfair to blame her, even in thought, for not giving what

she had not got to give. I have even pitied her that she could not know the exquisite delight of loving as I felt it, and have grown the more tender in a sort of stupid effort to make up to her the loss that she could not even understand. Perhaps, too, I have always had a blind hope that—but it is all over now!"

"You talk like the hero of a New York *Ledger* romance. I did not dream that you were capable of such highfalutin eloquence," remarked Allen, pitilessly sarcastic. "See here, Grant," he presently resumed more kindly, "you are used up and over-excited, and your imagination is playing the deuce with you. You are making yourself miserable about nothing."

"Nothing! Is it nothing that my wife is in love with another man?"

"You are mistaken, Bertie; I tell you it is not so!" Rodney Allen hurriedly protested, stopping at the other end of the room to draw wider the large doors opening upon the balcony. "Your wife is as good and true as she is lovely, and you are doing her a cruel injustice. Other women are envious and venomous—" he stopped short, conscious of a forced, unnatural sound about his voice.

"I am not saying that she is not good and true," was the weary rejoinder. "She never pretended to care much for me, and I do not know that I can call her fickle if she finds herself loving some other man now. I have been satisfied with so little that it seems cruelly hard, Allen; but perhaps the wrong has really been in her living with me all these years without loving me. In the sight of heaven we may never have been married at all: I don't know. I have thought and thought until it is all confusion."

"But I tell you that you have no proofs whatever to support all this!"

"Proofs enough, Allen. Ever since she came back from New York we have been steadily growing apart, until we have come to treat each other like well-bred acquaintances. We rarely meet alone nowadays except at dinner. We discuss the bill of fare, and she makes

a fair show of interest in my day's doings and plans for the evening. She is perfectly civil, painfully polite, like a conscientious hostess entertaining a stupid visitor; but, if I forget myself so far as to venture near her, she sharply begs me to be considerate of her hair or dress, or remarks upon the heat, and draws away. And all the time she is growing more particular about her dress and taking every care to make herself as lovely as possible. Every evening the parlor is crowded with callers, and she exerts herself as she never did before to charm every one—excepting me. Feverishly gay one minute, depressed the next, and often absent and dreamy, but never so fascinating at all times as now, it seems to me. And I have seen her blush when a visitor was heard coming up the stairs. I never knew before that she *could* blush! Proofs, Allen! there are proofs enough to break my heart!" stopping miserably in his dull recitative and covering his face with his hands.

Rodney Allen restlessly paced the length of the room, making no further attempt at argument or contradiction. "And do you mean to tell me who is the man?" he suddenly demanded, stopping squarely before his friend with a certain hard defiance in his steely-gray eyes.

"I do not know: I don't want to know. I have shut my eyes and ears and fought off the certainty with all my might. I wish to God I might never know!" he moaned wretchedly. Then, looking up into the hard set face, where he had never before that day met any expression beyond careless good humor, his own cheeks wet with tears, "But don't take it so hard, dear old fellow. I dare say I shall pull through somehow." And he reached out for his hand with that affectionate manner that was a part of the effeminacy the other despised. "Only tell me what to do, Allen!"

Rodney Allen quietly disengaged the clinging fingers and took another turn around the room, stopping to look out of the door with a fixed unseeing gaze. "Brace up, and be a man, Grant!"

Make your wife respect you. Don't run after her on all-fours," he at length broke out with harsh energy. "And take her away somewhere as quick as you can. This place would pollute an angel." He stepped outside as he finished his blunt advice, and, as he grasped the hot iron balustrade, noted with a sort of surprise that his hand was trembling and his breath coming pantingly, as if he had been running. How stifling it was!

A young woman passing along the opposite side of the street smiled boldly up at the good-looking *Americano* leaning over his balcony, and he idly watched her until she threw him back a gay little kiss from the entrance of the neighboring theatre. An actress, he vaguely concluded, recollecting that there was a play that night and making a stupid effort to recall the title of it. A bit of a drinking-song, a breaking glass, and a burst of maudlin merriment from somewhere overhead grated harshly on the Sunday stillness, and a gorgeous macaw over the way, taking the cue, broke out into a shrill scream of mirthless laughter. A cold, sickening disgust for it all had suddenly seized upon Rodney Allen, seeming to hold all his faculties benumbed, until, looking absently between the angles of clustering roofs at the sea beyond, now a sheet of liquid gold beneath the sinking sun, an idea after a time came to him that brought a resolute light into his dulled eyes. "Do you know, Bert," he began, coming back into the room, unconscious of any irrelevance or abruptness in his preoccupation, "I am going to sail for home by the next ship?"

The other stared at him in wide-eyed wonder. "Is your work done?" he asked stupidly, glancing at the papers and draughtsmen's instruments with which the table was littered.

"Somebody else must finish it; I have better work to do. I am going to be married!" facing him with an excited glitter in his eyes and a curious little suggestion of defiance in his manner.

"Why did you not tell me before?" weakly demanded his friend, after a

pause, in which he seemed trying to grasp the facts properly, only to helplessly give it up.

"It is not too late to congratulate me now, I suppose," retorted Allen with a sort of cold petulance. "But wait,—you need not go it blind: you shall look at my lady," hurriedly unlocking a box on the table and bringing out a photograph,—the head of a young girl in the fresh loveliness of budding womanhood.

"A sweet face," the other commented, in the same dull, uncomprehensive tone; "but she is not so lovely as Truda."

"Good Lord!" Rodney Allen harshly ejaculated, snatching the picture with peevish exasperation, "why on earth should you compare them?"

III.

THE garish day of sunshine was over, and her shadowy sister was breathing fresh currents of life into the suffocating old town. It was like a vision of the heavenly city, where there shall be no more night; the full moon pouring a flood of mellowed splendor down into the narrow streets, until a lover could see the blush on his sweetheart's cheek by the clear light.

Doors and blinds were thrown wide open, and the dark houses, still hot and stifling, emptied their human kind out into the cool air that came up salt with the breath of the sea. Every balcony was bright with womanly drapery and the butterfly flutter of fans; and the streets below, where all day long one might almost have heard a pin drop on the white, hot strips of sidewalk, were resonant with the ebb and flow of a living tide.

Down in the Calle de la Merced Mrs. Grant, sitting on her piazza, listened wearily, a gathering frown of impatience between her eyes. One must be very young or very much absorbed in a present happiness to enjoy alone the beauty of a perfect night; and Gertrude Grant was no longer young, maugre the assertion of her fair face, and certainly was not happy.

On went the soft patter of lazy bare feet, the click-clack of coquettish French

heels, the tramp of heavy boots, while the clatter of many tongues, intermingled with careless laughter, floated upward with the fragrance of flowers and the smoke of a legion of cigarettes.

"One can hardly hear one's self think," commented Mrs. Grant, looking irritated and bored as she leaned back, softly chafing her elbows, benumbed from long pressure on the balustrade.

She made a charming picture, so gracefully posed there, where the brilliant light from the open door behind brought out all the shimmering gold tints of her hair, while the shadows falling on her face softened and beautified every feature. Except in her husband's eyes, however, Gertrude Grant could never appear to such advantage in the honest light of day. Her luxuriant auburn hair was indeed beautiful, but it was a beauty that artists love, while popular taste has always been prejudiced against it. It was, at least as she wore it, remarkably striking as well as becoming in effect,—always drawn smoothly down to a low knot behind, while over her forehead a heavy banded fringe fell straight to her eyebrows. Her face was thin, and its fair, sensitive complexion had suffered much from the tropical sun. A sort of defiant independence asserted itself in the sharp nose, with its dilating nostrils; and there was a subtle suggestion of selfishness, which might on occasion be cruelty, about the full-lipped, sensual mouth; but one forgot to be critical, looking into the peculiar splendor of her eyes, of a darker shade of the same red-brown as her hair, and with a capacity for flashing a lurid fire of anger or a melting tenderness that was always a new surprise to the beholder. Tall and spare to a fault, characteristics studiously exaggerated by her style of dress, she was simply graceful and elegant in appearance, but with an individuality that impressed observers as few tamely beautiful women could do.

But that night she appeared so lovely that Rodney Allen, coming through the parlor, stopped short at the door in a sort of questioning wonder. "'She is not so lovely as Truda!'" he caught himself re-

peating in thought as the lady looked up at him with her dazzling smile.

"At last!" she said, with a little tender reproach in her voice.

"At last!" he echoed, mechanically touching the hand she held out, and seating himself near her. "I persuaded Bert to stay to dinner with me. He was rather used up, and now he has gone for a ride on the *Sábana*. He wished me to tell you," lifelessly as a school-boy repeating a lesson, his glance wandering over the details of the clinging white draperies that displayed the contour of her form from neck to ankle.

"And you are 'rather used up,' too. Had you not a pleasant day?"

"Beastly!" with laconic emphasis.

"Why, I thought Captain Wilson's breakfasts were always—"

"Oh, the breakfast was all well enough," he interrupted; "but I believe I have a touch of 'the blues.'"

"Can it be possible? I supposed that you never saw life save in *couleur de rose*. I am nothing but glad, however; for this must develop a new bond of sympathy between us." It was not so much what Mrs. Grant said as the way she said it that made the witchery of her words to men and caused her to be hated and feared by her own sex. "What do you mean by staring at me in that owlish manner? How dare you attempt to rebuke my levity with that preternatural solemnity?" she demanded presently, bending forward with an air of childish petulance, and that audacious light in the eyes looking full into his which no man with warm living blood in his veins could ever meet quite unmoved. "What have I done?"

"You have done nothing but make yourself so wonderfully lovely that I can't help looking at you," he answered impetuously.

"It is your flowers that have made a simple gown seem elegant," dropping her eyes with a little air of shyness as she caressed the great bunch of scarlet pomegranate-flowers at her belt.

"Thanks," rising and leaning restlessly over the balustrade, and abruptly

changing the subject. "How does it happen that I find you alone? I had expected to meet the usual crowd here, of course."

"I hope you are not disappointed, for I am very glad, however it may have happened," she frankly answered. "I am not in a mood for a crowd. I dare say we may have one yet, though: it is not too late."

"Let us run away from it, then," he eagerly exclaimed. "Come and walk on the battery, where it is cool. One chokes for breath here." It was a sudden impulse, repented as soon as uttered. That Mrs. Grant should go with him for a lonely moonlight stroll he knew would be a choice morsel for the gossips to breakfast, dine, and sup off on the morrow, and he inwardly cursed his thoughtlessness as she assentingly rose and gathered up her ruffled train. Still, since she seemed troubled by no question of propriety or fear of consequences, he felt—and how curiously relieved he was to feel!—that he could not well retreat. Besides, he reassuringly reflected, it was for the last time.

Oh, the charm of that thought,—It is the last! The story of Lot's wife is repeated over and over with each day of the world's history. We flee from our Sodom of sinfulness, thanking God for our deliverance, only to fall by the way, undone by the alluring impulse that turns us back for one last look.

Rodney Allen was silent and preoccupied as they slowly made their way through the jostling street crowd. He had a consciousness of virtuous resolution that was very sustaining. He was sensible of behaving very well, or rather of an intention to do so, although, to be sure, he had not made a very auspicious beginning; but, like many another, he was inclined to give himself full credit for the good he meant to do and promptly draw on the future for all praise due him; and his heart glowed with a sense of benevolence that was really pleasant, in its way, as he looked down at the fair head so near his shoulder. She was so reckless and undisciplined in her nature; it would be with her, he felt, "all for

love, and the world well lost." He did not own it to himself, but it was no less true, that long before this he had lost that reverent faith in her which every pure-minded man instinctively gives to womanhood. But who, in the first flush of gratified vanity, ever yet put into hard words disparagement of the woman that loved him? Rodney Allen tacitly acknowledged his doubt of her when he felt how completely she was at his mercy,—that it was left for his virtue alone to save her; but he was conscious only of a chivalrous tenderness, an unspeakable pity. It would be cruelly hard for her, the spoiled, passionate child, left to fight down this trouble alone,—worse than alone, he added, contemptuously reverting to Bertie Grant. It added somewhat to his sense of rectitude to reflect that he was dealing honorably, too, by the friend whose insignificance seemed to him to demand so little consideration, somewhat as he might have felt had he refrained from kicking a kitten that had fallen asleep in his way. Yet his first thought was of her. It was for her sake that he would go away,—for her sake and his own; and with thoughts of his well-doing mingled vaguely the memory of a dark-eyed girl far away.

On the other side there was little to disturb his complacency. He had openly admired Mrs. Grant, had shown her many little attentions and trifling gallantries; but so did every man that knew her. There had been some gossip about them, of course: there always was gossip flying in the air concerning Mrs. Grant. Last season it was the Chileno millionaire; the English naval officer the year before; to-day it happened to be Rodney Allen; and to-morrow, who could tell? The shafts of slander always follow those of Cupid; and, so long as Mrs. Grant continued to charm mankind, envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness, were sure to pursue her with venomous tongues. Allen said to his conscience that he could not hold himself responsible for all the idle tittle-tattle that had linked

sang
back
"I
moon

their names together. He had never said one word to the lady to which all the town might not have listened and welcome; although the recollection of a hand-clasp and glances more eloquent than words made him wince a little in his self-justification. Still, until to-day, he would not allow that he could have seen any real danger; and, now that he knew,—but how strangely certain he was!—he had not hesitated a moment about his right course. He was excitedly self-satisfied, and yet depressed.

"Let us stop and rest," said Mrs. Grant, panting a little, for in his pre-occupation he had strode along almost regardless of her. They had come out upon the old deserted rampart. "Help me up," she commanded, laying one hand on his shoulder and lightly springing to a seat on the broad parapet.

"How beautiful!" he mechanically remarked, looking vaguely around, as if just awakened.

And then both were silent for a while, she, her hand still resting as if unconsciously on his shoulder, looking fearfully down from her high perch at the black, gray-capped waves breaking on the reefs below; he gazing out at the Southern Cross slanted just over the horizon with all that grand suggestiveness that has thrilled the passing hearts of ages. "In this sign conquer," Allen repeated to himself, a restful awe stealing over his excited fancy, until he seemed to feel himself strengthened as if by a new armor of righteousness which all the legions of evil could not pierce. For the first time in his life, for a brief span of minutes Rodney Allen felt what it was to be a Christian, strong and exultant in a consciousness of oneness with Him whose sign hung there in the heavens. It is so easy and comfortable to pave the downward path with good intentions and religious sentimentality.

"When in thy dreaming
Moons like this may shine again,"

sang Mrs. Grant softly, bringing him back to earth with her witching smile.

"I don't often see more than one moon at a time, even in my dreaming,"

he retorted, with a playfulness assumed to hide the deeper feeling she had disturbed. "But," he deliberately added, drawing himself up resolutely and seeming to shake off her appealing hand, "the moon cannot shine like this for me much longer. I am going home by the next steamer." He stopped short, with a cowardly break in his voice, inwardly cursing his brutal abruptness. He saw the thin, nervous hand that had fallen from his shoulder close convulsively on the rough stone, and he had not courage to look up and meet the startled pain he knew was in her face. A dark spot was slowly shifting in a fold of her dress, and he mechanically reached out his hand and brushed it off.

"What was that?" she asked, her voice forced and unsteady.

"A dead leaf," he answered, while a sharp, benumbing pain shot through his hand and blanched his lips as they framed the involuntary lie. It was a scorpion-sting, he knew, conscious of a sudden unreasoning delight in it. Just what the danger might be he could hardly tell, but, were it much or little, it was for her, and in his excitement it seemed in a degree to balance the pain she was bearing through love of him.

"And so you are going away?" she said drearily, a hint of tears in her voice, her face looking wan and ghastly in the moonlight; and presently she added in a tone of simple, childlike trouble, her lip quivering, "I don't know how I can bear it, Rodney!"

In one wild moment Rodney Allen had forgotten everything but that they two were alone together, that each was suffering for the other's sake. "My darling! my darling!" he whispered passionately, throwing an arm around her and laying his head against her shoulder. "Tell me that I need never leave you!"

And she, drooping to meet him, pressed her lips upon his forehead, murmuring, "You love me, Rodney!"

IV.

THE rainy season fell upon the Isthmus early that year. As April came on,

neglected silk dresses had already begun to mould and kid gloves and boots were reaching untimely ruin, and presently outraged feminality was flying to a more friendly clime. Mrs. Grant was among the very first to go. She had sailed for San Francisco in March, and the gossips smiled and shrugged their shoulders when it was announced that Rodney Allen would start for New York a week later; but two months had gone by, and he was still in Panama, and down in the Calle de la Merced the husband and the lover were living together in a unity that set all reports and conjectures at bay.

It had come to be regarded as a standing joke, that constantly-deferred departure of Allen's,—an hypothetical contingency when all kinds of improbable things might happen: the *Star and Herald* was coming out full of news, the city would begin to construct the long-talked-of water-works, poor Dick Bennet would pay his debts and Tom Phelps refuse a brandy cocktail, and oftenest of all, perhaps, it came to be humorously remarked, in the slangy vernacular of the railroad- and shipping-offices, that Bert Grant would brace up and swear off, when Rodney Allen went home.

For Grant had been going down-hill at a rate which even that easy-going community could not see without consternation and remonstrance. Unchecked by any barrier of common prudence, the deadly climate had seized upon another victim, one that snapped his fingers at quinine and mocked the doctors. He had the fever as only one of his proverbial luck could have been expected to have it, until it seemed that his only chance for life lay in flight; but he had suddenly conceived an unconquerable attachment for Panama, and went on meeting his enemy day by day with inscrutable nonchalance, refusing to stir. Another disorder he had developed, too, which his friends never named aloud, vaguely referring to it when they met in the street, as, "Grant had 'em again last night!" and then they would gravely shake their heads and remark that he

could not go on long at that pace, generally adding that it was hard on Allen.

And Rodney Allen looked as if the world was going hard with him. His sallow face wore a harassed, anxious expression, and a nervous irritation had come to mar his manner toward every one except his friend. To Grant he was invariably kind, not sympathetically or tenderly, but simply with the cold, measured patience of a man persevering in a duty upon which he is determined. With the same air of indifference he began to take extreme care of himself, too, growing rigidly temperate in his eating and drinking, cautious about the night air and the pestilence that lurks in the darkness, dosing himself with the quinine that Grant threw away, and looking after himself generally with such solicitude that "the boys" were prone to laugh at his old-womanish ways. They did not laugh, however, when they spoke of his devotion to Grant. He stood by the poor fellow like a trump, they said, remarking how, his affairs in readiness for going away, he had let ship after ship sail without him, while his friend clung to him like a veritable Old Man of the Sea,—how he bore with him, cared for him, and looked after his neglected business, and how he struggled with all his might to hold him back in his downward plunge. But Rodney Allen's smile was bitterly sardonic when observations of that sort came to his ears. He kind to Bertie Grant!—the irony of it!

Practically, society became minded to shrug its shoulders and wash its hands of the two men, who, however interesting as subjects of remark, were no less deteriorating socially. The gayeties of the season marked the absence of feminine influence by their increased bacchanalian character, and it certainly is not agreeable to offer one's punch either to the man who is certain to drink too much or to the one who will take none at all and who may feel bound to administer a temperance lecture into the bargain. And so the two friends were gradually left to go their way by themselves; but it could not be a long way

as Grant was going, and one day the world was not at all surprised to learn that he lay sick in bed, too weak for even a mocking laugh when the doctor looked grave.

A muggy, sultry night had come, unusually oppressive for the season. It had been raining, and outside the room where the sick man lay there was a steady drip, drip from the eaves upon the balcony, like a loud tattoo thrummed by nervous fingers. Now and then a light breeze would drift up from the sea and the palms would drearily writhe and lash themselves with their wet ribbons, shaking a plashing shower, as of heavy tears, upon the hard earth below, like a weird outburst of sorrow that thrilled the listener's nerves and left him trembling, while a faint sound of sighing passed through the house, but it was quickly stilled again, and more oppressive than before would fall the dead silence that seemed a part of the heat.

In that prettiest of dining-rooms in the Calle de la Merced a party of "the boys," who had come with well-meant offers of aid, were beguiling the time and requiting their philanthropy with Grant's champagne and a little game of monte, all with grave faces and a depressed air of waiting, like people at a railway-station come to see a friend off on a long journey.

"About ready to pass in his checks," the doctor had laconically announced when he had tiptoed out from that shadowy room beyond.

At the same time Rodney Allen, wearily fanning his friend and looking with sanguine inexperience at the eyes diamond-bright and cheeks flushed red with fever, was confidently remarking, "You are feeling better, Bertie."

"Much better," with an odd smile, and reaching for the hand that held the fan with the old caressing fondness which the other no longer repulsed. "Dear old fellow, the trouble is almost over."

Allen looked down in sudden, startled questioning at the tone, but the brightness of the pale face was reassuring, and with a half-shy tenderness he pressed the clinging hand. "I hope so, my

boy," he said cheerily, while Grant went on smiling with that air of sardonic amusement.

"How sweet the flowers smell!" he languidly remarked at length, his large eyes roving around the room and stopping with a wondering stare into the farthest corner after he had spoken.

A tall silhouette had arisen from the shadows and glided forward, a tawny native woman, pulling a cluster of large white stars from her hair, which, with an eager gesture of devotion, she laid upon his pillow,—a few blossoms of the exquisite *Espiritu Santo*, superstitiously revered by the natives of the Isthmus as especially blessed by that person of the Trinity whose emblem it bears in its petalled shrine. In the childlike faith of that woman the lips that should utter a curse in the presence of that flower would be struck dumb for evermore, and the foot that dared trample upon it would walk in sorrow to the grave, but all good things must come to the hand that would hold it with a reverent heart,—pain and sickness could but fly before the heavenly power of it. God knows what prayer went up from the simple soul as she stood there with meekly-folded hands and downcast eyes before her master. "It is the blessed flower of God, señor," she said softly.

"Oh that I had wings like a dove," murmured Grant dreamily, caressingly touching the fair bird-image poised as if for flight, "to 'fly away and be at rest!' 'At rest,' Allen. I wonder how it will seem!" Impossible to tell the weariness the tones expressed.

Allen glanced at a small clock on the table and measured out a few drops in a spoon. "You must rest now, my man," he said, gently lifting the helpless head upon his arm.

But the other drew back, protesting, "No, Allen, no; don't let me go to sleep again just yet. I want to talk to you first."

"Not to-night, Bertie; to-morrow—"

"To-morrow I—may not feel like talking: to-night I must.—Go away, Nana, and close the door," he added, turning to the waiting woman. She

hesitated, looking imploringly at Allen ; but the eyes of the sick man flashed imperatively, and she submissively went away, turning as she passed through the doorway with a backward look that fell like a passionate caress upon her master.

An evil suspicion gleamed momentarily in the sharp gray eyes looking on, changing to an uneasy shame as the poor dreamy face looked up with unconscious reproach.

"Life is nothing but a series of blunders," muttered Allen moodily, thinking aloud.

"And have you but just found that out?" returned Grant, with his dreary smile.

Minutes passed by in the hot, brooding silence. The belated raindrops beat their dull monotone, and the little clock on the table ticked fast and fierce, as if it, too, had the fever and was madly hurrying to get to the end of its life-beats. Grant lay smelling his flowers and staring absently about the room,—a bijou apartment, filled with the daintiest furnishing New York could send out. It had been Mrs. Grant's chamber, and it was now just as the lady had gone away and left it. No slightest thing of hers was to be touched or disturbed in any way, the husband had said, locking the door on the day when he had seen her sail away ; and not until he came to be sick had the room been opened again ; and then, while he quietly established himself there, he had still ordered that everything should remain as it was. The dead flowers stood in the vases, untouched since her hand had placed them there ; hair-pins littered the bureau where untidy haste had dropped them, and a flash of red ribbon fell from a half-closed drawer ; a white wrapper was thrown carelessly across a chair ; a pair of worn slippers lay on the floor near by ; and the dust had fallen undisturbed on one little glove thrown on the table. There was a startling incongruity in the presence of these men among those feminine fripperies which all seemed mutely suggesting that the lady might at any moment come in to shame the intruders.

Rodney Allen leaned wearily back in his chair, following the other's eyes about with a dull lingering over details. Across the room hung a small dark picture, where he could still seem to discern through the gloom a glorious moonlit sky, with the Southern Cross slanted just over the horizon, a wash of dark waves below, and a bit of massive wall in the foreground, dark and deserted in the sketch, but to the man staring at it now full of mad life and passion in the two creatures he pictured against that starry background. And yonder were the shrunken and shapeless outlines of the frangipanni-blossoms he had sent her the day before she sailed : even now he fancied that he could recall the fragrance the night-wind had wafted up from the pink disks in her hair as he whispered his farewell. The little glove lying there that his kisses had touched,—that bit of ribbon he had twisted around his fingers in idle caressing,—every object in the room seemed to emblazon the secret, until all the world might almost see and understand. Furtively, almost apprehensively, he glanced back at his friend. What was revealed to the hollow eyes in that unearthly stare? Could those strange flowers bestow a sort of second-sight to read the story of shame written in the hieroglyphic of seeming trifles? Allen suddenly sprang up, giving himself a shake, as if to thoroughly awake from a bad dream, and with extreme nicety and deliberation trimmed the one candle that lighted the room. That done, he resumed his chair and took up the fan again. "Hot as damnation!" he broke out savagely.

"All this is rough on you, Allen ; but the trouble is almost over,—and well for both of us," said Grant, with a sort of apologetic sympathy, reaching out and petting the other's knee. "How good you have been to me, old fellow! God knows, you have done everything that a man could do toward balancing the account between us."

"Don't say anything about that, Bertie," hoarsely protested the other, nervously shrinking back.

But Grant, not heeding, went on in

a quiet, explanatory tone: "You see, I know the whole story, Allen."

Husband and lover each grew paler, each instinctively looking across at that dark spot on the opposite wall.

"I could not have dreamed, when I talked to you about her, that you were the man, Allen; but I was on the battery that night—and heard it all."

"My God! Grant, look here," began the young man, leaning forward with a white, set face. Adam's old excuse—"The woman tempted me"—had risen to his lips, but it stayed unuttered.

Bertie Grant might almost arise from the dead to defend the woman he loved. "I know, old man," interrupting the silence in his own way: "you could not help loving her; and she— Well, I suppose she could not help it either. But I could not give her up to be your mistress, Allen."

A quick, shrinking gesture of disgust and refutation from the other.

"A pretty fair pair of actors we have been! Heaven knows, I had little love for your company in those days when I struggled so hard to keep you here from one steamer to the next, and you wished me to the devil times without number, I know; but I did fairly well for an amateur," a cunning, maniacal gleam in his brilliant eyes melting suddenly into infinite tenderness, while his voice expressed the simple gratitude of a child; "though you did better, Allen, for your acting came straight from the kindest heart on this earth. I have tried to feel fair and to do the square thing by you; but it is easier to forgive a man a theft than for him to try to pay back in penny instalments what he has taken in gold. It has been hard for us both; but I think we may shake hands on it now, and part friends, Allen."

"Oh, Bertie, this is too much!" All the pain of weeks past seemed to focus at that moment, so sharp and terrible that there was a dull under-current of wonder that it did not kill.

"I might have managed the business more expeditiously, perhaps," went on Grant with dreary simplicity. "Some fellows would have invited you out to a

meeting on the *Sábana*, with coffee and pistols for two; or I could have blown out my own brains, or taken a quiet dose of laudanum, or done any one of a hundred things easier for you and for me than all this has been. But, you see, I had to avoid anything that would implicate *her* in any scandal; and I think you will agree with me that I have done about as well as I could under the circumstances. You will look at the whole thing reasonably, Allen. You know I only lived to make her happy, and since I can make her happier by taking myself out of the way, I do it in the manner that must leave her least regretful for me and will only rouse the gossips to pity and think her well rid of me. After all, there is nothing very strange about it: it is only one way of giving her the divorce she wanted; and, good Lord! divorces are common enough!" breaking down for a moment, his hands trembling helplessly as he tried to wipe off the great drops of moisture that stood upon his forehead and rolled down upon the pillow like tears. "Of course she must never know all this, Allen. You will only tell her, as my last message, that I died loving her,—nothing more. I could not endure to think that I was leaving her a legacy of remorse to haunt her life. She will be sad enough as it is; but you will help her to forget!"

"My God! what can I do?" cried Allen, nervously wringing his hands.

"Do, man! why, there is but one thing left for you to do!" sharply retorted the other, with a crazy laugh. "That is why I wanted to talk to you about it. You have been so kind to me all these weeks,—you have stuck closer than a brother! I think you have grown to care for me, Allen, almost as if she did not stand between us; and when I am gone you will feel even more tenderly toward me than now, perhaps; your conscience may get to work too late, and it may seem right to be more loyal to me than to her. It would be a miserable, sentimental blunder, Allen. You cannot undo the past, and adding another wrong is not going to make it all right. I am stepping aside that

Truda may be happy,—that you may honorably marry her, Allen. Don't, for God's sake, sacrifice her to any morbid notion of duty. Your first duty is to her!" He was painfully excited, his breath coming in labored panting.

The habits of the nurse roused Allen somewhat, and he mechanically reached for a bottle on the table. "We must not talk of this any more to-night, Bertie: you are too much agitated," he protested hoarsely.

"Only a few words more, and we will never speak of it again, Allen. I only want you to promise me to make her happy. Promise—swear—by all you hold sacred, that you will go from my grave to give up your life for her just as completely as I have given mine, though in that different way I would have taken if I could. What—?"

Allen had started back with utter horror: "Oh, my God!"

"Promise, Allen! swear!" his excitement rising to a maniacal pitch.

"Oh, Bertie, you don't know what you are asking! I cannot do it!"

"You cannot! You will not!" rising up in bed with a frenzied shriek of blasphemy that brought the party from the other room in startled amazement. "You will not! and it is too late now for me to stay and help her! Life wasted! Oh, Truda—Truda!" There was a dull thud as he fell back heavily upon the pillows, convulsively clutching the air, a short, gasping breath, and Bertie Grant's trouble was over.

The weird shadows on the walls seemed to tremble and shiver as the candle-flame flickered in the breeze that passed moaning around the house, and outside the drops went on beating, with the monotonous solemnity of a funeral march, in the awful hush that had fallen upon the room.

"Dead, boys! dead, sure as you live!" said Tom Phelps, taking up one of the clinched hands and letting it drop back, like a leaden thing, upon the stilled heart. "Poor old Grant! actually dead! Look at him, boys; look at him lying there, and see what we are all coming to! See what brandy will do

for a man—with bad luck!" the impartial after-thought punctuated with a hiccough, while he paused with maudlin emotion to wipe his eyes with the back of his hand. "Poor Grant! The best-hearted fellow that ever lived; but everything was foreordained to go back on him, and now he is dead and gone ahead of us all; just what one might expect! And, ten to one, if there is a weak pair of wings or a bad-fitting halo in heaven, he is in for 'em by this time."

It was a ghastly scene: the dead man lying there, another stranded life, and not a tear falling for him, no lips to press a last kiss on the cold brow, no hand that he had loved to close the dull, staring eyes, the one touch of warm human love near him those flowers of the *Espiritu Santo*, lying crushed and lifeless under Rodney Allen's feet.

There was no lack of feeling among those men irreverently staring there at the poor husk of their old-time comrade, but they had met Death too often in that fever-cursed climate to blanch at the sight. They were all minute-men, each one of them knowing that he himself might be the next to be called to join the great army "on the other side," and while they went on with reckless bravado to meet their own fate they had no tears for the one that had happened to precede them by a day.

Tom Phelps reached down, with hands that were gentle if unsteady, and drew the sheet over the poor, pinched face. "Come and take a drink, boys, and then you had better turn out, and treat this as a house of mourning till after the funeral," he calmly suggested, adding with boozy dignity, "I will remain with Allen and—the departed."

And, with the clinking of glasses and hasty hustling of cards and small silver, Rodney Allen, sitting stunned and motionless beside his lost friend, could hear, over and over in drunken repetition, "Dead, boys, dead! Ruined by brandy—and bad luck!"

V.

Two years later, Rodney Allen, visiting San Francisco on his bridal tour,

drove his young wife out to the Cliff House one day to watch the sunset. Among the little crowd already gathered upon the broad balcony overlooking the sea, the most striking figure was that of a lady, elegantly dressed, and young and handsome one guessed at once from the bold admiration of the man who leaned familiarly over her, though her back was turned toward all other observers.

"What lovely hair!" whispered little Mrs. Allen, directing her husband's attention by a pinch on his arm to the red-gold braids drooping in splendid contrast against the dark seal-skin cloak.

Rodney Allen, glancing carelessly around, stopped as if stunned. Another moment, and his arm had closed against

his wife's hand with a grasp of steel and he was hurrying her away. "We will come to see the sunset some other day," he hurriedly explained; and not until they were far on their way into the city did he turn to answer the startled questioning in her eyes. "It was that woman," he said, drawing a long, shuddering breath: "I knew her once,—and I could not meet her again."

"You did not like her?" innocently queried Mrs. Allen, with a soft little touch of pity in her voice for any one whom her lord might not like.

"Like her?" with a short, bitter laugh, an expression of utter loathing passing over his face: "she reminds me of—a scorpion!" MARY ETTA SMITH.

ALWAYS MINE.

YOU say the joy that has just come to me
To crown my life with glory and with grace
Will perish, leaving but the agony
Of loss in its dear place,

And that 'twere better to forego the bliss,
And so be spared the loss. I tell you nay:
Because the night is coming, must I miss
The brightness of the day?

But yesterday the flowers and birds were here,
To-day I watch the whirling, drifting snows;
Nor am I saddened, thinking of the dear
Departed bird and rose.

Give me the gorgeous skies, the sweet perfume
Of flowers, ay, all the royal Summer's charms,
Though I must see her, robbed of all her bloom,
Die in the Winter's arms.

I would not take your little negative
Delights; I have no petty fear of death:
Life is not worth the living, if to live
Means just to draw the breath.

No doubt my feet shall tread the valley's ways,
My eyes shall dwell on lesser, lower sights;
But, ah! they cannot rob me—those drear days—
Of *this* day on the heights.

CARLOTTA PERRY.

THE CAPTURE OF DERNE.

IN "Hildreth's History of the United States" a single page is given to the expedition of General William Eaton, in 1804, across the Libyan Desert to Derne, and the assault and capture of that city. The whole affair, with all its ramifications and the controversy that grew out of it, is dismissed in a few neatly-turned sentences; yet this account, so far as my observation goes, is the only one we have at all approaching particularity of one of the most brilliant events of the Tripolitan war, if not in the early history of American arms.* Chance recently threw in the writer's way an old, time-stained copy of the journal kept by Eaton during this expedition, together with several important letters and papers, not only detailing all the particulars of the enterprise, but incidentally throwing a welcome light on the inception and conduct of the Tripolitan war. Eaton, the hero of these pages, was a native of Connecticut, having been born at Woodstock, in that State, in February, 1764; he graduated at Dartmouth College in 1790, and shortly after entered the army, where he saw active service first in the West, under Wayne, and later in Georgia, in the campaigns against the Creeks. In July, 1797, President Adams appointed him consul at Tunis.

On the 11th of May, 1801, Joseph Bashaw, reigning sovereign of Tripoli, unable longer to restrain his corsairs, declared war against the United States. Eaton, who foresaw that the only way to procure lasting peace with these piratical States was to chastise them severely, at once concerted a plan with the consul at Tripoli, Mr. Cathcart, by which he hoped not only to end the war with Tripoli but also to convey a much-needed lesson to the other Barbary powers. There was living in Tunis at this time one Hamet

Bashaw, the rightful sovereign of Tripoli, who had been deposed and banished by his younger brother some eight or nine years before. This prince had still many adherents among his former subjects; and Eaton now formed the bold project of restoring him to his throne, thus furnishing to Tripoli a ruler who would have the strongest reasons for being the grateful ally of the American people. His plan was to make a descent on the frontiers of Derne, the most populous province of the country, with the ex-bashaw and a few marines from the fleet, gather an army from among Hamet's adherents, and then, aided by the squadron, capture the city and port of Derne, after which he calculated that a short march and vigorous assault would place the capital itself in his possession. He found it an easy matter to enlist the bashaw in his plan, and then turned his attention to securing the co-operation of the naval commanders on that coast. But here he met only with discouragement and defeat. These gentlemen ridiculed the project as chimerical, and sent home such representations as rendered all his communications on the subject nugatory.

Eaton remained at his post a year and a half longer, chafing at the feeble and spiritless prosecution of the war, and besieging the State Department with letters describing the laxity of naval operations in that quarter and urging his scheme for prosecuting the war. At length, in 1803, he resigned his consulship, and returned to America for the purpose of urging upon the government a more active prosecution of the Tripolitan war and of obtaining its sanction to his proposed expedition. He arrived in Boston May 5, 1803, proceeded shortly after to the seat of government, and was admitted to an audience with the President and the chief members of the administration.

How much weight his representations

* Since this article was written and accepted for publication, an interesting paper on Eaton, entitled "A Forgotten General," has appeared in "The United Service."—ED.

had with the government is not known, but the next spring more active operations were resolved upon, and a squadron of five vessels—the most effective in the navy—was commissioned for service in the Mediterranean. These vessels were the “John Adams,” Commodore Barron’s flag-ship; the “President,” Captain Rodgers; the “Congress,” Captain J. Barron; the “Essex,” Captain Campbell; and the “Constellation,” Captain Chauncey. The squadron was despatched early in June, 1804, and in the “John Adams” sailed Mr. Eaton, having been appointed navy-agent of the United States for the Barbary Powers, with the understanding that he was to assume a more responsible position on the arrival of the fleet at its station. At sea, Eaton addressed a letter to his friend Colonel Dwight, of Springfield, Massachusetts, giving a detailed account of his mission, and of his relations to the government:

“When, on the 30th March last, at Washington, I engaged to take the management of an enterprise on the coast of Barbary, which had for its object the recovery of our captives in Tripoli and imposing terms of peace on the regency by bringing a rival and an army in the enemy’s rear, the President and his Cabinet had formed sanguine hopes of its success. Hamet Bashaw, the elder brother and legitimate sovereign of the enemy, having long since been gotten out of his exile at Tunis by my management, had placed himself at the head of an army of Arabs at Derne, and had gained some considerable advantages in the field over the army of the usurper.

“He now offered, by letters to the President, to share the benefits of those advantages with the United States, on condition of an effectual co-operation with him on our part against the common enemy. The prospect of success being then beyond a doubt, those overtures were accepted, and the President concluded to send out to him, as he had asked those supplies on the score of a loan, some field-artillery, a thousand stand of arms, and forty thousand dol-

lars. On my return to Washington, May 10th, those prospects were encouraged by information of other advantages gained by the troops of the friendly bashaw.

“Two months were consumed while the squadron was getting in readiness to take its departure. These supplies were to have been taken on board at Hampton Roads, as the Secretary of the Navy informed me. Meantime, information arrived that the bashaw had retired to Alexandria for want of supplies. On the first symptoms of a reverse in his affairs, discouragement superseded resolution with our Executive, and economy supplanted good faith and honesty. The auxiliary supplies now supposed to be in readiness are withheld; the President becomes reserved; the Secretary of War believes we had better pay tribute. He said this to me in his own office. Gallatin, like a cowardly Jew, shrinks behind the counter; Mr. Madison leaves everything to the Secretary of the Navy Department; and I am ordered on the expedition by Secretary Smith,—who, by the bye, is as much of a soldier and a gentleman as his relations with the administration will suffer,—without any special instructions to regulate my conduct, without even a letter to the ally to whom I am directed, without anything whatever said to the commander-in-chief on the subject of supplies; nothing but a vague and general direction concerning the co-operation, and nothing more to him of my agency in the affair than that ‘Mr. Eaton is our agent for the several Barbary regencies, and will be extremely useful,’ thus tacitly referring him to me in case the project should seem feasible. The cautious policy of the President in this instance, as in others, is calculated to evade responsibility, as well as to secure to himself all the advantages of a miracle, for, as I have before stated, he neither sends forward supplies nor even makes any reply to the chief of whose friendship he is willing to profit. If, therefore, the co-operation fail of success, he evades the imputation of having embarked in a speculative, theoretical, chimerical project. This

will fix on me. Whereas, if it succeed, the glory of the enterprise will be all his own, ascribed to his foresight and sagacity. A more embarrassing situation, therefore, than that in which this pusillanimous conduct and sly policy places me can hardly be conceived. I carry with me no evidence whatever from our government of the sincerity of their intentions toward the friendly bashaw. He has once been disappointed in the reliance he placed in the assurances I had given him, because those assurances, though recognized by the President, through Mr. Madison, were not supported by the commander on whom the execution of the measure was incumbent. I have no alternative but to place my breast in this breach of confidence and good faith. This I am resolved to do, and by exposing my temporal salvation convince the ally and the world of a consistency and fidelity in my country which I myself am convinced does not exist with our administration any further than considerations purely individual render it convenient. In these resolutions I am bound to Egypt. But what must be done when I get there will require the utmost efforts of my capacity and expedients. Some expectations are formed by the people of the United States from this coalition. Some confidence, I am persuaded, is placed by my friends in my zeal to render it advantageous and honorable to the nation, and some reliance on my agency to give it shape and effect. These confidences shall not be disappointed. And though the adventure—for I now consider it as such—be as forlorn and perhaps as hazardous as any one ever successfully undertaken by an individual, I will carry it into execution or perish in the endeavor. I am convinced that our captives cannot otherwise be released without ransom, and as an individual I would rather yield my person to the danger of war in almost any shape than my pride to the humiliation of treating with a wretched pirate for the ransom of men who are the rightful heirs of freedom. But, lest this expedition should fail of success, and my intentions should consequently be dis-

torted into a mere matter of speculation, I have resolved not to accept any compensation for my services, except a sufficiency to cover my actual expenses.

"I can say, therefore, as a Spartan ambassador to the King of Persia's lieutenant, when asked whether he came with a public commission or on his own account, 'If successful, for the public; if unsuccessful, for myself.'"

The fleet arrived at Malta September 5, 1804, and quarantined. Here Eaton learned that Hamet Bashaw, his proposed ally, was at Alexandria, enjoying the protection of the Bey of Egypt and waiting for answers to his proposals to the government of the United States. He learned also that the Bashaw of Tripoli was growing in unpopularity with his subjects, and that everything was favorable to his project of restoring the rightful ruler.

At Malta Commodore Barron took into consideration the proposed co-operation with Hamet Bashaw. Eaton and Captain Hull of the "Argus" were the only other persons present at the conference. It was found that the instructions of the government in the matter were in the following words:

"With respect to the ex-Bashaw of Tripoli, we have no objection to your availing yourself of his co-operation with you against Tripoli, if you shall, upon a full view of the subject after your arrival upon the station, consider his co-operation expedient. The subject is committed entirely to your discretion. In such an event you will, it is believed, find Mr. Eaton extremely useful to you."

After maturely considering the matter, the commodore decided to attempt the co-operation, and Captain Hull with the "Argus" was detailed to convey Mr. Eaton to Egypt, and then, together with the "Hornet" and "Nautilus," co-operate with the expedition. The written orders of the commodore to Captain Hull were to proceed to Alexandria or Smyrna as a convoy; the verbal orders, given in the cabin of the "President," and to which the signatures of Mr. Eaton and Captain Hull are attached as witnesses, were as follows:

"SIR,—The *written* orders I here hand you are intended to disguise the real object of your expedition, which is to proceed with Mr. Eaton to Alexandria in search of Hamet Bashaw, the rival brother and legitimate sovereign of the reigning Bashaw of Tripoli, and to convey him and his suite to Derne, or such other place on the coast as may be determined the most proper for co-operating with the naval force under my command against the common enemy, or, if more agreeable to him, to bring him to me before Tripoli. Should Hamet Bashaw not be found at Alexandria, you have the discretion to proceed to any other place for him where the safety of your ship can be in your opinion relied upon. The bashaw may be assured of the support of my squadron at Bengazi or Derne, where you are at liberty to put in if required and if it can be done without too great risk. And you may assure him also that I will take the most effectual measures with the forces under my command for co-operating with him against the usurper, his brother, and for re-establishing him in the regency of Tripoli. Arrangements to this effect are confided to the discretion with which Mr. Eaton is vested by the government."

The "*Argus*," with General Eaton on board, sailed for Alexandria on the 14th of November and arrived on the 25th. At the village of Demanhour in Egypt, two months later, Eaton wrote to his friend Commodore Preble a very interesting letter, describing his attempts to communicate with his ally the bashaw and the difficulties that accompanied the organization of the expedition. We have room only for extracts:

"At Alexandria it was intimated to me that Hamet Bashaw was not to be had without application to Elfi Bey, to whom he had attached himself, both of whom were in Upper Egypt acting with the Mameluke Beys against the Ottoman government, and to whom access was barred by the Turkish army. Under these discouraging circumstances, and contrary to the advice of everybody on the sea-coast, on the 30th of November

I left Alexandria for Grand Cairo with three officers—Lieutenant O'Bannon, Mr. Mann, and Mr. Danielson—and a few men from the brig, who, together with some others recruited on the spot and at Rosetta, made an escort of eighteen. This precaution was necessary on account of the banks of the Nile being infested by the wild Arabs of the desert and by straggling Arnaut deserters from the Grand Seignior's army. On the 8th December we arrived without accident at Grand Cairo. There I found the prime minister and one of the confidential governors of Hamet Bashaw, who confirmed the intimations I received at Alexandria that the bashaw was actually with the Mameluke beys and considered as an enemy to the government of this country. I had already despatched to him secret couriers from Alexandria and Rosetta, and now sent off a third and fourth from the capital. But I had not yet had audience with the viceroy, and, not knowing his accessible point, the difficulty I apprehended of getting the bashaw out of the country exceeded that of access to him; for I found it impossible to do it privately, and to attempt it might not only defeat our main object but endanger our own personal safety. Wherefore, at my first interview, finding the viceroy a man of much more frankness and liberality than generally falls to the character of a Turk, I unreservedly opened to him the object of my visit to his country, and received his proffer of friendly offices. This cleared a little my prospects, while it created new embarrassments, for the interference or even the amnesty of the viceroy in behalf of Hamet Bashaw might excite the jealousy of the Mameluke beys and have the effect to bar his departure. But a new difficulty beset me, which I little expected, and less from the quarter it came. The French consul—a Piedmontese—at Alexandria, Mr. Drouette, had insinuated that we were *British spies in American masks*, and that our pretext of friendship for Hamet Bashaw aimed at nothing but an intercourse with the Mamelukes, who are suspected of being in British subsidy,—

of course, an insinuation as injurious as it was malignant. I am yet totally at a loss to account for this strange conduct of Mr. Drouette.

"I found means, however,—the means that move everything in this quarter of the globe,—to remove this difficulty, and finally obtained the viceroy's letter of amnesty and passport of safe-conduct to Hamet Bashaw, which were despatched to him on the 15th in quadruplicates and by different conveyances. I now patiently waited the issue of measures thus far pursued. On the 8th I received from the bashaw an answer to my letter from Cairo, dated the 28th of the month Ramadan (corresponding with the 3d January), stating that he should that day depart for this province, and take lodgings at the house of an Arab chief, where he should wait to meet me. But, as my letters to him dated after the viceroy's amnesty all advised him to repair to the English house at Rosetta under the guarantee of the viceroy's passport, and believing he might push his march thither, I left Cairo for that place on the 13th, and arrived in three days. Nothing appearing there, I proceeded to Alexandria on the 19th. On the 20th I received the bashaw's answer to my letter of the 28th November, of the same tenor with that I received from him at Cairo. It appeared that, not confiding in the viceroy's dispositions concerning him, the bashaw had determined to expect an interview at the place he had first named, near the Lake Fium, on the borders of the desert, about one hundred and ninety miles from the sea-coast. Nothing can be more incredulous than a Turk of a Turk's honor, and for a good reason: nothing can be more equivocal than their plighted faith. Though travelling in the interior of this country has become unusually hazardous, I determined to attempt a passage to Fium. Accordingly, on the 22d I left Alexandria, with two officers from the 'Argus,' Lieutenant Blake and Mr. Mann, and an escort of twenty-three men, indifferently mounted, and on the evening of the 23d found myself arrested at the Turkish lines, between

seventy and eighty miles on my route, by the Kerchief of Demanhour, commanding a detachment of about five hundred Ottoman troops on the frontier. No argument I could devise could at all mollify the severity of his first resolution not to let me pass his lines, though in everything else he treated us with distinction and great hospitality. Our situation here was somewhat perplexing and vastly unpleasant. I do not recollect ever having found myself on a ground more critical. To the natural jealousy of a Turk this general added a fierce and savage temper, of course proud and vain. Here was my point of approach. I passed high compliments on the correctness of his military conduct and vigilance; said it was what I certainly would have done myself in similar circumstances, but, knowing from his character the magnanimity of his soul, I was determined to have an interview with him, in full confidence that he would aid in a measure so purely humane and so manifestly favorable to the Turkish interest in Egypt, in case he could not permit me to pursue my object personally; at the same time signifying that I had it in charge to tender him a *douceur* in testimony of our exalted opinion of his name and merit. He was moved, said my confidence should not be disappointed, and called into his tent an Arab chief, to whom he stated my business and asked if he could give any account of Hamet Bashaw. The young chief in an ecstasy declared that he knew everything. I requested him to declare himself, for I had no secret in my relation with that bashaw. You have, sir, already anticipated his story in the statement I have given of the bashaw's actual position. He added that twenty thousand men, Barbary Arabs, were ready to march with him from this border to recover their native country and inheritance, repeated that he knew our plan, and, now that he had seen me, he would pledge his head to the Turkish general to bring me Hamet Bashaw in ten days. The Turk accordingly despatched him the next morning on this message.

"February 16th, at Alexandria.—We arrived with the bashaw and suite at the English cut between Aboukir Bay and Lake Mœris a week ago last Wednesday. There we had new difficulties to encounter. The French consul had been beforehand of me in gaining the admiral of the port and governor of the city, and they consequently came to a resolution not to permit the bashaw to enter the city nor to embark. Argument was useless, for we were too late in the application of it. The bashaw had before come to a resolution to march by land to Derne and Bengazi, and he now moved round the lake to form his camp at Arab's Tower, about thirty miles from the old fort of Alexandria. In the mean time, I stated to the viceroy the contempt his letter of amnesty suffered from his subalterns in this place; in consequence of which he addressed a firman by a *chaux* to the governor commanding immediate compliance with his orders and imposing a fine on him of twenty thousand piastres. This gives us a final triumph in Egypt; though I confess I could have wished the viceroy's resentment had not fallen so heavily on his disobedient governor. I do not think it prudent to advise the bashaw to enter the city, lest vengeance should retaliate on him the chastisement he has brought upon his Turkish brother of this place. We shall, therefore, take up our line of march through the desert of Libya toward Derne next Wednesday. Our party consists of five hundred men, one hundred of whom are Christians recruited on the spot and employed in our service. We shall make a stand at Bomba, and wait the return of Captain Hull with supplies and reinforcements to seize the provinces of Derne and Bengazi, for which purpose he sails for the rendezvous day after to-morrow."

Eaton's notes in his journal during the entire march of ninety days to Derne are full and copious, and give a concise history of the fortunes of the expedition. Beginning March 2, 1805, the first entry of importance is as follows:

"March 3.—Left Alexandria, and joined Hamet Bashaw at the Marabout's.

We had been several days delayed by the delinquency of Richard Farquhar, to whom I had intrusted the commissary's and quartermaster's department, and to whom, from time to time, I advanced a sum of thirteen hundred and fifty dollars, which he chiefly embezzled or misapplied. In consequence of which I discharged him, and was obliged to make myself the provisions for our passage through the desert.

"March 4.—Messrs. Briggs Brothers and Dr. Mendrici visited camp; witnessed the convention concluded with Hamet Bashaw on the 23d February, liquidated the account of moneys they had advanced for the United States, and took leave. Their whole amount of advances, sixteen thousand dollars. Balance due them, twelve thousand five hundred dollars. Paid by Captain Hull, four thousand dollars.

"March 5.—Freighted a caravan of one hundred and ninety camels, as I supposed, for the passage, at eleven dollars per head.

"March 6.—Broke up camp and marched to Arab's Tower, forty miles from Alexandria, leaving part of our baggage behind. From Alexandria to this post is a desert. The tower is not Arabian architecture, but Greek.

"March 8.—Arranged our caravan and organized our force, which now consisted of nine Americans, a company of twenty-five cannoneers, commanded by Selim Comb and Lieutenants Conant and Roco, and a company of thirty-eight Greeks, commanded by Captain Luco Nlovix and Lieutenant Constantine. The bashaw's suite consisted of about ninety men, including those who came from Fioum and those who joined him since his arrival at Alexandria. These, together with a party of Arab cavalry, under the orders of the Sheiks Il Taib and Mahamet, and including the footmen and camel-drivers, made our whole number about four hundred. Our caravan consisted of one hundred and seven camels and a few asses. Marched at eleven A.M. fifteen miles. Camped on an elevated bluff upon the seaboard; good water near the shore.

"March 10.—The camel-drivers and footmen revolted and made a stand. The Sheik Il Taib had insinuated a suspicion among them that if they performed their services before being paid the Christians would be apt to defraud them. The bashaw seemed irresolute and despondent. Money, more money, was the only stimulus which could give motion to the camp. At length I ordered the Christians under arms and feigned a countermarch, threatening to abandon the expedition and their bashaw unless the march in advance proceeded immediately. This project took effect. The mutiny was suppressed, and we marched twelve miles."

No entries of special interest occur from this time until March 18, when the caravan arrived at an Arab castle called Marosciah. Here the owners of the caravan mutinied, claiming that they had been hired to proceed only to that place, and, as they had now fulfilled their engagement, they proposed to return to their families in Behera. The Sheik Il Taib favored their pretensions.

"I promised to procure the cash for their payment," says Eaton, "on condition that they would proceed two days farther, where we expected to find Arab tribes and hire another caravan. This they engaged to do. I reduced my stock of cash to three Venetian sequins, and, with a hundred and forty dollars borrowed of the Christian officers and men, passed into the hands of the bashaw six hundred and seventy-three dollars, which, with what he raised, enabled him to meet the claims of the chiefs of the caravan."

"March 19.—The bashaw paid off his caravan, who promised to proceed two days' march ahead, but the same night all but forty of them drew off for Egypt, and the others refused to proceed, leaving us in a perplexed and embarrassed situation, as it was impossible to move without the caravan. The bashaw proposed going forward to the camp of sundry tribes who expected him two or three days' march ahead. This I rejected: being now destitute of cash,

to proceed without provisions would be throwing too much on contingency.

"March 20.—Last night the rest of the camels left us to return to Egypt. I now discovered a complot between the Sheik Il Taib and sundry other chiefs, at which I thought the bashaw connived, purporting a resolution to proceed no farther until they should have assurance of the arrival of our vessels at Bomba. A report had been started that a force consisting of eight hundred cavalry and numerous foot were on their march from Tripoli for the defence of Derne and were actually past Bengazi. I thought this an argument that urged acceleration rather than delay. A great deal of noise and some counsel were heard among the bey's chiefs, in which I was not consulted, and a final resolution taken that they would remain on the spot till a runner could go to Bomba and return. In consequence of which, I ordered their rations stopped, and resolved to take possession of the castle and fortify myself there until I could get intelligence to our naval detachment to come to our relief, when I would take off our Christians and leave them to take measures for their own subsistence and safety. We have marched a distance of two hundred miles through an inhospitable waste, without seeing the habitation of an animated being or the tracks of man, except where Superstition has led him over burning sands on a tedious pilgrimage to her shrine."

"March 21.—The position taken yesterday had its effect. Fifty camels were prevailed on to return to us and to go on two days farther."

"March 22.—Marched twelve and a half miles. Despatched a courier with letters to Captain Hull at Bomba."

"March 26.—A courier from Derne in the interest of the bashaw brings intelligence that five hundred of Joseph Bashaw's cavalry, accompanied by great numbers of Arabs, were a few days' march from that place and would certainly arrive before we could. The alarm excited by this information arrested our motions. The bashaw seemed to hesitate whether to proceed farther."

The camel-drivers fled with their caravan, and there seemed to be a combination among the bashaw's people and the Arabs of Behera to return to Fium. A council was held: despondency sat on every countenance. About eleven A.M. I learned that the Sheik Il Taib had resolved to proceed no farther until certain intelligence of our vessels being at Bomba arrive. I could not but reproach that chief with want of courage and fidelity. He had promised much and fulfilled nothing. I regretted having been made acquainted with him, and should be well satisfied if he would put his menace in execution of returning to Egypt. He quit the camp in a rage, swearing by all the force of his religion to return no more. The bashaw would have sent an officer to pacify and bring him back. I objected, and he took himself off with a small detachment of his tribe.

"March 27.—We got under way at half-past seven A.M. At ten a messenger came from the sheik to assure us that he had taken up his march for Behera. Continued the march. At twelve o'clock another messenger: 'The Sheik Il Taib will join if the camp halt seasonably.' The bashaw desired, and we halted at half-past twelve. About an hour and a half after, the sheik hove in sight with his party, and, presenting himself at my marquee with visible chagrin in his countenance, said, 'You see the influence I have among this people.' 'Yes; and I see, also, the disgraceful use you make of it.'"

Similar difficulties with the Arabs are recorded on almost every page of the journal. The timorous and wavering disposition of the bashaw was also a source of anxiety and trouble: rumors that an enemy was approaching, or that the fleet had been blown off shore by a storm and would be unable to keep the rendezvous, would cause him to lose heart and arrive at the point of abandoning the expedition.

Toward the last of the march the troops suffered severely from lack of water and provisions. April 8, Eaton records, "We have only six days' rations

of rice, no bread nor meat, and no small rations," and on the 10th, "Nothing but rice and water for subsistence, and that at half-rations. We have only three days half-rations of rice, and no other supplies whatever, and, what renders our situation truly alarming, we can get no information of any vessels having appeared off the coast.

"Seven o'clock P.M., an officer came to my tent and informed me that mutiny was organized in the company of cannoneers, and that they were about to embody and demand their full ration of provisions before this tent. I told him to endeavor by gentle means to suppress the mutiny, and, if he found this method impossible, to caution them on pain of death not to appear in arms to make any remonstrance with me, and at the same time sent for the issuing commissary, to be informed of the exact quantity of rice on hand. Before anything serious took place, about half-past seven in the evening the courier which had been despatched to Bomba arrived with the intelligence of our vessels being off that place and Derne. In an instant the face of everything changed from pensive gloom to enthusiastic gladness. Nothing more was heard of the mutiny. The Arabs resumed confidence, and the bashaw promised to force the rest of our march to Bomba.

"April 15.—At four o'clock P.M. we reached Bomba; but what was my astonishment to find at this celebrated port not the foot-trace of a human being, nor a drop of water, and what my mortification to find no vessels here! We had this day taken up three Arabs who gave me positive declarations that they had seen two vessels in the bay a few days before, and very well described the brig 'Argus,' Captain Hull; but they were gone, and I concluded had left the coast in despair of our arrival. Nothing could prevail on our Arabs to believe that any had ever been there: they abused us as impostors and infidels, and said we had drawn them into that situation with treacherous views. The Arabs came to a resolution to separate from us next morning. I went off with

my Christians and kept up fires upon a high mountain in our rear all night. At eight the next morning, at the instant when our camp was about breaking up, the bashaw's casuadar, Zaid, who had ascended the mountain for a last lookout, discovered a sail. It was the 'Argus.' Captain Hull had seen our smokes and stood in."

Six days were spent at Bomba, resting and refreshing the troops, and taking in the necessary provisions to carry them to their journey's end. From Bomba a march of little more than two days brought them to the goal of their ambition, the ancient city of Derne. It was the 25th of April, the fifty-fifth day of the march. Eaton encamped his little army on an eminence overlooking the city, and reconnoitred the place. Its chief defences he found to be a water-battery of eight nine-pounders on the northeast, and some temporary breastworks and walls of old buildings to the southeast, while along the front of the bay the inhabitants had provided their terraces and the walls of their houses with loop-holes. The governor had also a ten-inch howitzer mounted on the terrace of his palace. From deserters he also learned that the enemy's force consisted of some three thousand men, composed chiefly of Tripolitans, Jeiberna Arabs, and refugees. It was also reported that Joseph Bashaw's army from Tripoli was close at hand. From his mountain Eaton eagerly scanned the sea-line for the supporting squadron, which had been blown out to sea by a gale four days previously. At eight on the morning of the 26th the "Nautilus" hove in sight, and at half-past five A.M. on the 27th the "Argus" and "Hornet" appeared and stood in. After communicating with Captain Hull, Eaton determined to attack the town at once. On the morning of the 26th he had sent in a flag of truce with the following message:

"TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR OF DERNE: SIR,—I want no territory. With me is advancing the legitimate sovereign of your country:

give us a passage through your city, and for the supplies of which we shall have need you shall receive fair compensation. Let no differences of religion induce us to shed the blood of harmless men who think little and know nothing. If you are a man of liberal mind, you will not balance on the propositions I offer. Hamet Bashaw pledges himself to me that you shall be established in your government. I shall see you to-morrow in a way of your choice.

"EATON."

To which the bey returned the laconic answer, "My head or yours."

On the 27th the attack began. The "Hornet" anchored within one hundred yards of the battery, and opened a well-directed fire. Lieutenant Dant, of the "Nautilus," took position where he could bring his guns to bear on both the city and the battery, while Captain Hull, of the "Argus," anchored a little south of the "Nautilus," so near as to throw his twenty-four-pound shot "quite into the town." A detachment of six American marines, a company of twenty-four cannoneers, and another of twenty-six Greeks, including their proper officers, all under the immediate command of Lieutenant O'Bannon, together with a few Arabs on foot, had a position on an eminence opposite to a considerable party of the enemy who had taken post behind their temporary parapets and in a ravine at the southeast quarter of the town. The bashaw seized an old castle which overlooked the town on the southwest, disposing his cavalry upon the plains in the rear. About two P.M. the fire became general in all quarters where Tripolitans and Americans were opposed to each other.

In three-quarters of an hour the battery was silenced, but not abandoned, though most of the enemy withdrew precipitately from that quarter and joined the party opposed to the handful of Christians with Eaton, which was the weakest point of the line. At the same moment the fire of the field-piece was slackened by the rammer being shot away. Eaton, perceiving his men be-

ginning to give way, ordered a charge, and led his undisciplined force against a host of savages outnumbering them ten to one. These fled from their coverts irregularly, firing in retreat from every palm-tree and partition-wall in their way.

"At this moment," says Eaton, "I received a ball through my left wrist, which deprived me of the use of the hand, and, of course, of my rifle. Mr. O'Bannon, accompanied by Mr. Mann, of Annapolis, urged forward with his marines, Greeks, and such of the cannoneers as were not necessary to the management of the field-piece, passed through a shower of musketry from the walls of houses, took possession of the battery, planted the American flag upon its ramparts, and turned its guns upon the enemy, who, being now driven from their outposts, fired only from their houses, from which they were soon dislodged by the whole fire of the vessels (which was suspended during the charge) being directed into them. The bashaw soon got possession of the bey's palace, his cavalry flanked the flying enemy, and a little after four o'clock we had complete possession of the town. The action lasted about two hours and a half. The bey took refuge first in a mosque, and then in a harem, the most sacred of sanctuaries among the Turks, and is still there; but we shall find means to draw him thence. As he is the third man in rank in the kingdom, he may perhaps be used in exchange for Captain Bainbridge. I have fixed my post in the battery, raised parapets, and mounted guns toward the country, to be prepared against all events. The moment of gaining Derne has been peculiarly fortunate, as the force which long since left Tripoli for its defence were within two days fourteen hours' march on the day of our attack. This force will probably take up a retrograde march. Of the few Christians who fought on shore I lost fourteen killed and wounded, three of whom are marines, one dead and another dying, the rest chiefly Greeks, who in this little affair well supported their ancient character."

Eaton seems to have been mistaken as to the action of the force sent by Joseph Bashaw to the support of Derne, for, instead of retreating, it advanced, and, on the 13th of May, made a determined attack on the town, but, with the aid of the shipping, was handsomely repulsed and forced to retire into the desert. Eaton then gayly began his preparations for the march upon Tripoli, not having the slightest doubt from the reports of his Arab spies that the gates of the city would be thrown open to himself and the bashaw the moment his army should appear before it; but in the midst of these preparations what were his chagrin and mortification to learn that the reigning bashaw had made overtures of peace, which Colonel Lear, the American consul-general, had determined to accept, and that it was under consideration to withdraw the American force from that coast! Eaton at once addressed a letter to Commodore Barron, arguing with much force and ingenuity against the proposed action. "It was to be anticipated," he remarked, "that the reigning bashaw would seize the moment when he should apprehend himself seriously in danger from his brother, to rid himself of this rival by detaching from him our succor through overtures of peace. Facts establish the correctness of this conjecture. That the inhabitants of Tripoli are weary of the war is well ascertained. That they secretly desire the restoration of their legitimate sovereign transpires through several indubitable channels, and that the Arabs and Moors of the kingdom, who form its entire population, are generally in a revolutionary state is equally true. The reigning bashaw is not ignorant of these dispositions. As early as the 19th ult. late overtures had intimated to the consul-general his inclination toward a pacification. We had then been seventy-six days from Alexandria, thirty-five as far forward as Bomba, and twenty-one in possession of this place. Of these movements and operations, intercepted communications by way of Mesurata and Bengazi prove to us the enemy was not uninformed. It does not appear that

the season has hitherto permitted any formidable display of our naval force before Tripoli. It cannot be unfair, therefore, to infer that the pacific overtures of the reigning bashaw are influenced in a great measure by apprehensions of his brother's approach; and if such is the effect of the enemy's apprehensions, our calculations of the ultimate result of an effectual co-operation should no longer seem visionary. I believe it was the purpose of the government to use this circumstance as an instrument to chastise a perfidious foe. I know it was the general wish and expectation of our country that the enemy should be chastised. How far this will be satisfied from the arrangements now in progress time and events must determine. But I cannot be persuaded that the manner of serving ourselves with Hamet Bashaw and then abandoning him can be reconciled to those principles of honor and justice which I know actuate the national breast. It seems to be thought enough to cancel every pledge made him to bring him back to the post whence he was driven. He was driven away on account of his intercourse with the enemies of his rival. He has been induced to return under an expectation of receiving aids from us to prosecute his views of recovering his throne. I thought myself authorized, from the assurances of the Secretary of the Navy, to encourage him with the prospect of receiving those aids, and frequent expressions of your resolutions to make an example of Tripoli this summer fortified me in the confidence that the exercise of my discretion here in the manner I have done would eventually, if not directly, assist in the accomplishment of these objects."

Referring to the charge made that Hamet Bashaw was deficient in the essential qualities of a prince and a commander, General Eaton observes, "It is a general belief among the gentlemen who have acted with me that Hamet Bashaw possesses talents sufficient for our purposes: as evidence of this, every one of them is not only willing but solicitous to pursue the expedition. With such aids as I have mentioned we could

at once break up the enemy's camp in our front and open our way without further serious impediment to the gates of Tripoli. The enemy is aware of this, and is endeavoring to outgeneral us. His camp is abroad: of course his defence is weakened at the capital. The total defeat of his forces here would be a fatal blow to his interests; to recall them would be to abandon the provinces of Derne and Bengazi; but to remove the enemy near him by pacification he may safely turn all his resources against his rival, and when once relieved from this danger we shall again have experiences of his respect to treaty. I am afraid one important consideration has been overlooked in the arrangements lately adopted by Colonel Lear,—the danger of falling back to an irrecoverable distance in case of the failure of the negotiation commenced by him, and, at the same time, the abandonment of the advantageous ground we hold here. Another consideration is involved which cannot but wound the pride of military principles: we must strike the flag of our country here in the presence of an enemy who have not merited the triumph, and yield to them the honor of a victory which no encounter hitherto has given them a right to claim: certainly they, and perhaps the world, will place an unjust construction on this retreat. At any rate it is a retreat, and a retreat of Americans. If individual feeling were alone to be consulted in this situation, it would prefer a manly defeat to this mode of safety. The consequence to our national character would be more honorable. . . . You would weep, sir, were you on the spot, to witness the unbounded confidence placed in the American character here, and to reflect that this confidence must shortly sink into contempt and immortal hatred. You would feel that this confidence at any price should be carried through the Barbary regencies, at least to Tripoli, by the same means that it has been inspired here. But if no further aids come to our assistance, and we are compelled to leave the place under its actual circumstances, humanity must weep;

the whole city of Derne, together with numerous families of Arabs who attached themselves to Hamet Bashaw, must be abandoned to their fate. Havoc and slaughter will be the inevitable consequence: not a soul of them can escape the vengeance of the enemy. In proceeding, therefore, thus far and no farther, in lending aid to the unfortunate people whom we use as allies, and of whose situation we are actually profiting to our own exclusive benefit, we involve them in destruction. Could I have apprehended this result of my exertions, certainly no consideration would have prevailed on me to have taken an agency in a tragedy so manifestly fraught with intrigue, so wounding to human feelings, and, as I must view it, so degrading to our national honor."

The letter concludes as follows: "Viewing the present posture of affairs either as eligible to our national honor or the situation of the bashaw and people here, I consider it due to the confidence of government, and a bond imposed by all the injunctions of humanity, to endeavor to hold this post to the last moment, in hopes that some happy occurrence may take place to secure our own, and at the same time to assist the interests of our friends; and I most devoutly pray heaven that the blood of innocence may not stain the footsteps of us who have aimed only to fight the enemies of our country."

But the government, from some unexplained cause, was determined to uphold Lear, and on the 11th of June Eaton received a letter from Commodore Rodgers requiring him to evacuate the town forthwith, and advising him that the "Constellation" would receive his garrison. By the same hand he received a letter from Colonel Lear, announcing that he had concluded a treaty of peace with Joseph Bashaw. In a letter to Commodore Rodgers Eaton gives a very vivid account of the evacuation: "I communicated to the bashaw the news of peace on our part with his brother, and the convention that his family should be restored to him on condition of his quietly leaving the

kingdom. He said he had no safety but in leaving the country with us, and even this would be impossible if the project should transpire before being carried into effect: despair would drive his adherents to revenge, and we must fall victims to it. I consequently kept up the idea of an attack on the enemy which had been excited from a report that reinforcements had come out in the frigate. With the same apparent view, I inspected the garrison, ordered them to be divested of all heavy baggage, and to be held at their post in readiness to advance at the word. At eight in the evening I placed patrols of marines to stop intercourse between the town and our posts,—a usual precaution at this hour. In the mean time all the 'Constellation's' boats were laid alongside the wharf. I ordered the captain of cannoners to embark his company with the field-pieces and a ten-inch howitzer which fell into our hands on the 27th April, and after them the Greek company. This was executed with silence and alacrity, but with astonishment. The marines remained at their posts. When the boats were seen returning, I sent a messenger to the bashaw, requesting an interview. Understanding the purport of this message, he immediately repaired to the fort with his retinue, dismounted, and embarked in the boats. The marines followed with the American officers. When all were securely off, I stepped into a small boat which I had retained for the purpose, and had just time to save my distance when the shore, our camp, and the battery were crowded with the distracted soldiery and populace, some calling on the bashaw, some on me, some uttering shrieks, some execrations. Finding we were out of reach, they fell upon our tents and horses,—which were left standing,—carried them off, and prepared for flight. My garrison, together with the bashaw and suite, were all on board the 'Constellation' about two in the morning. Before break of day our Arabs were all off to the mountains, and with them such of the inhabitants of the town as had means to fly, taking with them

every living animal fit for subsistence or burden which belonged to the place. This morning a *chaux* from Tripoli, who came out in the frigate, went on shore under a flag of truce and carried letters of amnesty from Joseph Bashaw to the people of Derne on condition of their returning to their allegiance. He stated on his return that nothing but despair depicted itself in the visages of the few wretched inhabitants who remained; that they rejected Joseph Bashaw's terms of pardon, declaring that they knew his perfidy too well to suffer themselves to be ensnared by it, and that they were resolved to defend themselves to the last moment from their walls and terraces against his troops. . . . In a few minutes more we shall lose sight of this devoted city, which has experienced as strange a reverse in so short a time as ever was recorded in the disasters of war. Six hours ago the enemy were seeking safety from them by flight; this moment we drop them from ours into the hands of their enemy for no other crime but too much confidence in us. The man whose fortune we have accompanied thus far experiences a reverse as striking. He falls from the most flattering prospects of a kingdom to beggary."

The "Constellation" proceeded to Syracuse, where the unfortunate Hamet Bashaw was left in exile. On the 6th of August Eaton left Syracuse for the United States in the "Chesapeake," and arrived at Hampton Roads in November. At Richmond, on his way to Washington, he was received by the citizens with distinguished consideration and a public dinner was tendered him; the same honor awaited him at Washington and Philadelphia, Jefferson made honorable mention of him in his annual message, and he was for some months the lion of the entire country:

No satisfactory reasons were ever offered by the government for relinquishing the expedition against Tripoli, disgracefully abandoning its allies, and *purchasing* a peace, when a few days' march would have thrown the enemy's capital into its hands. Eaton openly

charged it to the jealousy of the navy and the machinations of Colonel Lear, the consul-general, who concluded the treaty, and, in the long and acrimonious debate that followed, succeeded in pretty fully substantiating his charges. He established the fact that Jefferson encouraged the enterprise and instructed Commodore Barron to aid it at his discretion, and that Commodore Barron exercised these powers by sending Captain Hull in a man-of-war to convey Eaton to Egypt, with secret instructions to co-operate in the expedition, also that he endorsed it in a letter written to Hamet Bashaw dated at Malta, March 21, 1805, and in one to Eaton written the succeeding day. To show the jealousy of the navy concerning his operations, he adduced the instance of a prominent naval officer then in the Mediterranean, who, in speaking of the abandonment of Derne, remarked that "Eaton was running away with the honors of the Tripolitan war," and the fact of the tardy and lukewarm support given him by the vessels of the squadron. But Lear, the consul-general, Eaton chiefly held responsible for the lax operations of the navy in this war. Commodore Barron at this time was a weak, bedridden old man, and, as Eaton charges, was as wax in the hands of the astute consul. "There is no feature of Barron's manly soul to be traced in it," he exclaimed, speaking of the commodore's letter announcing that negotiations for a peace were in progress: "it is the work of a Machiavelian commissioner into whose influence the commodore has yielded his mind through the infirmity of bodily weakness;" and charges of graver import were not wanting in the indictment.

The controversy was a long and bitter one, and proved Eaton to have been treated with great duplicity by the government; but his very success proved his ruin. Had he remained quiet under his wrongs, he might have been made a general in the army; but, daring to attack the administration, and being successful in the attack,—being, moreover, the hero of the people and therefore a

possible rival in the political field,—the Virginia junta proceeded to crush him. The administration organs were at once set to work to belittle his achievements and decry his pretensions.

In Congress the majority, under the lead of John Randolph, declined to grant him even a medal for his services, on the plea that they were not commensurate with the honor. It also refused to allow his claim for forty thousand dollars for money advanced in the expedition against Derne; and

the unfortunate general quickly found that in the republic, as under a king, faithful service and chivalric devotion to honor avail nothing against the intrigues of faction and the necessities of politicians. Beggared in purse, and his military reputation made the sport of party scribblers, he retired in disgust to his farm at Brinsmade, Massachusetts, where he led a cynical and embittered existence until death, in the summer of 1811, terminated his career.

CHARLES BURR TODD.

A VICAR IN EBONY.

"DID you go to your Marse John's, Toby?"

"Yes'm. Dey's all uv um well dar. I stayed dar all las' Frid'y, an' tole Marse John I'd been wukin' fer you, an' he say I better come back ter you; an' dey all sent dey love."

"Much obliged to them. Are the boys all at home now?"

"Yes'm; an' you orter heered one strange man, whar wus dar lookin' at Marse John's hosses, talkin' 'bout you."

"Indeed? Who was he?"

"Mister—Hilltop, er some sech name as dat. He heered me tellin' Marse Joe 'n' Ben 'bout dat runnerway we had yere las' spring in de yaller-jacket nes', an' how you hilt on ter ole Tree-top when all de boys wus 'feerd ter tocht 'im, an' how you bridled de colts, an' milked dat hookin' cow; an' he sorter laugh, an' say, 'Dat's de very 'ooman I been a-waitin' fer. Tell her, boy, ef she'll come up here an' marry me, she may do what she likes, an' a plenty of it, as long as she lives, fer I got er plantation ter manage, an' lots er colts ter break, an' er big crap er wile oats ter harves'; an' den Marse Ben he sorter got mad, an' tole 'im ter hush up, an' he laughed agin, an' tole 'im he orter sell 'im dat colt a hundred dollars cheaper, 'case he

wus gwine be in de fam'ly; an' den he axed me wus you putty."

"What did you tell him?"

"Well, right smartly, sorter toler'ble like; an' he say, 'She's de right one; take care of me fus'-rate, I know; and I'll give you er dollar if she says yes.' An' Marse Joe tole 'im you'd more liker shoot me, come talkin' sich foolery 'round you. I disremembers de name 'zackly, but I 'specs you knows it, fer Marse John said 'twas him whar owned de ole Rockfield place."

"Hildreth,—Mr. Fane Hildreth. I know him by reputation,—or rather the want of it; and if you ever see him again, Toby, you may tell him that I say no, as I'm not a candidate for purgatory."

"He, he, he! Yes'm, I'll tell 'im. I done hired ter Marse John's nighes' neighbor; an' I sho' will see 'im. But I mus' be gwine, ef I 'spec's ter git ober dem twenty miles 'fore night. Good-by, Miss Reid: wish I could er stayed wid yer, but de bes' er friends mus' part." And, with a deep bow, Toby Welch went cautiously along his icy way, while his last year's employer, Miss Reid Luttrell, busied herself in firing the first briar-pile of the new season.

When Squire Luttrell died, people with

one accord said how very fortunate it was that Clara had been sensible enough to marry, and so provide his daughters with the necessary masculine protector. Clara was the flower of the family, anyway. Baby Loto was the beauty, but vain, spoiled, and idle; while Reid had grown from a gawky tomboy into a dreamy bookworm, far too learned for the taste of the average adorer, and made yet more repellent by an inherited tinge of aristocratic hauteur. Spinsterhood for her was a foregone conclusion, which made Clara's marriage seem almost a providence; for what the Luttrell place would have done without handsome, clever Charley Beaton heaven alone knew.

Regions less celestial came to know before a great while, for within five years from her wedding-day Clara Beaton was a widow. Loto, who had meantime married a rich man and developed a set of nerves, came in the very depths of craze to the funeral; but her sorrow did not prevent her from taking a practical view of the situation. "If," she said to her husband, "it were only my sisters, I wouldn't mind at all. Clara could keep house for us and manage those dreadful servants, and Reid could teach in the high-school,—she always did love books; and it would all be so nice, but for those wretched little beggars," looking askance at three small yellow-heads tumbling about the floor.

"Not beggars while I live," Reid said, rising straight and stern from out a dim corner, and facing the pink and white butterfly with a grand scorn. "This home is ours, and we will keep it, and it shall keep us."

"I'd like to know how," Loto said spitefully. "Charley hardly made a living on it. I know my wedding-things even had to be shamefully common. And what can women do with land?"

"Loto is right,—as she usually is," said Loto's husband. "You would be starving in two years, if we should leave you here."

"You will certainly leave us here," said Reid; "and as to starving, if it

comes to that, the county poor-house is open. If I must accept charity, I prefer the public's."

Loto was more than aghast, but argument, entreaty, even hysterics, were alike wasted upon her firm-nerved sister, though, after the first flash of temper and wounded feeling, Reid bore all attacks with a patience as serene as her purpose was unwavering. For the first time in the Luttrell history, Loto failed to carry her point, and Mr. Goldman took her away, vowing that "he washed his hands of the whole ungrateful lot. His poor angel should never henceforth worry about them, come what might."

"Reid Luttrell gone to farming? The idea! Well, that does beat all!" said everybody, save the girl's few stanch friends. They kindly held their peace over what they were fain to regard as an unwise experiment. Six years changed the astonishment into something very like respect, for throughout that time, in fair weather and foul, with harvest fat or lean, through good report and evil, Reid Luttrell had gone without murmur or flinching along her chosen way,—a way that had run athwart more than one Hill Difficulty and Slough of Despond, though not without glimpses now and then of the Delectable Mountains. Men who not unreasonably shrank from the average woman's muddled comprehension of affairs learned that for keen quick insight and exquisite common sense Miss Luttrell was the peer of the best of them, and that her expressed determination in business matters always to "act the gentleman" was no mere laughing figure of speech, but a very potent reality. She asked for nothing more and accepted nothing less than a white man's chance to make a living; yet truth constrains me to add that, happening to live in a region where suffrage-shrieking had not yet given chivalry the ague, she met with kindness and the very flower of courtesy, to which her womanhood and the world's instinctive sympathy with a plucky fight against odds made her only claim. The Widow Doleful said, "Men wouldn't do for no-

body else what they did for that *owdacious* Reid Luttrell. Why, wasn't she herself just *always* being cheated out of her eye-teeth?" But I think that good lady had a noble partiality for the belief in masculine total depravity. Certainly a man might well prefer the healthy pallor of Miss Luttrell's cheek, the clear scarlet of her lips, the slim figure that had all the grace of swaying reeds, to the widow's round, red plumpness; yet the young lady's frank gratitude for even the slightest courtesy, and her undeniable level-headedness, made a contrast yet more telling with the older one's whining exactions. It was Reid's aim to be always business-like yet never unwomanly; and though she had more than once run counter to every hair on the cat's back of popular prejudice, the resultant sparks had in no degree unsteadied her nerve. She was equally heedless of the bubble reputation, and only laughed when they told her that across the county she was well known to swear "good mouth-filling oaths" upon the slightest provocation, while over the State line they gave particulars of her shooting two unlucky trespassers, down to the names of the victims. She could afford to laugh, knowing the inner circle, fit but few, who spoke her name with uncovered heads; and when she went on occasion to "market, mill, or muster," none would have supposed that she knew herself the target of curious eyes, so childlike and bland was her demeanor.

And now, upon this January day, she has a child's enjoyment of her occupation. It is wholly unnecessary for either warmth or work, since a red fire blazes in the dead log at the wood-edge, and Dick, the foreman, needs but a scant half-hour to fire all the day's piling. Indeed, as Miss Luttrell lights the torch of sedge she has so industriously gathered, he looks up from his brier-scythe to say, "Please marm, Miss Reid, don' set no mo' dese piles. De fros' is meltin', an' dis fiel' ain't been ploughed roun', an' ef de fire once gits in dat brum-sage 'twill burn up every rail in dis fence 'fore you could say 'Tom Roberson.'"

"All right, Dick. I won't fire another till the fence is all reset," says Miss Luttrell, thrusting her handful of flame into the matted heap, which quickly grows a mass of fiery writhing serpents, and as quickly dies to spent and glowless ashes. The flame and the fading alike give her joy. Though all untaught, she has the artist's eye that notes how the black curls of smoke grow golden in the sun-rays and the red tongues of fire leap and quiver in the wind. This pasture-field has lain four years in grass, and the hedge-rows and brier-patches are proportionately luxuriant, while half the slopes and hollows are yellow seas of sedge. The corners of the zigzag rail fence are the nursery and stronghold of all vagrant seeds. Here is a peach-tree, there a persimmon, yonder a plum-thicket all entangled with sweetbrier, next a crab-apple interlocking some pliant hazels, and beyond that a young oak uplifting a rampant grape-vine; then corner upon corner crowded with fragrant sassafras, and over and under the all-pervading blackberry, starred now and then with stems of honey-locust and red berries of wild rose. Dick and his fellows have need of strength and adroitness, as, cutting through the tangled mass, they lay bare the fence, throw down and rebuild it, putting in place of each unsound rail stanch and seasoned new ones, brought hither from last winter's clearing. For a while Miss Luttrell watches them intently, then strolls across the stretching upland, calls the bleating sheep about her, and gives them the salt she has brought. Then she goes higher still, to the sunny topmost knoll, and, looking abroad, sees a stretch of brown fallow beyond the brier-wreathed fence, and over against it the faint sickly green of young wheat, then the stumps and tobacco-stubble that mark last year's new ground, beyond that a fringing forest, with a fence wound thread-like along its outer edge, and yet farther off, across the whole breadth of her own six hundred acres, a sweep of gray space which she knows is made up of plain, thicket, and hollow, which the gnomes fitly name

"Desolation," though men call it "Rockfield."

Five-and-thirty years ago Rockfield was the grand place of the countryside, and there was such rejoicing over Fane Hildreth's birth as must since have often made his familiar demon laugh considerably. For that gentleman, unfortunately early orphaned, brought to the enjoyment of his father's immense accumulation of money a talent for spending it not less immense. In the years since he was freed from the leading-strings of masters and pastors he has pretty well rid himself of that whose love is the root of all evil. He has not been vicious,—only lavish and heedless; and ruin comes upon him like a lightning-stroke. But he meets it like a man, gives up his life of leisurely luxury, and goes back to the neglected family acres that remain his only because they cannot be spent, resolved to wrest from them at least an honest living, and, maybe, wherewithal to mend his broken fortune. And for a while the change is almost pleasant. He has energy to enjoy looking after his own affairs when once fairly embarked in them, and the men round about are reasonably good comrades for the field-sports that make his only diversion. As to women, he will none of them. The one consolation of his poverty is the thought that no other helpless lives were dragged down by his fall; and Widow Pitkin, who, with her brawny son, has cared for the house throughout his days of absence, gives him now all the home-comfort he is able to afford. In his infrequent contact with his neighbors he of course hears vaguely now and then of the woman-farmer, Reid Luttrell, and is quite unconscious that it is not for the first time. Somehow he has made up his mind that he will not like her. His ideal woman is a compound of eider-down and attar of rose,—something a man might delight in without stopping to render a reason,—and this woman, whom he cannot help picturing as coarse of face, strident of voice, with the manner of a grenadier and the tongue of a shrew, could be only disgusting to every refined sensibility. Though living but

two scant miles apart, they have never met, and he hopes they may never meet; and in this mind he continues until spring is well advanced.

Now, it happens that, in the region where Rockfield lies, tobacco—that

Indian weed,

That from the devil did proceed—

is the staple crop, the hinge on which turn all the year's finances, and the first requisite to its successful culture is timely setting, and, consequently, early plants. To insure them, plant-beds are assiduously nursed and tended, and variously defended against enemies yet more various, the worst of which is a tiny earth-colored bug that comes in myriads and devours the young plants just as they show above ground. In some seasons their numbers and ravages are insignificant, in others they sweep all before them; and woe to the luckless planter who in late April days finds his plant-beds, erst so promising, bare as when sown.

One morning in this season, Mr. Hildreth meets Ned Pitkin, his chin dropped and his eyes snapping furiously right and left. "We're about gone up, sir," says the henchman. "The bugs is got us, shore. Our plant-beds is jest as bar' as the back o' your hand, every las' one of 'em; an' I don' b'lieve we kin set five acres from all we've got."

"Indeed!" says Mr. Hildreth, somewhat aghast. "And what are we to do about it, Ned?"

"Well," Ned says, after a meditative spurt of tobacco-juice, "I've a'ready sot the niggers ter diggin' 'em up fer resowin'; maybe that'll give us plants in time ter be too late; an' you'd better go round 'mongst the neighbors an' beg all they've got ter spar'. Maybe some on 'em is better off 'an we; but, from our showin', I 'low plants'll be powerful sca'ce."

And so, indeed, Mr. Hildreth finds them. He rides all that day, the next, and still another, and finds no man who will acknowledge that he has enough for his own purposes, though each is clearly of opinion that some other man has, or ought to have, "plenty and to spare."

Sometimes this speech is truth, but oftener selfish evasion; and Fane Hildreth grows disheartened and disgusted as those hitherto so profuse in effusive neighborliness fail him in this time of need. He is no beggar; he would willingly pay a round price for what he is in search of, if any one would sell; but the month betwixt now and planting-time is too full of disastrous possibilities for any man to thus wilfully lessen his own chances of a crop. The fourth morning, as he tells Ned the hopelessness of his search, that worthy, plunging his hands into the depths of his blue cotton pockets, says, "Well! Maybe I've heered on a chance fer us. Si Price was tellin' me yistidy as how Reid Luttrell's got mo' plants 'an half the county. Says Dick tole 'im they'd burnt er acre o' plant-beds an' sowed thar seed in some sort er cold-smellin' stuff as knocks the bugs every time. An' thar plants was jest a-boomin'; got six leaves now. Hadn't ye better try thar, ef ye hain't been a'ready?"

"I did not go there," says Mr. Hildreth. "Suppose, Ned, you go and try your luck? I am sick of the whole business."

"Spect I'd be sicker ef I wus ter go thar," says Ned, with a grin. "No, major, I don't often git back f'm orders; but ye mus'n't ax me ter face Reid Luttrell."

"Why? Does she bite?"

"Lemme tell ye how 'tis, major. Yer see, when she got the notion ter raise sheep, I had a dog,—'Ring' wus 'is name,—the best coon dog that ever treed a varm'nt. Well, befo' long, some nigger's ornery, low-down cur killed one er her sheep, an' that pizen woman, instid er lettin' the buzzards naterally make way with it, went an' had er sloped-in pen built all over it, an' lef' it a-layin' thar. I got word o' it, an' blocked Ring; but he somehow got the collar of'n 'im, an' when I got up nex' mornin' an' see it layin' thar by the fence, I struck a bee-line fer that sheep-parster. I heered Ring a-howlin' quarter er mile off, an' thinks I, as I run along, 'Ole boy, it's lucky I didn't wait

fer breakfus.' But when I clum' the fence I wus all took back, for, though 'twa'n't sun-up, thar wus Reid Luttrell marchin' straight up ter the pen, with a big 'navy six' in 'er hand. Seein' me, she edged roun' 'tween me an' the pen, an' spoke mighty perlite: 'Good-mornin', Mr. Pitkin. What brings you out so early?'—'Good-mornin', marm,' says I: 'I've come ter see ef my dog wus a-pes-terin' of you.'—'I? Not a bit,' says she, sorter laughin': 'he's jest where I want 'im now.' Fer the poor beast wus showin' hisself plain, jumpin' half-way ter the top er that cussed pen, tryin' ter get ter me, ye see, an' howlin' wuss'n ever. 'Miss Luttrell,' says I, 'my dog never killed your sheep.'—'Maybe he didn't,' says she; 'but he has come back to eat it, an' that's enough for me.'—Says I, 'You've trapped 'im onfair. Any dog will eat a dead sheep, but Ring—why, you couldn't hardly sick 'im on er live one. Anyway, I've come yere fer 'im, an' I'm a-goin' ter have 'im; an' with that I made er lunge at the pen an' sheekled it low enough at one corner for the critter ter jump over. But I had my trouble fer my pains, fer jest as I done it I heered that ole pistol go crack, crack, an' 'fore Ring got five yards off it said, 'bang! bang!' an' he drapped 'ith two balls clear through 'im, an' Miss Luttrell wus sayin', 'ith 'er eyes two coals er fire, 'Take your dog, an' welcome, Mr. Pitkin; but be careful how you cross my fence again, for I feel might'ly tempted ter sarve you the same way.' Tell you, major, I got away from thar fast,—an' ain't been back sence."

"No wonder," laughs Fane; "but after that you certainly can't expect me to venture. I should be in fear of my life if I even mentioned plants to her, after the experience with my friends."

"She wouldn't hurt ye," says Ned impartially. "I 'low she's civil enough ter the common run o' folks. She's no worse'n other wimmens. Most of 'em is the devil when ye provoke 'em."

"I hardly think I shall go," says Mr. Hildreth. But before many days he decides otherwise, almost in spite of himself. His whole pitiful remnant of

available capital is risked in this venture of farming, and failure means not only loss but debt; and to escape that nightmare what sacrifice is too great? So, upon the fairest of early May mornings, he puts pride in his pocket and for the first time crosses the boundary-fence dividing his own from the Luttrell domain. Ned has informed him that "the boys are hillin' that second-year's ground, and if the boss ain't with 'em they'll know whar she is;" and, true enough, Dick, when asked her whereabouts, says, "Jes' gone down de hill, sah. Spec' you'll fine 'er on er stump somewhar close about dem plant-beds." But, despite this very specific direction, he almost stumbles over her before he knows himself in her presence. She is kneeling beside a huge stump, plucking the scentless violets clustered about its root, and making them "fight chicken-roosters," as the stemless flowers about her abundantly proclaim; and when she springs up in answer to his embarrassed greeting, it is certainly a figure of fun that meets his eye. From under a weather-stained hat a muslin veil hangs down upon a dingy ulster that comes within eight inches of the ground and is met there by trousers of the same material gathered in about the ankle, below which are the plainest of stout leather shoes. "Just the guy I expected," Mr. Hildreth says inly, while his audible speech is a very direct statement of his mission.

Miss Luttrell hears him through without interruption, then says, with a clear cultured accent he has rarely heard in this region, "I have no plants to sell to a neighbor; but"—as he murmurs something about being sorry he has troubled her—"I can give you enough for anything less than fifty acres."

Mr. Hildreth draws a hard breath. He is fairly overwhelmed, and stammers out, "I couldn't expect— Are you sure you don't need— Of course your crop must be set first."

"No," says Miss Luttrell, now first raising her eyes to his. "I have six beds, any three of which will set my crop of forty acres: the balance you are quite welcome to."

His face flushes with shame and gratitude. "Such kindness is water in the desert," he says huskily. "It is so greatly undeserved that I cannot thank you."

"Don't try," she says, with a little shrug. "I have been there myself, and know how you feel. One year I had no plants, and it took me just four more to recover the ground I lost. Failing in a crop is no joke."

"I am so ashamed to have failed," he says, "when I see success was possible."

"Rather say accidental," she answers; "though perhaps the bugs do stand somewhat in awe of my reputation. Confess, now, did not Madame Pitkin bid you make your will and say your prayers before venturing upon this errand?"

"She knew nothing of it."

"That explains it. Ned, I know, will walk a mile to miss sight of me. Did he ever tell you why?"

"Yes; and I do not blame him," he says, catching her tone of banter, "for I am fully convinced you are dangerous, with or without weapons."

She frowns slightly, and gives so vicious a jerk that both her fighting-cocks lose their heads. "Let me show you what beds you can have," she says in the most business-like of tones, which, better than a direct reproof, makes him conscious of his blunder.

He follows her obediently about, listening intently to her brief yet explicit directions for his future coming and going, inly wondering the while whether the figure hidden by those shapeless, hueless garments is accordant with her free grace of motion, or the face behind the veil one a man might love to look on. He has no chance to find out, for the circuit she leads him ends presently at the point where his homeward path crosses the boundary, and, with a quiet "I believe that is all I need tell you just now," she bows a good-morning and walks away.

The days slip by, green with leaves, golden with sunshine, vocal with noise of nesting birds. Each vagrant brier waves a trail of snowy bloom, and the

first wild roses blush in the hedge-rows and lend faint wafts of intense sweetness to the billows of perfume, drifting up from clover-fields ablossom. A busy time of lightesome noise and vivid motion. The ploughmen run swift furrows in the warm light earth, and strong, willing arms keep the bright hoes incessantly agleam behind them. Make hills while the sun shines, each tobacco-planter might well say; for when the clouds gather and the soft-scented May rain comes dancing to earth they will be abundantly needed.

"Git up, major: the season's here. I come through the 'bacco-groun', an' it's fa'rly miry; fact, I don' b'lieve thar's a dry clod o' dirt this side o' the bad man's," says Ned, breaking in upon his sleeping employer about the first cock-crow. Mr. Hildreth's reply is an inarticulate growl, and the henchman continues, "It's plain you ain't never sot out a 'bacco-crop afore, else ye'd know one hour in the dark's wuth two in the sun. We orter have our plants drawed and back home ter breakfus; jes' as like as not, ef we ain't thar by light, Reid Luttrell will swar we ain't a-comin', and give um ter somebody else,—thar's plenty more jes' in our fix,—an' then we would be in er nice kittle er p'sarves."

Mr. Hildreth springs up, saying, "Stop your racket, and go tell the boys to get out the wagons and meet me at the lower ford." And in the briefest space he is tramping sturdily through the melting gloom of dawn, his feet half burying themselves in the sodden earth, while fitful showers plash and pour on the soft leaves overhead. The air is full of rainy fragrance, and a thousand woodland scents, so delicate in sunshine as to escape the subtlest perception, are now palpable and pervading. Presently they come to their allotted beds; and even Ned is fain to exclaim at sight of their lush greenery. Soon they are dotted with kneeling or stooping figures, and the plants, pulled up one by one and carefully freed from adhering earth, are laid in long piles, whence they are transferred to baskets or set upright in the wagons.

"Le's be gittin' out o' this," says Ned, as a specially watery cloud begins its downpour. "We've got more now 'an we'll git planted ter-day; an', ef I ain't mighty fooled, we're fa'rly inter the long season in May."

Mr. Hildreth assents, albeit he is loath to leave without speech or even sight of his generous neighbor.

As they climb the hill, the Luttrell tobacco-ground comes in clear sight, and Ned breaks out, "Look a' thar! ain't they a-carryin' a swath over thar, major? Lemme see! ten planters and seben drappers, with Miss Reid an' Charley an' Luttrell ter the head on 'em. Them's workin' boys, I tell ye. I hearn tell they made er crap las' year as brung fifty dollars,—an' she give it all to um. Mammy says it's a fa'r sin ter see what picters an' things them childern has."

Mr. Hildreth does look, and sees work in earnest, the line of stooping planters rushing forward with the speed of mighty muscle, while far ahead the droppers lithely bend and sway as they toss the plants to their appointed places. Each has a basket, save Miss Luttrell, who has substituted her hat and walks with it clasped round with one arm and piled high with plants, heedless of the pelting rain upon her bare head.

"Wonder ef she ain't bar'-footed too!" says Ned. "It's so muddy, I'd rather be; but I reckon not, fur I hear um say 'at las' year, when the plantin' wur done, she waded the creek when 'twas putty tol'able flush, jes' ter wash the mud of'n her shoes an' close an' hat."

"She ought not to be out in such weather," says Mr. Hildreth with instinctive chivalry. "It is almost too bad for men."

Ned laughs: "I 'low she ain't too much woman, but some sort er double-biled salamander 'rangement that kin stan' mo' sun an' rain 'an 'me an' you both put together." Then, as the path winds within hail of the droppers, he calls out, "I say, Charley, did ye know I wus here a-stealin' of yo' plants?"

"Come and take my basket while I go

for a gun to shoot you," retorts Charley, turning to follow his aunt, whose pause for a bare "Good-morning" has given Mr. Hildreth such a glimpse of her uncovered face as fully assures him that her *physique*, like her costume, has more the essential points of use than of beauty. Still, even ugly women are sensible of hardships, and he pities her to an almost uncomfortable degree throughout all the dripping day, and even more upon the bright morrow, as he again sees her going steadily to and fro under a sun whose withering heat sucks volumes of stifling vapor from the wet earth. Heavens! how blistering it is out there in that broad shadowless bed! The stooping posture, too, is almost unbearable. He would go to the shade of the near wood-side, but for very shame. He cannot bear to shrink from what that slight shapeless figure so steadfastly endures.

Moreover, Ned is exhorting, "Push, boys! Now's the time! Once our crap's out, we'll show the grass a clean pa'r o' rusty heels."

So he bends manfully to the unaccustomed task, until lights flash before his wavering eyes, the noise of waters is in his ears, and he feels himself falling down, down through blackness to oblivion.

When life comes back, he finds himself lying half drenched in the shade, small earthy fingers upon his pulse, while what seems Miss Luttrell's voice a mile away is saying, "It is dangerously near a sunstroke. Get my buggy and take him to the house. My sister will take care of him while you go for the doctor." All which is swiftly done, and, after due restorative measures, of which he is but hazily conscious, Mr. Hildreth falls asleep in an airy, shaded room, and the clock is upon the stroke of six when he awakens. Glancing idly about him, a portrait upon the wall catches his eye by its oddly familiar look, and when Mrs. Beaton presently comes in he asks, "Is not that Mr. Reid of Glendale?"

"Yes," she says,—"my uncle John. Did you ever see him?"

"Often," he says, then relapses into silence, while a clear memory gathers

of his last meeting with the genial gray-beard, of the jests with the boys about the Amazonian cousin he never thought to see, and the audacious message intrusted to Toby Welch. It was delivered, he knows, for, meeting the negro six months after, he was told, "De boss said no; he mus' pull his own fodder. She wa'n't a-gwine ter de debbl' fore her time,"—which speech in the light of later days does not seem to him by any means so characteristic as when he heard it first. Had he dreamed of the identity, he could hardly have allowed himself to become so indebted to her kindness. What a coxcomb she must think him, as well as a shiftless, miserable spendthrift, lacking even the poor redemption of physical strength! Indeed, if Ned had not come opportunely to take him home, Dr. Mixem would probably have found in the morning that his work had all to be done over again.

"Please, sir, loan us your monkey-wrench?"

"What's up, Dick?"

"Fixin' fer wheat-harves'. We broke ourn dis mawnin', tryin' ter git de mowin'-blade off dat old reaper what's so wore'd out I don'b'lieve it ever will stan'."

"Better fix it with er new one."

"Miss Reid say she ain't got de money; en' I spec' she'd turn hogs on de wheat 'fore she'd go in debt."

It is early June when Mr. Hildreth overhears this colloquy. As Dick goes out of sight, he puts his hand upon a bright new reaper and asks of Ned, "Can't this cut two crops?"

"This yer, d'ye mean? 'Pends on the size of um. Lemme see: ourn is sixty acres, hern 'bout seventy. It'll take rushin' ter do it."

"You must rush, then," says Mr. Hildreth, "for I shall go this morning and tell Miss Luttrell we will cut her wheat for her," adding, *sotto voce*, "even if we lose our own."

"Low ye want ter git even about them plants; or maybe ye're after 'nother sunstroke with the widder ter nuss ye," Ned says, grinning.

Mr. Hildreth makes no answer, but goes in quest of Miss Luttrell, resolved

to make his offer ere his fire-new purpose has time to cool. He finds her on a crest of woodland whence she can overlook her ploughmen, and, sad to relate, posed in an attitude neither graceful nor dignified, for, having bent a young hickory to earth, she is seated upon it, tossing herself in air every half-minute like the veriest school-girl. Nor does she dismount at his coming, but, turning to face the branchy head of her steed, a hand clasped about the trunk on either side of her, she hears what he has to say, and accepts the proffered aid with such quietly genuine gratitude as ought to put him at ease. But it does not, for he stands twisting his hat and stammering, and at last breaks out, "Indeed, Miss Luttrell, until I found Mr. Reid was your uncle I never dreamed it was you to whom I had been so outrageously impertinent. Toby gave me your answer,—with variations; but indeed I did not know—if I had—in short, I am heartily ashamed of it all, and can never forgive myself."

Miss Luttrell's eyes, which alone are visible, are very grave as she answers, glancing at him over her shoulder, "I can understand and excuse the keenness of your self-reproach; yet you are not without a consolation. When you commissioned your vicar in ebony, you had never seen me, and so did not know either the height of ugliness a woman can reach when she gives her whole mind to it, or the unpardonably bad taste of the selection you were making."

"You know I do not mean that," he says, laughing in spite of himself at the turn she has given to his contrition.

After a minute, she says most inconsequently, "I know I am thirsty. Let us go to the spring." And, slipping from her swaying perch, she leads the way to a little valley of shadow where fair water bubbles around greenly-mossed rocks. Here, half sitting, half lying, her ready hands playing with the pebbles in the stream, Miss Luttrell talks to the man beside her with such quaint vivacity that he forgets his embarrassment, the flight of time, even her uncouth garments and general lack of loveliness.

When the farm-bells begin pealing the summons to dinner, he says amazedly, "It is not possible I have stayed here till twelve o'clock!"

And she answers, with a gleam of fun in her eyes, "Three hours in the ogre's cavern, and not eaten yet! It is simply marvellous."

"Well, I call this rushin'." Ned says this, looking abroad from his perch upon the reaper, and, as he speaks, aiming a stream, of tobacco-juice at the high mule's off leg. And there is no gain-saying him; for here in these smooth lowland levels the tall wheat melts before the machine like frost in sun-rays, while in the stumpy upland "fresh ground" stalwart cradlers sweep down a broadly golden swath. Everywhere binders and shockers crowd close upon the reapers. Over all, a sun-blaze hot and clear, and through the shimmering air comes a medley of sound,—laughing shouts of the binders, "Gee-up-haw-aw-w-dar; what ye doin' now?" from the drivers, the ringing noise of whetted scythes, with now and then the call or startled whirring of partridges in the wheat. Now the cradlers raise a song, accenting each rhythm-beat with the sweep of steel:

Don't ye know Molly Ro,
Molly gal, Molly Ro?
She had to go down below,
Molly gal, Molly Ro.
Caught de bird in de snow,
Mol-lee gal, Molly Ro.

Sense it has none, but full-throated voices make the sound wildly sweet, and, as the strain dies away, the binders—who are mostly "day-hands," and a reckless lot—raise an opposition chorus,—song it cannot be called, albeit the clanging refrain gives all the effect of rhythm:

Keep John bouncin'.
Ding-dang.
Gentlemen's motion.
Ding-dang.
Ladies' motion.
Ding-dang.
Mighty pretty motion.
Ding-dang.
Shet de doah.
Ding-dang.
Rock de cradle.
Ding-dang.

"Spec' de boss is comin' t' tell ye ye better spen' dat breff tyin' wheat," Dick says, as Miss Luttrell approaches, a stout oaken staff in her hand.

"Gwine kill snakes fer us 'g'in dis year?" asks Jerry the fearful.

"Yes," she says; "for I don't want any cradles broken with trying to cut them in two."

"No'm, us don't needer; but er wheat-patch is de mos' onhandies' place fer sticks, an' snakes is ow-dacious yere,—so clost on de creek. Lord! dar's er cotton-mouf now! Git back, niggers! Let me run! Dem snakes is wuss'n pizen."

"You may have him, Jerry," says Miss Luttrell, after a few swift strokes, tossing the still writhing serpent out of their course as she speaks, and turning away,—when there comes a general chorus of frightened cries:

"Boss! Miss Reid! Look out! He mate! Oh, Lordy!"

And, facing about, she sees the danger,—the snake's mate coiled for striking, its brown and copper rings vivid with anger, and a hissing play of forked tongue in the white deadly mouth. She springs aside barely in time, and, dealing the reptile a stunning blow, plants her heel upon its head and grinds it deep in earth.

"Is it possible you are not afraid even of snakes?" says Mr. Hildreth, whom the outcry has called hither.

"As little as I am of gossips; and I learned long ago that to live comfortably one must equally renounce and defy 'They Say' and all his works," she answers, dropping down beside a wheat-shock with more of nervous tremor than she would care to have him see.

For a minute he stands looking down at her, then says, "This heat is too much for you. Come away to the shade," extending his hand to help her to her feet.

She does not take it, but rises unaided, saying slowly, "Socially, I accept—indeed, claim—all the consideration due a lady; but in the field I am just another white man, and you must treat me as such."

"I will remember," he says; "and that reminds me to say that I wish some day to make you a formal call. Will you receive me 'clothed and in your right mind'?"

"Yes," she answers; "after harvest. Just now we are both too busy."

Too busy they continue for many a day; indeed, August lilies are all ablow, and she is filling her hands with them in the little marshy wood, whither he has come in search of the corn-destroying squirrels, ere the subject is again mentioned. They have met afield times without number, and he has been in and out of her house so often and familiarly that to both the thought of this set visit brings an odd sense of amusement.

"I am coming to-night in war-paint, wampum, and feathers," he says, lowering his gun by way of salute.

And she answers, laughing, "Then will I go catch me a frog or two. 'Music hath charms,' you know."

Later he sits in the white parlor that is cool with fern, sweet with lilies, and bright with wax-lights in old-time chandeliers, and awaits her coming. He has never seen her save as she goes afield, and is all unprepared for the woman who presently comes in, with hair *à la Grecque*, eyes dilated into blackness, and lips red and dewy as a rose's heart. Her gown is dark, soft, and clinging, simply made and superbly worn; a foam of lace encircles her throat and overruns her bosom, with vivid geraniums nestled in its folds, matching others yet more vivid in the darkness of her hair. "You asked for Miss Luttrell, I believe," she says, dropping him a courtesy and smiling a little at his amazement.

For more than a minute he makes no answer; then he says very slowly, "I looked for a woman; I find instead a Lorelei."

When he rises to go, the moon is high in heaven, and the silver rays work a further enchantment in the woman's face as she stands full within them, bidding him "good-by."

He tries to speak lightly, despite the fire in every vein. "Give me this," he says, touching the flower at her throat.

"In the morning I shall need something to assure me this is not all a dream."

"What a pity it is not 'rosemary, for remembrance'!" she says, giving him the token. "That might be effectual, even when my laces and fascinations are again laid in lavender and you see me once more a farmer-man."

He makes no reply, and scarcely touches the hand she holds out, but looks for a long minute full into the upraised eyes, then goes upon his homeward way, slow and dazzled under the light of the full moon.

Another full moon—the hunter's moon of mid-October—is rising, round and red, as Mr. Hildreth encounters Miss Luttrell coming through her west gate with the look of one escaping tribulation. She is carefully dressed, with a gold-and-scarlet shawl flung over head and shoulders, marking which unaccustomed plight he can but ask, "What is the matter?"

"The gospel is the matter," she says, with a little grimace, "or rather the Rev. Mr. Sapling. He came this evening, and, to please Clara, I put on my best looks. Now he is catechising the children; and, for fear he might extend the process to me, who never even knew any Scripture to forget, I have started out to the far barn. Jerry is firing tobacco there, and will burn it up if I give him half a chance. So go in, and be edified until I come back."

"I will go with you, instead," he says briefly.

And then they walk on in silence, while the stars pale overhead, the shadows grow sharply clear around them, and sleepy cricket-chirps come faintly to their ears. The far barn is a mile away, —almost, indeed, upon the Rockfield boundary,—and fifty yards away from it he stops short to say, "This is our last walk together. I go away to-morrow."

"Indeed! Where? and why?"

"Anywhere, unless you can tell me the country of forgetfulness; and why, I think you know."

"How should I?"

"Because, as a woman, you must know—have long known—how greatly I love you. You are the woman God

made for me; but we have met too late. I will not give you the pain of refusing me; yet, could I only recall the years, health, and fortune I have wasted, you should be mine in spite of everything,—even yourself." He speaks to a trembling statue with downcast head and face in shadow.

If he had any hope, it dies quickly as she says, walking slowly forward, "I wish you would stay and be just my friend. Love is such a bother."

He makes no answer, and in silence they reach the great barn, all agleam with lines of lurid fire, whose slow red death creeps through the heart of hickory logs, while the swift smoke goes upward in coiling rings, and the flame-flashes make plain the rustling tremor of the yellow mass overhead.

"Slack your fires, Jerry. All is dry as tinder now," is Miss Luttrell's imperative comment, as through flame and smoke she flits hither and thither. Is it only the contrast of that vivid scarlet, or does the firelight truly show unusual pallor in her face? The fires are dim and fading ere she starts upon her homeward way. "I am not afraid. You need not go back with me,—unless you choose," she says very gently to Mr. Hildreth.

But he does not leave her, though he makes no pretence of help, not even offering his hand when they climb a rude stile or scramble over yawning gulleys. He will not go into the house, and she walks with him across the lawn and well into the highway.

"No gentleman could do less at parting with a friend," she says; and when the uttermost limit is reached, she faces him in the moonlight with downcast eyes and cheeks the color of wild roses. After a minute, she puts her hands upon his shoulders and almost whispers, "If you choose, you may kiss me good-by."

Miss Luttrell is still a farmer, but there is a growing suspicion that Rockfield is to be embraced in next year's campaign. Nothing is certainly known; but, if it should be, Ned Pitkin and Dick Ward will be bitter rivals for the place of foreman, with odds in favor of neither.

M. A. COLLINS.

AN AFTERNOON IN ROME.

IT is a lovely morning in February. The sun-god pours his golden rays through my large, open casements, plays upon the dancing Pompeian figures on the walls, chases from dark corners every lurking imp of discontent, and finally quenches the rival and superfluous fire, which really has no *raison d'être* except to ornament the dull-red bricks of the deep-backed Roman chimney. From the spacious court below come echoes of trampling steeds and swift-rolling wheels: Giacomo, Antonio, Luigi, and the like soft-vowelled *cocchieri* are whirling polyglot tourists with polyglot guide-books to the Vatican, or to the Capitol, or to Cæsar's Palace with an archæological showman, or to St. Clement's triune church, or to choose from a hundred other rich possibilities of this generous city. Antique statues and busts scattered around the court grimly sentinel the comings and goings of these human ephemera, and gossiping birds dart through the acacias that overshadow the fountain and dip into its basin. Beyond rises a green slope that once was a convent-garden of saintly nuns, but under the demolitions of Victor Emmanuel was converted into a barrack and manœuvring-ground for cavalry. It is not unsightly, however: its broad and sunny spaces permit a view of the Alban Hills far southward, and the bugle-call at night and morning is a cheerful measurer of time. As I stand dreamily at the window, absorbed in the gentle exhilaration of the scene and the prismatic fancies it invites, I hear a tap at my *salon* door. "Entrate," I reply, half surprised that any mortal should be found on the thither side of this day's sunbeams. Enters, with stately grace, another sunbeam,—my Lady Geraldine, the morning freshness on her cheek, and in her hand a superb cluster of Jacqueminot roses, the very first, I verily believe, that have this year opened their crimson petals to the seductive Roman air. "Do you know,

signora mia," as she presents the fragrant gift, "that this is my last day in Rome?"

"Yes, I know that fatal truth too well. Do you bring the roses as a peace-offering, or to testify the necessity for your departure?"

"They certainly do seem to say that if I intend to see Cairo and Jerusalem this year I have no time to lose."

"And, besides, you are a little tired of Rome," I answer in a tone of mild reproach which includes a personal longing for Cairo and Jerusalem in that genial companionship.

"No, not tired; but the charm of the familiar always pales before the charm of the unknown. I seem to have exhausted Rome—on the surface, I mean—as a passing pilgrim to whom only the surface is attainable. What a lovely combination of colors!" she adds, as I transfer my roses to a Salvati vase of pale amber flecked with delicate blue.

"Venetian glass," I reply, "is made from Venetian water on the lagoons at sunset. As to Rome, I will tell you what Ampère, the French archæologist, said to three travellers. The first one asked if he could 'see Rome' in one week, as that was the time he proposed to stay. 'Oh, yes,' replied Ampère, 'you can see it very well in a week.' The second visitor remarked that he should remain three months. 'You can see it tolerably well in three months,' was the doubtful answer. The third announced that he had come for two years. 'Two years only?' said Ampère: 'that is a very short time for Rome.' This is, of course, a purely archæological view, and too profound for ordinary travellers. We cannot devote our lives to the architectural reconstruction of the ancient city, and probably it would not do us much good if we did. We do not care whether Vesta's temple was sacred to Vesta, or to Hercules, or to a rival divinity. But as a mosaic of the art and the history

and the poetry of life for two thousand years, the interest deepens with the study. Each bit of color has its place; all are correlative in tone; and if we overlook one here and there we lose the charm of unity."

"Like leaving out a bar now and then in a Beethoven symphony," suggests Lady Geraldine, whose supreme expression is always through music. "I am very sorry for my omissions, but the case is hopeless. This is indeed my very last day. The sordid cares of packing require all the morning,—one trunk for the East, another to send to my banker's."

"Then give me the afternoon: it is not much, to be sure, but it can compass more in Rome than anywhere else, at least in variety of sight and suggestion."

Lady Geraldine's hazel eyes smile assent: "With pleasure, signora mia, and blindfolded, if that will indicate my trust in your guidance."

"That is very gracious; but I should rather you would come Argus-eyed, as of course you will, and see the whole spirit of the picture behind the drawing. To make the afternoon as long as possible, I will order the carriage at half-past two, if that will please you."

Punctual as a planet my friend appeared at the appointed hour. As we passed through the great glass doors leading to the court, we encountered a venerable monk with uncovered wintry locks and a beard like a snow-drift; the sandalled feet and rope-girdled brown robe which marked him as one of the poorest religious order were singularly dignified by his expressive face.

"What a picturesque figure!" said Geraldine, as we entered the carriage after receiving his murmured benediction: "he might pose for a Biblical patriarch who has lost all his flocks and herds but holds himself higher than his loss."

"Yes; he is one of those forlorn and shipwrecked brothers whose occupation went out as the kingdom of Italy came in. Most of them were turned adrift, half a dozen of the oldest only being permitted to spend their last days in their monasteries. This one is well

known in Rome, and rather superior to his *confrères*. As you see, many compassionate soldi find their way into his unobtrusive hand. For my part," I continued, as we drove through the Piazza Barberini and were saluted by a dash of spray from the Triton's overflowing shell, "I am grateful for every departure from civilized commonplace, and bar my reason wilfully against the march of progress. Perhaps it is not progress, after all. What will the twenty-second century say when that worn-out artist stands on his bridge and sketches the entire hideous planet in black coats and trousers? I hope I shall never be educated beyond the charm of semi-barbarism in dress or in ceremonials."

"But color and form are only symbols," said Geraldine, "and sometimes in ceremonials intrusive and binding."

"Oh, I do not look at them analytically,—only as an artist; and that view is quite as important as the other."

We were now at the entrance to the little Via Portoghese, a point of interest to the readers of Hawthorne's mystical romance as the locality of "Hilda's tower," which my friend had not hitherto seen. I indicated to her the high mediæval structure attached to a shabby old palace, and the Virgin's shrine perched above the battlements. The doves were flying about their ancestral home, and we could faintly discern through the sunshine the tiny yellow flame of the ever-faithful lamp. It tells of the gratitude of a mother for the preservation of her child, and will continue to burn while the tower stands, under penalty of forfeiture of the property to the Church if the light is ever permitted to go out. We discussed, as we turned into the Ripetta, Hilda and her coterie, most of whom are supposed to have been unmasked to the inquisitive public, and the profound philosophy of that earnest story. "And now," said I, "we go to the Palazzo Altempo, to meet, by my appointment, two learned Romans who have promised to show us the Bosco Parisio, otherwise the garden of the Arcadia, a celebrated literary society of which you may have heard."

"I am ashamed to say no. The name sounds classic and sylvan: is it both, or neither?"

"I will leave the reply to the secretary, Count L——, who will delight to talk by the hour of his favorite and, so far as I can perceive, his only theme. The society is more than two hundred years old, and I almost believe him to be an original member, with the gift of immortal good humor and perseverance in its interests. Here we are at the palazzo; and there he stands waiting for us, his cloak thrown back in the same curves as the drapery of those antique statues behind him, and with him is Professore L——, also an Arcadian, whose pronunciation of his native tongue is so musically perfect that you would take in his ideas even without knowing the words. Plunge into your Italian," I added hurriedly, as the signori saluted us with the solemn suavity of Romans, "for they do not comprehend one word of our hissing English."

And so our quartette fell into pleasant talk, while, as we proceeded, a familiar yet ever-new panorama unrolled itself before our eyes,—the great river-gods in the Piazza Navona, and flashing fancies of its gay tournaments in olden times and modern merry-makings of festas and carnivals; the Campo di Fiore, in which peaceful trade now replaces the fires of the Inquisition, especially recalling that genial knight-errant of philosophy, Giordano Bruno, whose ardent spirit swept upward from the flames like the other prophet's chariot of fire; then through streets of tall grimy dwellings, with clothes flapping from the upper windows and dismal little shops below; here the hammer of a blacksmith's forge, there a heap of mutilated marbles—legs, heads, and arms—stolen from the excavations; now and then an open square, where a gray old church contained, no doubt, some precious picture or mosaic; beyond, the Farnese, most magnificent of all Rome's historic palaces,—until we arrived at the Ponte Sisto, where we paused to scan the view up and down the Tiber, the finest from any of the bridges: on one side, the Ponte Rotto,

the round temple of Vesta, the Palatine, and the Alban Hills, dotted with white villas; on the other, following the sinuous curve of the river, a perspective of decaying houses, beautified by overhanging branches of golden-fruited orange-trees and shining laurels, with St. Peter's glorious dome in the distance. All this time the count talked to us of the Arcadia, taking up patiently his oft-broken thread. "It is," said he, "the nearest approach in modern times to the schools of Plato and the other Greek philosophers. It was founded by that restless Queen Christina of Sweden, who wrested of her own kingdom, then of the brilliant court of Louis XIV., and as a last resource had the discretion to come to Rome, which, as we all know," he added, with the pride of twenty centuries in his tone, "is the very best place in the world to come to. She lived in the Corsini Palace, where she assembled the learned men of the day and formed a little academical court which was perpetuated after her death. It then took the name of Arcadia, and assumed as its crest a shepherd's pipe garlanded with flowers."

"But why that pastoral title? and what have you to do with shepherds and shepherdesses?"

"Not much, certainly, signorina, except as metaphors. You may remember that the language of that century was absurdly bombastic and ornate; and Christina was one of the first to declare it tiresome and ridiculous. She encouraged a return to Grecian simplicity, and the change was approved. To this day the Arcadia preserves in its laws and its *adunanze*, or meetings, the most dignified directness. So far as I can learn, there is no literary society quite like it in any country. No discussions are permitted, but essays are read on philosophic and scientific subjects, and original poems are recited. Sometimes they are accompanied, on certain festa-days, by superb music. In winter we meet in a spacious *salon* of the Palazzo Altampo, which is adorned with several fine statues; and there also is our library, to which the members are expected to contribute whatever books

they may write. We have about five hundred members, of whom perhaps thirty are women. They are mostly Italians; but eight at least are Americans,—the poet Longfellow and Cardinal McCloskey of the number. The young king of Sweden was admitted last winter. The Pope is our patron head, and several learned cardinals and monsignori are members. It is, of course, a Catholic institution; but Protestant authors are sometimes invited, provided they are not openly hostile to the Church. Each member receives on admission a diploma and a Greek name which has descended from some buried predecessor. That of our president, Monsignore Ciccolini, is 'Agesandro Tesporide.'

"What a heavy responsibility for each new inheritor! Pray, are the real names also preserved in your archives, or are individuals merged in the Great Whole, as some astute prophets declare we all shall be after death?"

"I hope," said Lady Geraldine, "that with your Greek names you have comfortable Greek couches to repose upon while listening to long philosophic essays in Italian."

"No, indeed," I said; "only wooden chairs of stern uprightness. I well remember once being seated next to a fat and hideous monsignore whose too solid head fell over on mine more than once as he dozed through a rather soporific lecture on the Inquisition in Spain."

We had now arrived at the Bosco, a small, thickly-grown, and terraced garden surrounded by a high wall and entered through a ponderous wrought-iron gate which opened to the key of the Conte. We ascended by moss-grown steps to an amphitheatre of granite seats, at the end of which was a simple edifice, half temple, half dwelling in appearance, with an inscription on a marble tablet indicating that it was erected by Pius IX. Here, we were told, in the embowered amphitheatre the Arcadians meet for "converse high" as soon as the spring opens; but, we said, there needed fine imaginings to transform the severe stone seats into flowery banks of ease. "If the ladies will take the trouble to ascend with us

to the terrace of the building, they will be rewarded by a very beautiful view;" and so indeed they were. From this point on the Janiculus within the sweep of the eye are the sunny slopes of the Pincian and the massy tree-tops around the Borghese villa, the ilex groves of the Ludovisi, the twin domes of Santa Maria Maggiore, the grand ellipse of the Colosseum and the still haughty ruins of the Palatine, the sentinelled roof of the Lateran basilica, the lovely Wolkonski garden thrusting shafts and tendrils of greenery through arches of a nameless aqueduct, the unconquered walls of Caracalla's baths, the lonely Aventine, where white convents supplant pagan temples; in the middle distance, towers and domes innumerable; beyond the walls, the green billowy Campagna, girdled by sapphire and amethyst mountains,—a panorama of which every salient point is to an artist or a poet a conducting needle of electricity.

"How beautiful!" we exclaimed together. "We are glad not to have missed the view from this particular point."

"It is one of the finest," was the answer, "though St. Peter's is not in sight. But if Rome in its decay is so beautiful, what must it have been when Virgil pronounced it the 'fairest of things!'"

This was one of those February days when the Spring tells us with tender exultation that she has positively come back, when a full chorus of birds in strophe and antistrophe insist upon the fact, and, as if to force conviction,

Sing each song twice over,
Lest we should think
They never can recapture
The first fine careless rapture.

The soft air brings from the Mediterranean a moisture that tempers its warmth and is peculiarly soothing to lungs and throat; here and there among the gardens a faint pink cloud enfolds the bare branches of an almond-tree, surprising its perennial neighbors the cypress and laurel, and budding lilac-leaves hasten to their posts of duty. Happy climate, where the seasons have a sense of honor that makes them true to their promises!

As we leaned pensively against the terrace wall, my friend and I slid unconsciously into our native English. "What a crowding throng of images stirs one's spirit before this panorama!" said Geraldine: "one may almost see in tangible form the grand procession of phantoms from the days of Romulus down—or up, I should rather say—through all the passionate ages to this present day."

"Yes, indeed; and, placid as this one appears, it is of course preparing fresh inscriptions for the old palimpsests around us,—whether of ruin or retrieval remains to be seen, but evolution to a certainty."

"There is one consoling fact about these crumbling monuments: the Romans are so reverent and so proud of them that not a stone can be bought or carried off in the fashion of that pathetic obelisk that looks so like an exiled god in English fog and snow," said Lady Geraldine, quickly shifting her fancies to the still older world of Isis and Osiris.

"Or, even more out of place, the one that has gone to New York: *that* will indeed be a discord to jar upon every well-constructed nerve," I added. "But, *cara mia*, we must not linger here. I have other places to show you, and, moreover, however much our ciceroni may admire you and your admiration, I believe they have other engagements." And so, passing again through the classic garden and its iron gate, we exchanged thanks and adieux, and my friend and I turned into the Lungara. We soon reached a steep and grass-grown street that is crowned by the convent of St. Onofrio, a simple mediæval building, but the most interesting of the kind in Rome, because it was the last home of Tasso. From the quaintly-frescoed portico and the cloisters, the arches of which rest on curious antique pillars, we hastened to the garden. It is a poetic bit of ground, little tormented by the hoe and spade: a few vegetables and flowers dwell peacefully under orange-trees and cypresses, and a sparkling stream invites to a large stone basin where it heaps its busy waters. On a mound near by, struggling to mirror its branches in the fountain, is the oak

that Tasso planted,—or what remains of it, for the original trunk was rent by lightning forty years ago. A few feet farther up is an amphitheatre of grass-grown stone seats, where under leafy boughs a festival of poetry and music annually celebrates the life and death of the poet. In the church we sought the simple tomb in which his ashes lie. Others of remembered name rest near: one is Cardinal Mezzofanti, the man of multiple tongues, who unfortunately did not live to finish his grammar of universal language, the key to which he believed he had discovered. We ascended the stairs and passed through a corridor adorned with rude frescos of scenes in the life of the hermit Onofrio, to Tasso's chamber, which is almost unchanged since he left it. His great chair is there, covered with old Cordova leather; his inkstand, a table, a cabinet, a mirror, an autograph letter, a crucifix, and some other relics. How fresh and vital seemed to us every phase of the life of Leonora's lover, his brilliant fame alternating with maddening persecution, until, worn out with the fickleness of destiny, he came here to bury his pride, passion, and genius, and "to begin," as he said, "the conversation of heaven with these holy men"! As we gazed on the exquisite landscape framed in the windows, my friend asked, "Do you not think that the same view of nature which has continually met the eyes of those we revere or love brings us to a closer parallel of thought than any other object can? I am told that in Jerusalem nothing probably exists as Christ saw it, except the road that turns to Bethany; and I anticipate almost my greatest satisfaction there, because it will represent something tangible and visible of his life."

From the portico of the venerable monastery we recalled in fancy the night when the dead poet, arrayed in a Roman toga and crowned with laurels, was borne from it in funeral state down the steep, narrow street, attended by cardinals, priests, and princes, with wailing chants and flickering flambeaux.

The Tiber was a sheet of gold as we passed over it again, but sombre shadows

gathered fast in the high-walled streets. By a sudden impulse we arrested Vincenzo, our *cocchiere*, at the church of the Gesù, pushed aside the heavy leather curtain, and went in. The great edifice seemed, in the obscurity compounded of twilight and lingering clouds of incense, like a sculptured cavern wrapped in gloom. Far up in uncertain perspective a few distant stars cast points of light on golden ornaments and sumptuous marbles. White statues folded their draperies about them as if preparing to step from their pedestals in ghostly perambulation. Pallid saints, and Madonnas in deep-toned blues and crimsons that shaded into blackness, searched us with spectral eyes as we slowly glided up the left nave to the tomb of Ignatius Loyola. We looked at the great globe of lapis-lazuli above, at the silver statue below, and at the gilded urn of the ardent Jesuit who rushed from the wild excitements of love and war to the monastery and the scourge and poured into the crucible of the Church his great intellect and stormy passions. Priests in white lace *cottas* moved about the high altar, a few rapt devotees were on their knees, and the mellow thunder of the grand organ vibrated on the air as we quietly retreated.

"This is the hour of all others for visiting the churches," said I, "and especially for the Gesù. Ornaments that are garish in full sunlight take restful tints and shadows, and the ceremonies a more mystical tenderness of suggestion. But it is also the hour for the Corso; and I want you to see the handsome Romans as they come down from the Pincian or stroll up the Piazza Colonna. Do you not think them the handsomest men in Europe in a merely pictorial sense? Ah! there is the king in that simple dark barouche with two gentlemen. What a grave, reserved, careworn face! The saying 'happy as a king' was not coined for him, evidently. The queen's scarlet liveries must have passed some time ago to the Quirinale: she returns there early, and her carriage and the king's are never seen together, you know. How gay and

crowded the Corso is this evening! Some people complain that it is too narrow; but it has the advantage of concentration: you can recognize everybody and miss no friendly nod. In that street on the right is the house that St. Paul lived in, or its foundation. Would he be satisfied with the Christian city if he could look upon it to-day? or would he find it almost as pagan as ever? That tall, fine-looking man on the right, with those superb horses, is Prince S——: it is said that whenever he wants a new pair he sells one of the valuable pictures in his gallery, and there are now so many bare places that it is no longer opened to the public."

As we turn down the Condotti, exquisite jewels and Etruscan gold ornaments flash in Marchesini's window; farther on are Pompeian bronzes, porphyry lamps, and miniature columns in *giallo antico*; at one door stands, surrounded by his delicate complexity of wares, an almond-eyed Japanese, whose dulcet flatteries will melt every lira in your purse; at another, a crimson-turbaned Turk, solemn and serene as one of the Immortals, against a background of rich embroidered cashmeres, which he will sell with a breaking heart at thrice their value; then come antique laces, woven by Venetian fingers that turned to dust two hundred years ago, and the equally exquisite webs of to-day; majolica plaques and vases which Maestro Giorgio may have painted, and the beautiful reproductions of Ginnori; priestly cassocks, gold-embroidered, the spoils of monasteries and churches, old tapestry, and all sorts of bewildering rubbish; water-color drawings of bits from the Campagna, of ruined temples, of satyr-like shepherds with faces of Antinous-like beauty, of herdsmen driving their majestic oxen; and so on through the fascinating little mart until we reach the Piazza, and above the proudly graceful steps we see on the topmost point of the Trinità a solitary spark of the after-glow, like the triumphant smile of a departing spirit. Troops of young Seminarists, in long flapping red, black, or blue gowns, pre-

paring for priesthood, brush rapidly past, their eyes averted or directed uncompromisingly straight forward. "Why is it," I once asked of Professore L——, who had been through the same education, "that they are so ostentatiously unobservant of women, especially of the young and pretty? Does a penance follow a look?"

"It does," was the reply; "perhaps the deprivation of fruit at dinner, or a similar trifle, as reminder rather than penance."

A strange, impetuous figure strides up the Due Marcelli with the free, unfettered motion of a Bedouin in the desert, a man who might be elderly but for the fire of youth in his piercing black eyes. His long loose robe and semi-Oriental turban betray his nationality, but he is known only as "Giuseppe," the Armenian, for twenty years past a teacher in the Propaganda. Perhaps he is less famous than Professor Dryasdust of Cambridge, or Herr Professor Vielbegeistert at Leipsic; but pictorially he has the advantage over both.

Here come trooping down from the Sistina other pictures, whose *métier* is to pose before canvas,—brigands and shepherds and merry peasant beauties, a colony of decorated dirt and light-hearted beggary, who find no more curse in poverty than do the fauns and satyrs, their next of kin.

I suddenly recall for my friend the final duty of a tourist. "Vincenzo," I exclaim, "turn back to the fountain of Trevi.—Though Pan is dead, Geraldine, the water-spirits of Trevi still live, and must be propitiated, you know, if we expect to secure for you another visit to Rome. We may as well wring a pleasant prophecy from the oracle: wiser than we have done so before."

And so, with a little laugh at the pagan nonsense, we descend to the sparkling waters that spread like a miniature lake before us after exhausting their mad revels with the Tritons and the frantic horses; we drink from the cup that was first invented a few drops of the soft, sweet fluid, and we

come away saying that we have condescended to the water-spirits and they owe us a boon.

We pass by the gorgeous gateway of the Barberini Palace, giving a thought and a word to the sad, sweet face of Guido's "Beatrice," in whose identity we fully believe, despite modern scepticism, and other thoughts and words to the genial sculptor some broad flights above Beatrice, whose fame of many shining facets reflects lustre upon America, and whose refined "symposia," conducted by his queenly wife, combine the "*fleurs fines*" of various nationalities. The river-gods of the Quattro Fontana look lazier than ever in the twilight, and the pretty fountain in the court of the Albani Palace is scarcely visible. In another moment we arrive at an unostentatious old palazzo in the same street, mount two of the dusky flights of stone steps that preface Roman apartments, ring a long-echoing bell, and are ushered into a lighted room. Pleasant voices in English, Italian, French, and German, and low cheerful laughter, accompany the gentle clatter of cups and saucers beneath a tall Russian samovar. We seek our hostess in another *salon*, which is also a library of choice books, and find her conversing with several literati, among them Monsignore Ciccolini, the Custode Generale of the Arcadia, of which she is an honored member under the name of "Glycera Samia." All "good Americans" who go to Rome before "they die" are familiar with this genuine *maitresse de salon*, first through her attractive writings in books and magazines and the letters which give us all the archæological and noted social news of the day, and then through her charming receptions. Though below the middle height, she has a dignified presence, and her handsome features beam with intelligence and vivacity; and with her cordial manner and discriminating memory she has the rare art which Josephine possessed of giving to each guest a sense of special attention. One secret of the social success of her receptions is that she preserves the good old fashion of introducing, with a dis-

cerning selection, her guests to each other. After a brief conversation, broken by the coming throng, we thread our way to other rooms, where we meet artists, authors, and *virtuosi* finding subjects for intelligent discussion in antique bits of sculpture, sketches, and paintings that adorn the walls; and then we are entranced by a German soprano who soars like a skylark to the very empyrean of melody, and again by the delicious harmonies of Sgambati, the finest piano-forte performer in Rome. Our hostess is a thorough student of music, and during Liszt's last visit to Italy that king of pianists was often in her *salons*.

"Well," said my Lady Geraldine, as we leisurely sipped our Falerno—a degenerate offspring of the Falerno of Horace and Mæcenas—that evening at dinner, and, not without remorse, demolished the larks of the Campagna,

"you have redeemed your promise, signora mia. How shall I thank you for the sheaf of rich Roman grain we have gathered in this brief afternoon? Each one might furnish a study for a poet or an artist."

"That depends on the student," I replied. "'To him that hath shall be given.' Peter Bell comes often enough to Rome, and sees only the yellow primrose. For eyes like yours the primrose finely unfolds higher facts and fancies. Do you remember 'Indirection,' that mystical poem by the unhappy Englishman Realf?—

Back of the canvas that throbs, the painter is
hinted and hidden;
Back of the statue that breathes, the soul of the
sculptor is bidden.
Sweet the exultance of song, but the strain
that precedes it is sweeter;
And never was poem yet writ but the meaning
outmastered the metre."

A LEGEND.

"HARK!"

She sat upright in her bed,
The gold hair from her head
Crisping, coiling, wandering low
O'er her bosom cold as snow.
For the heart in her breast stood still,
And the blood in her veins ran chill,
At the sound she heard in the dark.

"Hark!"

It sounded like the scream
Of a dreamer in his dream.
Yet her eyes were wide and blue,
Piercing midnight through and through;
Her parted lips were white
With the terror of the night,
And her arms spread stiff and stark.

"Hark!"

Wakened the mother mild:
"Why dost thou call, my child?
The kindling morn is not yet red,
The night is silent, the winds are dead.

To-morrow thou art a bride :
 Sleep, darling, at my side."
 But again she whispered, "Hark !"

"Hark !

Hear the slow steps that bring,
 Stumbling, some dreadful thing !
 Hear the low, hushed voices calling !
 Hear the sullen water falling !
 Hear ! oh, mother, hear !
 They are setting down the bier :
 And the watch-dogs do not bark."

Hark !

The sudden taper burned,
 The key in her cold hand turned.
 Nothing in the lofty hall,—
 Stillness, darkness, over all.
 "There is not a creature here,
 Nor bearers, nor a bier,
 Nor anything but the dark."

Hark !

The wedding-bells ring loud,
 The wedding-revellers crowd.
 Waiting, watching, still she stood
 In her bower's white solitude,
 Waiting in her bower
 For the bridegroom and the hour,
 Watching the dial's mark.

Hark !

The creeping shadow is there :
 He is coming up the stair,—
 Coming ! Stumbling steps and slow
 Up the stately staircase go.
 Low, hushed voices,— "Bring him here.
 Softly ! now set down the bier."
 Dripping water's dropping fall
 On the flagstones of the hall,—
 It is this she heard in the dark.

Hark !

The tolling bells ring low,
 And the mourners come and go.
 Whiter than the palest bride,
 Low she lieth at his side :
 For she looked out on the dead,
 And her life was smitten and sped.
 She will nevermore say, "Hark !"

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

FOR LIFE.

ELEVEN days on the road. By no means the Union Pacific, or any other line of continuous travel, where the minimum of bounce and jerk is combined with the maximum of comfort possible under steady motion. A road still unknown to surveyor or engineer, beyond reach or thought of railroad-man or speculator, and but just opening up its two hundred miles or more of primeval forest. A road trodden only by Indians or crossed by stealthy fox or lynx, its length winding through treacherous marsh and bog, and swift stream, and deep, unbroken forest, only a "blaze" here and there indicating at some points the course to be followed, and, where too obtrusive trees were cut away, the stumps left standing at just the right height for impaling wagon-bodies and stirring up a degree or two more of profanity in the drivers.

From Pembina to Crow Wing, and in those two hundred miles of a loneliness only the traveller of that region can know, what had not the patient oxen undergone? Twelve miles the average day's accomplishment, until Leech Lake and some suggestion of a civilized road had been reached. Heavy rains, swollen streams, fathomless mud-holes. Often a morning was spent in hauling wagons across a turbid and turbulent little river, and, while the oxen stood drenched and dripping after their reluctant swim to the other side, bringing over the loads package by package on a fallen tree, if such bridge could be discovered, or waiting while the two half-breeds swam across with them on their heads. Neddo, silent and calmly acquiescent in whatever fate might bring, served as foil and background for Boulanger, who swore in all dialects from French and English through to Cree and Chippewa, his black beads of eyes shooting lightning, his small and gayly-bedecked legs dancing wildly among the packages, and his lean arms emphasizing the whirlwind of invective.

Even this had ceased to amuse. Drenched through and through by constant rains, tormented day and night by mosquitoes in size, numbers, and ferocity beyond the wildest imagination of the Eastern mind, endurance was all that remained. Even water-lilies palled, and for weary body and more weary mind but one desire had force,—to see the low stockade of the Crow Wing Agency, and an actual inn, where a real bed, even if one of four in a row, would be hailed as deliverance, and where one would find a post-office and a daily stage, connecting this last outpost of civilization with St. Cloud, eighty miles below, and the first point where railroads could be reached.

Again a broken bridge gave another morning of unloading, and swearing, and reloading, and when at last the rushing river was passed and the wagon once more under way, a treacherous and shelving mud-hole suddenly swallowed up oxen and fore-wheels, dumped load and owners into its very depths, and for five minutes seemed likely to hold them there. Then all struggled out together, and, while Boulanger shrieked with rage and Neddo examined pole and wheels and fished out the provision-basket, putting the contents on a damp log to dry, patience at last took flight, and, like the ancient prophet in one of his many predicaments, "I spake with my tongue; I opened wide my mouth." "I will not stay in this nest of mosquitoes and flies and wait hours for this final catastrophe to unsnarl. I shall march on to Gull Lake, where there is a beach, unless this last flood has turned it to water, and there I can sit in the sand and get dry. Of course now there is no getting to Crow Wing to-night, and we must camp at the lake."

For this journey was by no means a first or second one, and the ox-team was simply one more experience of frontier travelling. Canoe and flat-train and Indian pony had all been tried, and

either was better than this frightful crawl, inch by inch as it were. At Gull Lake, the first camping-point the previous year, ten miles above Crow Wing, had been a solitary wigwam, tenanted by a toothless but amiable squaw, who gave me fresh pickerel roasted in the scales over her fire and affording a new sense of what flavor and savor natural methods may hold, and potatoes hardly bigger than walnuts, but dug in my honor from the field she had planted. Perhaps she would be there to-day. In any case, alone or with such society as she could give, there waited for me the clear, still, blue water in its setting of silvery sand, the blasted pine with its eagle's nest, the hush and serenity of the silent forest. Five miles under the pines, where one was less tormented by mosquitoes, and then came a final one,—a wade rather than a walk. I had forgotten the bog, and the corduroy had sunk quite out of sight, though I could feel it now and then below the black mud which held tenaciously to each foot by turn and yielded with a long, slow suck, like a smack of evil satisfaction over my tribulations.

Ten thousand hands could not have availed against that gray column of mosquitoes, whose sound seemed at last a trumpet-call to other columns, and which, in spite of head-net and leather gloves, penetrated unknown and unguarded chink or crevice.

Through the swamp at last, and out once more under the friendly pines, and I ran, knowing the goal was near, and seeing soon the flashing sunlight on the blue water. There was a bending figure near the lake. Along the brook emptying into it, corn and peas and beans were growing, and, actually, balsams and sweet-peas at the end!

"My squaw has been brought over to white man's fashions," I said half aloud, and then stopped short, as the figure sprang up and turned with a subdued "My gracious!" when she saw the mud-coated and caked, torn, and most disreputable-looking apparition before her. So wan a face, such watery and faded yet somehow intense blue eyes, so in-

finitesimal a nub of hair, so shadowy yet resolute a wraith, I had never yet encountered, even in remotest and most unfriended cabin, where a woman's life means the speedy loss of every trace of comeliness and grace.

"Well, I call it a providence!" she said, coming forward with a sort of silent rush as if carried by the wind. "The first day I've ever been lonesome a mite or thought to care, but he's gone below three days now, an' Shahweah off for berries, an' I did say jest now, by the pond there, it was a *leetle* lonesome. An' then to think of a white woman bein' what I should see! It does beat all! Where be you from? I reckon it's a dry country you've left behind you," she added, with a twinkle, "for you've brought all the mud along with you. Now you come straight up along with me, an' I'll scrape you off some. Where's your folks?"

"Six miles back, in a mud-hole," I answered, with the ghostly impression still strong upon me. The voice was only a husky whisper, and a nearer view only intensified the bloodlessness of the skin, hardly hiding the poor bones below. The woman laughed.

"You think I'm a poor show," she said. "Folks gin'ally do; but I'm health itself to what I was."

"You were not here when I went up a year ago?"

"No: I come in November. When you're in some of my clothes an' have had a cup of tea, I'll tell you all about it. There's the house. Ain't that pretty well for Gull Lake? Kinder comfortable?"

Comfortable! A palace could not have held a tenth of all the word meant! A "but and a ben" only, but how spotlessly neat! Morning-glories and hops climbing over door and windows, where white curtains hung; a snow-white bed, shut in by mosquito-bar; a square of rag carpet on the floor; stove and tins polished to their utmost capacity,—one of shining blackness, the other of shining brightness; a dresser holding civilized dishes; a shelf, where two or three books lay,—the Bible, Whittier's poems, and "David Copperfield,"—and a pile of well-worn

Tribunes; an old-fashioned rocking-chair with patchwork cushions, and "light-stand" near it; and, to complete the curious mixture of old New-England farm-house and frontier cabin, a warming-pan hanging between the windows, its copper face shining like everything else.

"You think that's a queer thing to tote out West?" said my hostess, who had already spread a cloth and put on fresh water to boil for the promised cup of tea. "I lotted on it before I was big enough to reach it, hangin' there in grandmother's kitchen up in Vermont, an' when I went West, leas'tways what was West forty years ago,—to Pennsylvania,—I took it along for old times, an' then on to Illinois an' Minnesota, an' here we both are up here. You'd say it wasn't much more use than Timothy Dexter's ship-load for the West Injies; but he made a fortune out o' that, an' I sort of expect good luck from this one. Now, before that kettle biles, you might freshen up a mite. The heft of it we won't do nothin' to till you've had your tea."

Words can never tell the delight of that freshening,—first in cold water in a real wash-basin, then the tea, drunk to an accompaniment of narrative poured out as if mere speech were a gift straight from heaven. An indomitable cheerfulness, a resolute grasp of these shadowy threads of life, seemed the strangest characteristic of this creature, in whose faded eyes quick gleams of expression came and went, and whose alertness and even vivacity were miraculous testimonies to the imperious will that governed the frail body, no matter what human weakness interposed.

In the beginning, the story proved one I had often heard,—the exodus of forty years before, when New England, more especially its northern portion, seemed emptying itself into the West, the white-covered, heavily-laden wagons passing day by day through the old towns, gazed upon by the more conservative with apprehension and dismay.

"I hankered after home. I do it even now, once in a great while," the shadowy woman went on; "but I ain't

goin' to dwell on that. Likely's not, you've heerd forty folks say the same thing. But what you *hain't* heerd I'm goin' to tell now. *He* come from Maine, as maybe I didn't say,—born a lumberman, an' his father one before him. An' so, when Minnesota opened up, it come easy to put out o' Illinois, where farmin' never suited him, an' where there wasn't a stick o' timber, except along the river-bottoms, an' he always half pinin' for it. He knows his business, an' soon fell into work, an' we settled down in Minneapolis; that's about as folksy a place as you'll find. But, you see, I wasn't never over-strong, an' I'd shook in them bottoms till it's my belief there wasn't an inch inside of me that kept jest the place the Lord had laid out to have it keep. Folks said the trouble was your gall ran out into your liver; but I said your liver ran where it was a mind to, an' your stomach into whatever else there was, an' more'n likely interfered with your lungs an' kept you from havin' a long breath. That's the way it looked to me, even after I got settled in Minneapolis, for mine got shorter an' shorter, an' at last, in spite of me, I was in bed, an' folks sayin' I shouldn't never see spring.

"Now, the children had died fast as they come, almost. There wasn't one left; an' Hiram is set by natur' on what's his own, an' good beyond the common, an' it seemed as if he couldn't stand it to lose me too. We'd been unlucky, too,—burned out once, an' the bank broke that had our money in it, such as it was,—an' he was pretty low; an' when time come to go up to camp he half broke down, an' he said, 'Malviny, I can't. Supposin' you shouldn't be here when I come back. I'd better go as hand in a mill, an' earn less.'

"'Hiram,' I said, 'you take me along with you.' You never saw a man look more scared, for he thought I was goin' out o' my mind. But I hadn't noticed folks an' ways for nothin', an' I said, 'Don't you know jest as well as the next one that the doctors keep sendin' consumptive folks up into the pineries? an' if your camp ain't as good as an-

other, I'd like to know. I can't *more'n* die, anyway; an' I'm sick of bein' tucked up in bed an' an air-tight chokin' me day an' night, an' I'm goin' with you.—'Malviny, you can't,' he said: 'it's all men. There ain't no place.'—'Then make a place,' says I.—'Tain't fit,' says he. 'Women don't know anything about a passel of men together.'—'Then the more reason for findin' out, an' seein' if they can't be made decent,' says I, 'if that's what you mean. I feel to know I shan't die if I can git up there; an' I won't be in your way nor theirs; but go I will, if I have to walk an' can't do *more'n* ten steps a day.'

"Well, he knew I was set, an', though I didn't put my foot down very often, had it down then, square, an' he set in a brown study awhile, an' then he says, 'Well, Malviny, tain't no time to cross you, an' I never wanted to yet. If you think you'll hold out, I'll start up country to-morrow an' see about havin' a separate cabin next to camp. They're fixin' for winter now, an' I kin go and come in a week. But I don't see how you'll stand it, an' I don't believe you will.'—Then I can be buried in the woods,' says I: 'I always did have a hankerin' to lay down for good under pine-trees.'

"Well, he went off; an' I will say I didn't sec myself how I could live till he got back, for I had another time of raisin' blood that very night. It come pourin' straight out; but I said, 'I won't give in. It can't *all* run out, an' I calculate there'll be enough left to keep me goin'.'

"Folks wouldn't believe it, but by the time Hiram got back I could crawl to the window. I sot there when he come in sight, an' he was astonished as you'd want to see. But he had to lay in an' git packed for goin' up, an' the very morning all was ready I must needs come down again. Well, he waited a day, an' then he says, 'I'll go up with the load, Malviny, an' fix up a bit, an' then I'll come back an' take you up on an empty sled, so's to make room for a bed an' things for you to go

easier.'—'I want to go now,' I says: 'I shall be dead if I don't.' Well, we argued some, back and forth, an' at last he says, 'It ain't no use, Malviny. All's ready now, an' I'm goin' now, an' I'll come back for you as I said,' an' off he started for the barn. I was up that minute an' into my warm things, in spite of Mis' Smith tryin' to stop me, an' when he drove round an' come in I jest walked to the door. 'No, you don't,' he says, an' jest took me up an' laid me on the bed an' run.

"What got into me then I couldn't tell: the Lord carried me along, I reckon. Anyway, I run too, Mis' Smith after me, an' Hiram jest drivin' off, an' there I stuck to the runner and wouldn't let go. Hiram was pale as a ghost, an' 'most cryin', an' he says, 'For the Lord's sake, go back, Malviny,' an' I says, 'For the Lord's sake I won't,' an' jest crawled up into the buffaloes alongside o' him. 'There's one chance in a million of your gettin' there alive,' he says, 'an', if you're bound to go on that one, we'll try it, that's all,' an' off we went.

"Well, whether 'twas the motion, or the air away from that air-tight, or *carryin' the p'int*, I couldn't tell, but I grew more an' more chirk with every mile. I eat quite a dinner, an' slep' all night, an' Hiram he jest kept still an' waited. I knew he was waitin'. But we got through at last, an' into these very pine woods beginnin' at Crow Wing. I sniffed 'em, an' knew life was in 'em if it was anywheres. When Hiram drove up before the camp, an' Smith, the overseer, come out, he looked a minute, an' then swore right out: 'Be you turnin' into a — fool at your time o' life, to be bringin' a dead woman into camp?' he says. But I knew I wasn't anywheres near dyin', an' Smith knows it too,—now. I'd give a sight if he wasn't below. He's so contented to have me round again, he says he don't care if we never stir from here the rest of our lives; an' I'm sure I don't an' wouldn't. I walk under them pines, an' smell 'em deep in, an' I says, 'Here's your life-elixir, an' no mistake,' an' if

folks knew it they wouldn't die in little, close rooms, but come out under 'em. I was always a master-hand for out-doors, an' he helps along the house-work, so't we can garden together, an' Shahweah does what he an' me ain't a mind to. Mostly as long as daylight lasts I putter round outside; an' I ain't sure but what I shall be an old woman yet, even if I hain't but a piece of a lung left.

"As for them men, you never see twenty fellows more set on bein' agreeable than they was. Fôr all havin' to whisper, I always managed to make 'em hear, an' I did odds an' ends for 'em, an' they went in an' out, an' told stories, an' sung, an' one night I even danced; an' I never had a more sociable winter. I thought he'd be a leetle lonesome when

they went below; but he takes a sight of comfort in the *Tribune*,—we've had it from the beginnin',—an' he don't seem to mind one mite. I always read consid'able, an' I go over an' over the few books we've got, an' find somethin' new every time. And I expect you'll laugh when I tell you the only thing that ever makes me lonesomé or skeery. 'Tain't Injins: I don't see but what they're folksy enough, when you git over their blankets. It's *loons*. I say they're the lonesomest thing in natur', an' when they holler I jest crawl all over. But then I can git along even with them. An' now I'd like to know how you come here, an' all about it, every word; but I'm dreadful sorry he ain't to home."

HELEN CAMPBELL.

THE FACE OF LOVE.

BUT once beheld by any man, no more;
And then with such wild tumult in his brain
He may not recollect the look it wore,
Or if 'twas pleasure that he felt, or pain,
When those strange eyes sent fire to his heart's core.

But who can grasp the maze of sad delight
That music weaves, its memory dying never?
And who can read the face of love aright,
With all its mystic meanings, shifting ever,
That stir life's deepest springs, yet cheat the sight?

A face of godlike glory, such as men
Might well misdeem the majesty of heaven,
But that there ever comes and goes again—
Like clouds across the noonday brilliance driven—
A mien that makes it wholly human then.

Full-lipped as Orient maidens, there may play
The dimpled meaning that has shaken thrones
And swept a nation's boundaries away,
And then a quiver, as of voiceless groans,
And all the face looks tragic, old, and gray.

At times a sad, mysterious face, that seems
 With startled eyes to watch for coming ill;
 Yet ever and anon across it gleams
 A smile, that, passing, leaves it cold and still,
 Enwrapped in unimaginable dreams.

CHARLES L. HILDRETH.

BUMMER AND LAZARUS.

IN the good old days when emigrants, not tourists, wended their way by land and sea to San Francisco,—that is to say, somewhere in the “fifties,”—an insinuating and almost too friendly dog made his appearance one evening, toward dinner-time, in a Montgomery Street restaurant.

He was not, strictly speaking, a yellow dog; but a critical eye might have detected that plebeian tinge in his hide. His head, however, was well posed; he was strong and squarely set, and wore an air of purpose, though his vacillating tail betrayed a wistful wriggle at times, and a glance at once sneaking and calculating stole out from the corner of his eye as he took in the saloon and its occupants. With this exception, he maintained an easy, indifferent demeanor, like an animal of assured position,—one, in fact, who owns a human attendant,—and the waiters, accustomed though they were to canine audacity, were deceived thereby into permitting his presence.

For a moment he stood irresolute, looking hurriedly about him, but even then covering his mental anxiety by a sportive fly-snap. Seeing two gentlemen enter by different doors at the same moment and approach the same table, his uncertainty vanished. He instantly placed himself between them, and, observing that they wore miners' shirts (which was considered a guarantee for generosity in those times), he beat the floor once or twice with his tail in uncontrollable satisfaction.

While they talked to the waiter he

divided his attentions between them, always appearing most deeply engrossed with the one who was not looking at him, and in this way beguiling each into the belief that he belonged to the other. Their repasts appearing, he permitted himself to display a sincere but modest interest in their character, and as each gentleman in the progress of his meal threw him small portions, he swallowed them with great speed and an unmoved countenance, following the movement of his benefactors' jaws with unspeakable eagerness as long as they moved or the viands remained within view.

“Your dog?” one miner inquired of the other. Apparently aware of the query, the yellowish animal began to retire with modest haste.

“I thought he was yours,” answered number two, who had called the waiter to inquire about dessert. “Dog belong to the ranch?” he asks.

“Not much,” retorts the indignant servitor. “We had a terrier, but he's petered out; passed in his checks last week. That's Bummer.—Git! Vamose! No, you don't—Blamed if he ain't, though; and, what's more, you can't stop that dog; he will do it. Ha, ha! see him put, will you? Just see him dust.”

The animal thus described and apostrophized had hurriedly backed away under the recognition of the waiter, keeping one eye on a partly-emptied dinner-plate, the other on the door, and, disregarding the personal remarks and expletives addressed to him, seized the remnants of food on the first, and slipped

through the latter just in time to avoid a kick, which the person entering at the moment received vicariously.

"Beg pardon," said the waiter to the new-comer, who rubbed his shin with an aggrieved air: "meant it for Bummer."

"Who is Bummer?" demanded the injured party of the small group who had actually taken the trouble to look up the loosely-planked and brilliantly-lighted street to see him disappear round a corner with his dishonest booty.

The waiter replied frankly, "That's him;" and added, "I judge that beast's been kicked out'n here more'n forty times; but 'tain't no use. He's back as reg'lar as he goes."

"Who does he belong to?"

"Nobody; that dog's his own master."

"And his name?"

"Why, that came to him natural," said the restaurant functionary, with a grin. "*Ain't* he a bummer? a reg'lar one, too!" and he laughed with such a genuine enjoyment of the fitness of the title that he was ever after believed to be the yellowish dog's sponsor.

But the waiter was not in possession of Bummer's entire biography: the dog had an inner life that was not to be read by the careless eye of a chance observer, and, though he bowed to no master's collar, was the slave of no imperious whistle, he was not alone: he had a friend, or rather a dependant.

About a block and a half distant from the saloon whence he had fled, Bummer paused in Seidsdorff Street opposite the old Clay Street market-house. Making his way through and under piles of loose boxes, old champagne-baskets, refuse oyster- and fruit-cans, he came to a sheltered and secluded nook wherein reposed a fellow-canine of helpless and miserable appearance, before whose languishing eyes he deposited the food he had stolen, sniffing at it to encourage his invalid charge's appetite, and complacently pricking his ears and licking his own chaps as he mentally reviewed the feat.

Poor Lazarus—such was the name of Bummer's protégé—had suffered from a

painful turn in Fortune's wheel: he had been run over, and, after a few ear-splitting yelps, had sunk in silence and seeming death upon the cobbles ensanguined by his gore.

He was a parti-colored, loose-limbed, waggly-headed beast, with flaps of drooping ears, a grovelling mouth, and a self-convicted eye that never stood the test of an honest gaze. He was a gutter-dog, with mean ideas, a cowardly temper, and a servile tail that wagged propitiatingly at everything and nothing. Without intelligence or fixed principles, he was ready to attach himself to any one, and had passed the greater part of his life—when not experimenting with his longevity under wagon-wheels—in following and being repulsed by strangers. The fate he had so long tempted at last befell him, and, stretched bleeding on the hard stones, he would in a few moments more have received his final quietus from a second attack of wheels had not Bummer with licks and sniffs of consolation restored his consciousness and induced him to move out of danger.

His injuries had been severe, his illness long and complicated: but for the faith and energy of Bummer he must have expired of want and pain. Now, however, he was convalescing rapidly; the remnant of porter-house steak brought strength and vigor to his shaken frame, so that he sat up against an old orange-box, and, as he gnawed it, told his companion how happy he should be soon to take one of those zigzag runs up and down the street, sniffing and careering aimlessly about, as only a lunatic dog can.

Soon was this ardent hope to be realized: within a week of the evening of Bummer's appearance at the miners' table he entered the restaurant, according to custom, with a wary eye for the boots of the waiters, and lagging behind him, with a half-uncertain, wholly-apologetic air, came Lazarus, his sprawling figure looking all legs and ears, and an all-pervading sense of his own lack of graces giving him the appearance of just having dodged one kick and confidently expecting another.

At that time the genus from which

Bummer received his title was a distinctive one in the city of the Pacific. In the rapid and not quite healthy growth of the place how could it be otherwise? The great placers were nearly exhausted, and hydraulic- and engineer-mining had scarce begun. There were no manufactures, but little commerce,—capitalists had not looked in that direction for investment,—and the unwholesome excitements attending the imaginary discovery of gold in various localities, the frenzied rush thither, and the dead-broke return were all that varied the monotony preceding the awakening Washoe days. In this dull season his human brethren of all degrees took an interest in the idle fortunes of Bummer and his companion, and so it came to pass that instead of kicks the happy vagabonds received ha'pence or their equivalent in food. Soon they became city features, and by and by, in the scarcity of items,—albeit unconscious of the honor bestowed on them,—they received occasional mention in the columns of the press.

Fortune's smiles did not spoil or alienate them; they preserved their original characteristics most consistently, and were the same dogs in full tide of popular favor as when they covertly begged and stole by turns and forgathered under bulkheads and market-lumber to crunch and gnaw their filched meats. Bummer, true to his Bohemian instincts, preferred the streets to a settled dwelling. Too amiable to wound any patron by an abrupt refusal to accompany him homeward and become acquainted with the conveniences of his back-yard and his dog-house, he preferred, after apparently accepting his invitation and going along at his side some distance, to suddenly remember an engagement made previously with Lazarus, and, with bent head and lowered ears, to turn about and make off down hill at a keen run, leaving his beguiled companion to stare after him and perhaps send a few verbal compliments and a flying missile in the same direction.

As to Lazarus, no one ever thought of adopting him, and, as he seemed well

aware, he was merely tolerated because of his more showy friend's regard for him, which continued as firm as it ever was, through all the mutations of the three years of their known existence.

Whether the drooping dullness of the times had anything to do with it or not, the increase and multiplication of street-dogs at this period became an alarming pest. Men who, in the full enjoyment of the unsalaried positions of road-inspectors, topographical surveyors, peripatetic reviewers, and all the chaffing titles self-bestowed by the wretched fellows who, through banks breaking and business houses suspending or closing up, were thrown into the streets to meander drearily in lack of home firesides to despond at, tumbled over these contesters of the sandy planks by day, and forfeited the blessed forgetfulness of sleep at night, owing to the idle and persistent baying of the canine villains, who seemed to choose the vicinity of these unhappy men to converse in distant and discordant yelps with each other about the obstructed roads and impassable barriers to dog's-meat.

These nocturnal confidences begot a dog-persecution: men who had nothing to spare frantically threw everything within their reach out of their windows at the barking fiends, and then crept out just before daybreak to retrieve their boots and brushes, with bitterness in their hearts and chills running up their spines.

This state of affairs at length produced a crisis: the ears of the City Fathers became disturbed, and by slow degrees their mental forces were set in motion. An enactment against unowned—and, therefore, unmuzzled—dogs was the result, a pound was established, and stray animals slunk into corners to evade the terrible arm of the law.

It was in this trying moment that Bummer and Lazarus were enabled to test that popularity that has so often failed those it has allured into trusting its evanescent charm. How they learned the meaning and force of the statute, no one ever proved satisfactorily. It was printed in good type, on a certain day, in all the papers, that any dog (without

favor) found unmuzzled in the street should be arrested, carried to the pound, and, if unclaimed within four-and-twenty hours, should be shot. On the morning of the appearance of that publication, Bummer came alone to breakfast in the restaurant. He seemed troubled and uneasy, and many persons inclined to the belief that he had perused an early edition of the *Alta* and was naturally depressed in consequence; but this has never been substantiated. Bummer was certainly an accomplished dog, a deep thinker, and a keen student of human nature; but it has failed to be established that he could read, and it is best to rest the source of his knowledge on the fact that he was a close observer and a good listener. What more likely than that he overheard his own name in discussion in this very connection, and, by attending to what was said, understood all? It is sufficient to know that he advised the non-appearance of his friend Lazarus for the present, and Lazarus, having the wisdom to be guided by his more astute companion, retired behind the truck-pile on Seidsdorff Street where he had spent the days of his affliction, and received his rations duly from the sagacious purveyor who still dared to face the public and watch his interests.

The public, or at least that idle portion of it who took stock in Bummer's fortunes, were led to admire him more than ever under these trying circumstances. The very fact of his sequestering Lazarus for the time seemed to them an evidence of peculiar doggish ability. Lazarus was an animal born to be in his own way, a creature of groveling and inconsequent gambols, without grace or discernment, whose efforts to get out of the way were sure to bring him under people's feet, and whose keenest perception was a satire on instinct: to do away with this incubus in time of peril was the course of a wise dog.

Bummer's next move was to address himself personally by a persistent gaze and immovable attendance to two young bohemian newspaper "boys" who were always bountiful to him on pay-day, and who had even,—as he was well

aware,—in flush times, increased their order at the restaurant-table on his account. Speech was invented to disguise thought. Bummer had no need of it: he looked his wishes, and the two arabs to whom he appealed were not hard-hearted. Such as they had they gave unto him,—namely, the help of their pens; and to their unselfish credit let it stand that, while the work for which they were engaged and paid was always left till the last moment, they at once set about their task in Bummer's behalf, and paused not until it was completed.

It was a petition, addressed to the city council, praying that the dogs Bummer and Lazarus (being masterless and dependent on their own efforts for a livelihood) be exempted from muzzle-wearing and arrest. Its tone was at once respectful and colloquial, boasting the double charm of simplicity and terseness. A very short biographical sketch of the appellants was given: in allusion to the names borne by them, an explanatory word was offered thus: "The elder, or more responsible of the pair, received his title from the meek audacity and presuming humility of his manners, his jaunty insolvency, and the admirable instinct with which he copies the bearing of his human models, unnumbered specimens of the genus, as your honors can see by reference to your constituency, being immediately under his notice at all times. The other animal received his name from an afflicted party whose history is chronicled in a sacred and ancient volume which is believed to have hitherto escaped your honors' attention."

With this introduction, and an entreaty for their exemption, made up in good style and properly signed by the best mercantile and professional names on the coast, the friends of Bummer and Lazarus conveyed the two animals to the lobby of the city hall, then on Kearney Street opposite the Plaza and on the second floor.

A modest rap was heard at the door of the council-chamber: the whole body was in convention, but each grave and wise signor glanced toward the entrance as the janitor opened the door, and saw

Bummer in advance, with the petition tied to his collar, and Lazarus sprawling in the background. Each one of those grave and reverend men was struck by the expression of propitiatory anxiety on Bummer's countenance, and more than one heart felt moved on beholding his well-sustained air of ease evaporating, as it were, in the awe-inspiring atmosphere of justice.

At a word from the presiding spirit of the solemn conclave, the paper was detached from his neck, and, with a short howl, wrung from his agitated feelings, Bummer retired back into the lobby to await action on his and his friend's ease. It was during this trying ordeal that the only evidence of temper ever betrayed by this remarkable dog was noticed. Lazarus, whose levity only damaged his own interests, was foolishly sniffing at everybody's feet and gyrating round the place in a ubiquitous manner, with neither object nor reason in his conduct. The full weight and measure of pending fate pressed Bummer's heart alone; and, disgusted with his companion's silly conduct, he yielded for an instant to anger, and snapped at one of his loose-jointed legs as he passed him in full career of idiotic motion.

Within an hour the great minds assembled in the inner hall had agreed, and their agreement was favorable to the two friends, who were thenceforth permitted to rove at will, free from muzzle or fear of arrest; though one of the dignitaries afterward observed that "it was a put-up job, for there wa'n't a dog in the Bible, not as he could find, and he'd looked it through a-purpose."

After this ordeal the favored animals knew no care but of their own creating. Too much favor is sometimes dangerous: in their case it had the drawback of indigestion, for, not understanding how to refuse food, and much being offered, they were sometimes obliged to suffer the consequences of over-indulgence. Bummer grew very stout, and one night, being seized with a fit of curiosity on the subject of fires, he accompanied the engines to South Park, where a conflagration was going on. There were a number of build-

ings burnt; the excitement was great; in an evil moment Bummer, who had so far forgotten himself as to become excited too, got in the way of the hose, and was thrown over, trampled on, and killed, being no longer quick or agile enough in his movements to get out of the way in time to save himself.

When his death was communicated to his faithful and attached comrade no one was by to witness the effect of the dreadful tidings, and a correct judgment of the sorrow of Lazarus can only be formed by the sequel. For some days, if not weeks, the unhappy survivor did not appear in public: he must have remained in seclusion during the day, and issued forth at night into streets as dreary and deserted as his own altered life. Meantime, the fire-company in whose service, or in his ill-judged attempts to serve which, poor Bummer had lost his life, recognizing in him a public hero, had his skin stuffed and mounted in their engine-room in such an extremely natural manner as to occasion much admiration. On the occasion of a civic display very soon afterward, this company "turned out," and, mounted on a stand, poor Bummer's vivid effigy accompanied them in parade. The day chosen chanced to be one on which poor Lazarus had ventured forth, a wretched ghost of his former self. On reaching Montgomery Street he met the pageant, and, raising his sad eyes, beheld his former patron figure carried aloft before the engine. The howl he uttered is said by those who heard it to have been blood-curdling. It was the last sound he was ever known to make, for, raising his head higher than he had ever held it before, he seemed mutely to appeal to heaven against such mummery, and then started homeward, never more to appear in the theatre of San Francisco affairs.

When, on the removal of some rubbish on the Seidsdorff Street corner, his remains were discovered, no one was by to suggest a taxidermist; but that may not have been from lack of good feeling as much as from the necessity for choride of lime.

MARGARET HOSMER.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

PUBLIC TOPICS.

Present Chances for Reform.

IT cannot be affirmed that the cause of reform has made any marked advance during the past year. The impetus it was supposed to have received from the tragic event of last summer seems to have expended its force without producing any sensible effect. Those who found encouragement in President Arthur's treatment of the subject must be convinced by this time that they had failed to "read between the lines" or to understand the real drift of the plausibly worded argument in favor of "making haste slowly." Few persons, we imagine, are sanguine enough to expect that Mr. Pendleton's bill will be carried in its integrity; and anything short of that measure would be simply a bar in the way of any radical change. The efforts of intelligent Democrats to induce their party to adopt the principle of reform, as a means of obtaining additional strength and the ultimate control of the government, must fail from the same causes which have frustrated all similar efforts of intelligent Republicans. There can be little doubt that either party, by making the cause of reform in all sincerity its own, would acquire a preponderance which neither at present possesses, and which for lack of some such issue is left subject to the determination of accident or trickery. But it is equally certain that a victory achieved in this way would be regarded by the party managers as worse than a defeat, and that consequently no such step will be taken until they have been displaced or effectually crippled,—reduced to the choice between *se soumettre* and *se démettre*. This, therefore, is the point to which the energies of practical reformers will be more and more directed. No real relief can be expected from an unreformed Congress, and no reform of Congress will be possible while the State

"bosses" retain their supremacy and nominations are managed by the "machine." The gradual emancipation of the mass of the voters from these influences seems to afford the only chance of reaching the desired result. In a limited sphere the direct connection between irresponsible power and bad government is more apparent, the incentives to resistance are more powerful and its effects more immediate and telling. It is vain to expect at present that public sentiment can be deeply stirred on the subject of Civil Service Reform. The case would have been different if Mr. Garfield had recovered, and if he could have been induced to make this his great object and its achievement the glory of his administration. We should then have had all the elements considered by one who had a profound acquaintance with such matters indispensable for exciting a popular movement in support of any measure. "I need not tell you," wrote Cobden to Sir Robert Peel just after the abolition of the Corn Laws, "that the only way in which the soul of a great nation can be stirred is by appealing to its sympathies with a true principle in its unalloyed simplicity. Nay, further, it is necessary for the concentration of a people's mind that an individual should become the incarnation of a principle." But in the absence of such an opportunity we need not fold our hands in despair. Opportunities generally come after long waiting and as the result of strenuous working. A steady growth of the "independent vote" in a State like Pennsylvania, for example, will be a surer gain and more hopeful sign than any official declaration or Congressional action extorted under present circumstances. Here is a field in which all may labor who wish well to the cause, in which no success is likely to prove empty or delusive, and which will furnish a true base for final operations. Let the outworks be captured, and sooner or later the citadel must fall.

PLACE AUX DAMES.

Women as Listeners.

It is a fact widely appreciated, and often remarked upon, that a good listener is less frequently met with than a good talker. Statistical observers must have noticed with pain, if not with surprise, how greatly the demand for individuals of a receptive turn exceeds the supply. Little pitchers are the only class credited with an abnormal thirst for oral information; and who cares to pour the stream of his own original experiences and imaginations into their long but unappreciative ears? We all say that we enjoy meeting a person who talks well; but what we really revel in is meeting a person who listens well. And it is in this walk of life, as in so many others as yet unexplored, that justice has not been done to woman.

Woman is primarily a being who listens. She has in these days lost much of her original teachableness, but she has not yet entirely discarded the appearance of being teachable. In her capacity for hearing without obeying lies her true power. As a talker she has her peers; as a listener she is unequalled.

If, as a French writer says, the conversation of women in society is like the straw in which china is packed,—worthless in itself, but without which everything would be broken,—the listening of woman is what saves us from a Babel of tongues that would bring the sky about our ears in no time. Not that woman is always, or as a rule, unwilling to use her tongue (there is no need of being radical), but the listener who encourages you with eyes and expression and appreciative laughter is a woman. She never lets her glance wander in an absent manner, to be brought back to meet yours at an important point with an effort of which you are both keenly conscious. To whom are you tempted to relate bits of curious personal experience, the suffering caused by some random arrow of outrageous fortune, the fancies suggested by some book, some view, some journey? To a clever, sympathetic woman, whose eyes brighten with interest

or sadden with sympathy as she listens, who seems to anticipate your next word with eager pleasure, and who, for some reason or other, just then, while you are in this confidential mood, has very few experiences or fancies of her own to communicate,—only hints at them—just enough to keep you in countenance.

It is almost pathetic to see the eyes of some garrulous individual wander from one to another of a company of people as he begins a peculiarly interesting anecdote, seeking for that glance of awakened interest which shall encourage him to tell it in his best style, but which a too frequent experience of his eccentricities have taught his companions to avoid. If he be not seasoned to talking to indifferent and unheeding ears, and the pristine glow of his beginning fades almost to the point of going out into silence, be sure it is the light of a woman's eye that rekindles it and warms his heart with grateful encouragement. It may be the girl idling with her fancy-work who has given him a nod of attention, or the old lady who has laid down her knitting with an air of mild interest, or the hostess who has awakened to the responsibilities of her position: it is certainly not the young man who is playing with the girl's worsted, or the older one who is fingering his daily paper.

If the next man who writes a clever bit about women's tongues, their ceaseless chatter and their wearying inanities, will lay down his pen and think who it was that first listened to the substance of this brilliant paragraph and whose appreciation inspired him with a longing to see its brilliancy in print, he may get a startling glimpse into the true inwardness of things too often passed over in neglect.

A. E.

ART MATTERS.

The Progress of Mechanical Engraving in France.

IN the case of engraving, as in that of all the arts, an impenetrable mystery seems to reign over its earliest manifestations. In France wood-engraving was practised at the end of the fifteenth

century, and specimens of great merit may be found in books printed at that period. Although my intention in this article is not to dwell upon the history of French engraving, it may be of use to summarize rapidly the different stages through which the art of engraving has passed, in order to enable the reader more clearly to comprehend the problems that presented themselves to the modern mechanical engravers, and at the same time in order to make my study more complete.

Throughout the sixteenth century hardly a book appeared that was not adorned with wood-cuts. The principal schools of engraving were at Lyons and at Paris. Engraving on metal also first made its appearance in books in France before appearing in isolated plates. The first engraver on metal was Jean Duvet; then follow Claude Corneille and Jean de Gourmont, of Lyons, who were both goldsmiths before they became engravers. The great names in the French school are thenceforward, in succession, Jean Cousin, Etienne Delaune, Androuet Du-cerceau, Tiry, Fantuzzi, René Boyvin, Jacques Callot, Claude Lorrain, Jean Pesne, who engraved Poussin's works, Gérard Audran, etc. Gérard Audran, the interpreter of the historical pictures of Poussin, Lebrun, and Domenichino, was and still remains the greatest French line engraver; he stands at the head of all artists who have reproduced the works of others.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century the numerous school founded and directed by Gérard Audran was in full prosperity. Watteau and Boucher profited by the circumstance, and their compositions were engraved with extraordinary ability by Laurent Cars, Charles-Nicolas Cochin the elder and the younger, Lebas, Desplaces, Lépicié, etc.: at no period of French history has engraving counted more artists of talent.

About the middle of the eighteenth century a new style of engraving was perfected. It became the fashion just after the death of Louis XIV. to adorn books with plates, and a whole army of clever artists put themselves at the service of authors and publishers to satisfy

the appetite of the public. Gravelot, Eisen, Marillier, Fragonard, Moreau le jeune, and others less famous invented small and ingeniously-arranged compositions that comment upon and explain the text of the volume. Augustin de Saint-Aubin, Lemire, Choffard, and others designed on copper those exquisite vignettes which have rescued from oblivion many a book otherwise valueless. The illustrated books of the eighteenth century are now eagerly sought after and enormous prices paid for them by enthusiastic collectors. In fact, a whole literature has sprung up concerning them, and several learned and splendid volumes have been devoted to the books of the eighteenth century adorned with vignettes. With the names of Lawreince, Baudouin, and Debucourt, whose colored *genre* engravings are so much admired just at present, I will close this summary of the productions of the French school.

The question which the modern book-publishers have proposed to themselves is how to obtain cheap, rapid, and exact illustrations. The popularization of knowledge and of literature has rendered these conditions indispensable. In the illustration of scientific books in particular, exactness is of the first necessity. Now, engraving on wood, steel, or copper is neither cheap nor rapid, nor yet is it scientifically exact. The attention of practical men has therefore been turned to the invention of mechanical processes and to the solution of the problem of obtaining directly from a picture, drawing, or natural object a typographic block or plate without the intervention of the engraver, etcher, or lithographer: in short, their desire is to substitute chemical action for the action of the graver.

The invention which has rendered possible the solution of this problem is photography, which reproduces faithfully, easily, and rapidly the image of things that the light makes visible to our eyes. The negative of a photograph is not deteriorated by use: it can, at least theoretically, furnish an indefinite number of copies, printed by the action of light on a sensitive surface. But these copies are neither regular, durable, nor

economical. If photography had remained in these conditions, if it had remained isolated from the other graphic arts, it would never have answered the great hopes founded upon it when it was first discovered. But during the past sixty years, parallel with the progress of photography, we find a continuous series of new inventions, the object of which is to form an alliance between photography and the graphic arts, that is to say, *to transform the photographic cliché or negative into a plate capable of being inked by the ordinary processes used in line engraving, in lithography, or in typography.* This problem was first clearly proposed in France in 1854 by the Duc d'Albert de Luynes, who had brought home from the East a collection of scientific documents which he wished to have published by photographic methods; but he wished the reproductions to offer the same guarantees of durability as works printed with printers' ink. In order to encourage inventors, he offered a prize of eight thousand francs to the discoverer of a process of photographic printing in ink.

Already attempts in this direction had been made by two methods, and these are still the typical methods under which all the modern applications may be classified. In 1814, Nicéphore Niepce tried to obtain copper-plate engravings by the sole action of the light by means of Dead-Sea bitumen,—*bitume de Judée*. In 1852, Fox Talbot obtained plates by a method founded on the reactions which the soluble bichromates, aided by the light, produce in certain organic matters, principally in gelatine and albumen. The bitumen used comes from Damascus and the Dead Sea; it is soluble in essences, ether, benzine, etc.; but under the influence of light it loses this solubility. Thus, if it be spread in a thin coating upon any surface and exposed to the light under a screen, which may take the form of an engraving, a calque, a photograph, etc., it will become insoluble wherever the light strikes; if the surface be then washed with one of the dissolvents above mentioned, that surface will be laid bare in those parts where the light has had

no action, whereas the bitumen will have become insoluble wherever the light has struck. If a metal plate has been employed, the portions laid bare may be bitten with acids or any suitable mordants.

The second method is in principle as follows. The soluble bichromates produce somewhat complicated reactions, which may be summarized thus. (I must beg the reader to excuse the technicality of this explanation, but when once he has mastered these reactions he will be able to understand the theoretical production of any mechanically-engraved plate.) The bichromates of potassium or of ammonia, mixed with organic matters like albumen, gelatine, gum, etc., and then dried, prevent those substances from being penetrated by water if the mixture has been submitted to the influence of light. This action of light is in proportion to its intensity and duration; the parts not exposed to the light retain, on the contrary, their ordinary properties. We have, therefore, here the elements of a photographic image which will furnish the most varied modes of impression: for instance, bichromated gelatine is swollen by cold water; when it has received the influence of light it loses this peculiarity. Thus reliefs and cavities more or less accentuated may be obtained, reproducing the design of a *cliché*, or negative, and these cavities and reliefs may be moulded.

If warm water be used instead of cold, the parts that might have swollen are dissolved, the others remain insoluble and form reliefs, the inverse of the first, which after drying become so hard that they may be engraved by pressure into a metallic plate.

This same preparation, spread over a plate of metal and then immediately after exposure—under the *cliché*—to the light submitted to the action of a suitable acid, will produce an engraving analogous to etching or copper-plate.

If instead of gelatine or albumen you have employed bichromated saccharine matters, the parts that have been protected from the light will alone be able to absorb a little of the ambient moisture, become slightly sticky, and retain

on their surface different powders. By this new method the most varied impressions may be obtained: the effect of stained glass and of enamels may be perfectly reproduced by the employment of vitrifiable powders.

It will readily be understood that the study of these reactions by a large number of inventors has resulted in a series of processes and patents so numerous and so closely allied that it is almost impossible to enumerate them. The result of these researches was not immediately felt. The Duc de Luynes's prize, offered in 1854, was not awarded until 1867 to M. A. Poitevin for his invention of lithography, and it has not been until within the past eight or ten years that the different patents on the reactions above enumerated, having fallen into the public domain, have been taken up, improved, and rendered of practical use in industry.

The principal methods by which, in France, photography is now attached in a more or less complete manner to the different kinds of graphic printing are: *photoglyptie*, originally known as the Woodbury-type, which has been perfected by Goupil & Co., Braun & Co., and Lemercier; *photogravure*, or photographic engraving from a plate sunk like a die,—a process perfected by M. Rousselon, the director of the printing and engraving establishment of Goupil & Co.; zincography, or lithography on zinc; *gillotage*, or engraving in relief by a chemical process on a metal plate, etc.

The different ways of obtaining impressions analogous to lithographs deserve a word of explanation. In the first place, the word lithography has long lost its original and etymological meaning: it is now applied indifferently to any impression made from an inkable surface, not by reason of engraved cavities or reliefs, but by reason of the inverse affinities developed thereon for water and for fatty bodies: the ink adheres to the surface more or less according to these affinities and gives the image. It was at first believed that stone alone had the necessary properties. After many years

of experiments, M. Monroq perfected lithography on zinc, and now variations of the process, under a multitude of different names, are largely employed in books and in illustrated periodicals. The principle in all is the same: a coating of bichromated gelatine, adhering to a backing of stone, copper, zinc, plate-glass, even paper, and subjected to the influence of light, is capable, just like stone, of taking under the roller more or less lithographic ink and of giving complete images under the press.

While studying, with the aid of the catalogue of the *Cercle de la Librairie*, and with different specimens before me, the application of photography to the graphic art, the question suggests itself, Shall we ever obtain by photographic methods the reproduction of objects with their natural colors? The French specialists have already succeeded in photographing colors, but they have not been able to fix them. The sensitive agent is violet subchloride of silver, which, when exposed long enough, takes the color of the rays that strike it, but, as its sensibility cannot be arrested, becomes white again under the influence of white light.

At the exhibition of the *Cercle de la Librairie* at Paris last summer I saw some examples of photographs of objects with their natural colors obtained by indirect means. The idea, due to MM. Ducos du Hauron and Cros, is the analysis of light into its three primitive colors, red, yellow, and blue, in order to produce three corresponding negatives; then the synthesis, by placing one on the other the three proofs, red, yellow, and blue, obtained with these three negatives. Thus, a green glass interposed between the object to be reproduced and the sensitive surface annuls the whole gamut of red rays: the proof that results is the *red negative*. An orange-yellow glass in the same conditions annuls the blue rays, and gives the blue negative. A violet glass annuls all yellow color, and gives the *yellow negative*. Each of these colors is then negatively represented in each of the proofs by a degradation of neutral tint and proportionately

to its importance in the general mixture which strikes the eye. Now, by means which are under the control of the photographer and which enable him to produce a proof of any monochrome color, we can produce with each corresponding negative a blue, a yellow, and a red proof. If these proofs are superposed, so that the colors are mixed and confused as they were in nature, we shall have obtained, theoretically at least, the infinite variety of tones and shades that we see in nature, and we shall have made the synthesis. This process does certainly give results: it remains for industry to see whether they are practical.

Meanwhile, exquisite photographs in colors may be obtained by a process invented by M. L. Vidal and employed for the illustration of art works by the *Société des Publications Périodiques*. With a negative, and by using a series of successive blinds or screens cut out by hand, you prepare on the necessary number of lithographic stones the proofs destined to give the series of tints which go to make up the colored impression, and with these stones you print the image, which is a veritable chromo-lithography; then on this image is applied a complete proof, but very light and of neutral tint, made of gelatine prepared by the photoglyptic process. This proof brings over the colors the extreme fineness and the most delicate lines of the modelling and drawing. For instance, to obtain a representation of a chased gold coffer you simply print the form of the coffer with a coating of gold, and the gelatine proof adds the shading and all the delicacy of the chasing.

From the results already obtained it would appear that photography has a great future before it in connection with the graphic arts. At present, either by photoglyptic or by sunk engraving, it takes the work of the artist, reproduces it and popularizes it, and that which the old processes of engraving, so long and so costly, did tardily for a few, with an interpretation often remarkable but just as often defective, it does rapidly, and represents the work in all its originality. It copies masterpieces and curiosities in

museums, galleries, and private collections, and by its fac-similes, so perfect that it is difficult to distinguish them from the originals, it enables all to possess the treasures of the wealthiest and most fortunate collector. By processes analogous to lithography, copies of drawings, industrial reproductions, charts, plans, etc., are obtained, and by photographic typography the illustration of books and periodicals has been rendered cheap, exact, and truly useful. On all sides we see photography rendering the greatest service to art and to science,—perhaps some will say more to science than to art. After having existed four hundred years, printing, so simple in its principle, is still progressing; photography was born, so to speak, only yesterday. Having produced so much in its infancy, what results may it not give in years to come?

THEODORE CHILD.

ANECDOTICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

An Hungarian Fairy.

A BANKING-HOUSE in Verviers in Belgium lately received a letter from a business firm in Buda-Pesth. It related to an important matter, but unfortunately was written in Hungarian and nobody in Verviers knew the language. One of the partners of the bank took the letter and went to Brussels by the next train. Here again was the same trouble: nobody could be found who knew Hungarian, for the only *attaché* at the Austrian embassy who could have read the letter was rusticated at Biarritz. In despair, the bearer of the letter went to the burgomaster of the town, who was a personal friend. He was very anxious to do the banker a favor, and, after having reflected a long time upon the matter, he said, all of a sudden, "Give me the letter. Sometimes the wildest ideas are the most practical. I am in for an adventure."

The next day the banker called, and found a translation of his letter into good French. The writing was evidently done by a lady's hand.

"Good!" exclaimed the delighted banker. "To what fairy of Hungary do I owe this favor? This letter relates to a transaction involving a great fortune, and I must give the translator a generous *trinkgeld*."

"I take you at your word," said the burgomaster: "you owe me a thousand francs for my poor, for the translator of your letter is the Queen of Belgium."

The "wild idea" of the burgomaster had been to apply to the young queen to translate the letter, and, to his delight, she had very graciously consented, saying that it was no trouble to oblige one of her subjects by recalling her beloved mother-tongue.

M. H.

An American Citizen at Court.

ON the occasion of the late meeting of the Emperor of Austria and the King of Württemberg, says the *Neue Freie Presse*, there was a person in the train of the latter who attracted great attention. This was a young gentleman whose dress of plain black contrasted strikingly with the gay uniforms and bedizened court-costumes. His only decoration was the ribbon of the order of Frederick in his button-hole. This young man was Richard Jackson, a native of Ohio, now reader to his majesty King Charles of Württemberg.

At Stuttgart young Jackson was so assiduous in his attendance at the Con-

servatory that people set him down as a virtuoso *in posse*, until he suddenly entered the service of the American consulate. The origin of his success at court is thus explained. Every day he stationed himself at a certain place in the park belonging to the palace where the king passed in his daily walk, and saluted him with grave respect. The king could not but notice this, and, naturally admiring his commanding stature and pleasant face, he made inquiries about him. The result was satisfactory, and the next day he spoke to the young man and offered to take him into his service. Jackson was delighted, but took care to stipulate that he should not be required to sacrifice his independence as an American citizen, nor to obey any orders except those received directly from his majesty. The king accepted the conditions, and appointed Mr. Jackson reader, with a salary of six thousand marks and an apartment of five rooms in the palace. From the first he has gained steadily in the confidence of his royal employer, and, being a true "Yankee," as the *Freie Presse* calls him, no doubt he improves this grand opportunity to instruct one of the monarchs of effete Europe in the principles of republican government. At all events, the king takes him wherever he goes, and treats him quite familiarly.

M. H.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

"The Life of Richard Cobden." By John Morley. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

POLITICAL biographies, dealing as they do for the most part with questions and events from which the glare of contemporary discussion has receded without yet giving place to the milder but more searching illumination of history, are seldom either very entertaining or very

profitable reading. This life of Cobden is an exception,—an exception the more remarkable inasmuch as the book owes nothing of its interest to episodic details, sketches of personal character, anecdotes, and gossip, such as sometimes enliven an otherwise wearisome narrative. No man was ever more completely absorbed in public affairs than Cobden. Though he never held or

aspired to office, and stood aloof from the two great parties that alternately governed the country, his activity and watchfulness were more incessant than would have been required from the prime minister or the leader of the opposition, and his influence on the course of events and on the policy of the nation was more decisive and far-reaching than that which either of these personages is accustomed to exert. His relaxations were few and scanty; his private business was totally neglected; his domestic life, in spite of his warm affections, might almost be described as casual and intermittent. His mind was not a narrow one, but it was filled and preoccupied with a particular class of subjects to the almost complete exclusion of every other. Equally fluent and tireless with his tongue and with his pen, in public debate and private conversation, as a letter-writer and a pamphleteer, he was perpetually occupied in discussing the topics he had mastered and in promulgating the views he had formed at the outset of his career; and he finally wore himself out by an ardor and laboriousness rare even in English statesmen, so seldom deficient in this respect. Such a man is necessarily an object of admiration with opponents as well as friends, but in this case there was an added charm, to which few were insensible and to which the work before us owes its special attractiveness. The secret, if it can be called one, lay in a mental vivacity so earnest and spontaneous that it could hardly fail to rouse attention and kindle sympathy, yet so free from passion and mere dogmatism that it could neither offend nor weary. With a native genius for dialectics that has rarely been excelled, Cobden threw himself heart and soul into controversy, without the slightest disposition to seek any extraneous aid or win any unfair advantage. He neither appealed to the feelings, nor resorted to sarcasm, nor employed any of the artifices of rhetoric. "You know, gentlemen, I never perorate," he said to his constituents, "and, when I have done, I leave off and sit down." Yet this "simple and unadorned eloquence," conversational in tone and style, rapid and sometimes vehement, but never boisterous or verbose, delighted the listener, not only by the force and clearness of the reasoning, but by a transparent sincerity and perfect ingenuousness which revealed a mind clear of all ulterior aims, impelled only by its own convictions, intent solely

on the elucidation of its argument and confident of leading it to an irresistible conclusion. Never impatient of contradiction, ruffled by interruptions, or tempted into denunciations, he exerted, by his mere directness of mind, singleness of purpose, and reliance on the intelligence of his hearers, a power which was often ascribed to tact and the gift of persuasion, but which was sounder in quality and deeper in its effects than these terms, as commonly understood, would imply. His chief successes were achieved not through adroit *coups-de-main* or sudden and temporary excitements, but by a persistent hammering with facts and arguments, with the effect of bringing about a gradual change of opinion and a corresponding reversal of principles and measures. There has never been a more striking or curious instance of the influence thus attainable than that which Cobden, almost insensibly, and despite the strongest impediments of prejudice and interest, acquired over Sir Robert Peel, and which, beginning in a logical compulsion to refute or accept certain propositions, grew at length into a sort of fascination. It was by precisely the same methods that he operated, or sought to operate, on the minds of the masses. Though for a time at the head of a popular movement, he was the very reverse of a demagogue. Far from sharing in the passions and prejudices of his countrymen, he was always battling against them, readily accepting defeat and obloquy as the inevitable consequence. He voted for extension of the suffrage and similar measures, but he refused to take a prominent part in the discussion of such questions, being "essentially an economical, a moral, and a social reformer," and "never an enthusiast for mere reform in the machinery." There seemed to be no place in his mind for abstract views or purely sentimental considerations. "He opposed war because war and the preparation for it consumed the resources which were required for the improvement of the temporal condition of the population." His leading ideas about English politics, as stated very early in his career and never subsequently changed, were—"first, that the great curse of our policy has been our love of intervention in foreign politics; secondly, that our greatest home difficulty is Ireland; and thirdly, that the United States is the great *economical* rival which will rule the destiny of Eng-

land." On all these points his views have been fully confirmed by the course of events.

The great merit of this biography is that Cobden's personality is kept constantly before the reader. He is allowed as far as possible to speak for himself. There are no digressions and no disquisitions, and the necessary explanations and summaries of events are both lucid and concise. It does not appear that Mr. Morley had any personal acquaintance with Cobden, and his notices of great debates and public meetings lack the vividness to be expected in the relation of an eye-witness. But the mental characteristics of his subject are fully and ably presented, and the impressions which these are likely to make upon an appreciative reader will be in a great measure independent of his opinions on the topics with which Cobden's name and fame are most closely connected. Whatever his limitations, few men have left a brighter example of an intense public spirit, guided by a keen intellect and free from the least tincture of acrimony or fanaticism.

Recent Novels.

"The Portrait of a Lady." By Henry James, Jr. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"A Laodicean; or, The Castle of the De Stanecys." By Thomas Hardy. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

"Dr. Breen's Practice." By William D. Howells. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

THE fortunes of Isabel Archer exact a closer attention and approach perceptibly nearer to the reader's sympathies than any of Mr. James's former themes, while the critical interest which he never fails to excite must be keener than ever in presence of what is in every way—in length, scope, and finish—his most important work. In characterizing it so unreservedly as his *chef-d'œuvre*, we do not mean to imply that "The Portrait of a Lady" exhibits a new development of power, or that it contrasts in any way with its predecessors. Mr. James is not a writer who advances by bounds or strides. His literary career has been throughout a steadily progressive one, but it has been a quiet progression, consisting in refinement and selection. A somewhat finer diction, a little closer analysis, a more careful attention to detail,—these are the slender stakes which mark his course; but if we cast a backward glance over his work, taking

up his novels in the order of their succession, we find an unbroken line of such landmarks, indicating a steady advance in the direction of a definite goal. From the first his work showed distinct individuality, but within a narrow limit; always clever and marked by subtlety of idea, it was crude to begin with, and, moreover, had a certain scamped and bald air which indicated no large reserves or youthful exuberance of power. It would be difficult to find, however, even among greater writers, an instance of a talent more carefully cultivated, more fully developed, than that of Mr. James. He has used his resources sparingly, but always effectively, keeping all his promises to pay with the utmost fidelity, and ignoring any unfounded hopes which may have been entertained concerning him; and in consequence he has been steadily increasing instead of diminishing his store. Continual practice, far from exhausting, only enlarges his power, giving him a greater command of technical means. His reputation as a sayer of fine and delicate things was made some years ago; but this event did not prove a check to Mr. James, who, like Burke, has gone on refining ever since. His early crudities have long since been dropped, many of them at the foot of the cliff where Roderick Hudson met his death. His limitations all remain, but he has adapted himself to them with an art akin to that of the painter who adapts the lines of his figures to the restrictions of a round frame. In "The American" and "The Europeans," delightful as they were, the early poverty of his pen was still perceptible in a certain unfurnished aspect which belonged to them. The characters were so simple, the accessories so few, that one was haunted afterward by a recollection of large spaces of blank wall. "Washington Square" had the same severity of aspect. In the shorter stories, "Daisy Miller," "An International Episode," and "The Diary of a Man of Fifty," there was no room for bareness, and these stories exhibited some of his most delicate touches. Still, Mr. James's manner has always seemed best fitted to a long work, in which he can have space for analysis and opportunity for a large number of clever *mots*.

"The Portrait of a Lady" is at once finer and closer in workmanship than anything Mr. James had before done. The walls are no longer blank: they are covered with arabesques of ingenious and delicate pattern. Here are more

than five hundred closely-printed pages, on which every line is apparently studied, every word happily chosen. One might search in vain throughout the book for any inaccuracy or inadvertency of expression; the style is not only smooth and correct, but it is everywhere at its best; at whatever page we open we find a constant succession of felicities. The accomplishment of such a diction ought alone, we think, to insure a writer not only a literary reputation, but a moral character as well.

The same untiring vigilance which distinguishes the style we find in the thought of the book. The analysis of character and motive, which fills so large a part in Mr. James's writings, is here conducted with all the accuracy and completeness of a mathematical demonstration. The reader is not confronted at once with the intricacies of the problem or fatigued by its length: he is led by logical process from one point to another, his interest being riveted all through by the detail. Each conclusion is clearly marked, all possible aids are given to the memory, and when at last the demonstrator breaks off in the abrupt way which has startled all his readers, it is with the air of saying, "I have furnished all the points and shown you how to proceed. Find the answer for yourselves."

Mr. James's reluctance, or rather his positive refusal, to complete a book in the ordinary sense of the word is a curious trait, and one which piques study. In the matter of detail his books are finished to the last degree, but he cannot bring himself to the vulgarity of a regular *dénouement*, and he lacks the poetic force to substitute for it a suggestive or picturesque climax. Everything in one of Mr. James's books seems to be leading to a simple and satisfactory end, but coming near the goal he sees a crowd there and turns aside in disgust. There is no time to change his destination, but he will not go out at the common turnstile, happen what may.

The same causes which make Mr. James's *dénouements* so unsatisfactory both from a popular and an artistic point of view are traceable in his delineations of character, giving to his figures that delicacy of aspect, that absence of weight and reality, which is characteristic of them. These causes are, first, his instinctive avoidance of commonplace, and, secondly, a peculiarity of organization, which comes perhaps from his having had the misfortune to be born in Boston,

a locality in which it is not infrequent. We allude to the habit of looking at an object by reflection and under cross-lights,—of divining and comprehending instead of seeing it. Now, divination, it is well known, can often transcend actual vision, penetrating into finer chinks and crevices: still, as a substitute for straightforward sight it has its inconveniences. The process is certainly seen at its best in the portrait of Miss Archer, which in all other respects than that of reality is a brilliant success. It is original, consistent in every particular, full of distinction, and painted with wonderful delicacy and precision. Mr. James has drawn from an actual though rare type of American girlhood. He has taken it at its highest development and selected all its finer qualities. He has studied every little nerve and fibre, all the intuitions and reasonings which belong to it: as an exercise in mental anatomy the delineation is perfect. The warmth of intellectual interest, the absence of any religious motive, combined with the clearest moral sense, make Isabel a character belonging to the time perhaps rather than the country, but one which is found here at an earlier age than elsewhere. To make Isabel become Caspar Goodwood's mistress at the end would be to destroy the entire texture of her character, and we cannot believe that Mr. James intended to point to that as the solution. A sweeter nature than hers might be one more susceptible of corruption. Isabel was aloof from it rather than above it, and if moral support failed her she was certain to be saved by that other instinct with which the author has endowed her,—the dread of vulgarity.

What the event was before which Mr. James paused and dropped the curtain is a matter which we will not pretend to be wise about. There are various hints in the book, none of which, apparently, lead very far. Did an infinitesimal drop of the poison used by Mr. Osmond for cleaning his *bric-à-brac* accidentally lodge in some flaw of his porcelain person? Or did Isabel and her husband continue to sit in their Roman *salon*, in patient scorn of each other, while Caspar Goodwood waited on indefinitely? Fortunately, it is not a critic's duty to solve conundrums, and we are perfectly willing to let the ends lie where Mr. James has left them.

Of the other characters, who are all intimately associated with Isabel's destiny, Goodwood is too much in the nature of a geometrical line to require any de-

tailed analysis, but every one else is more or less complex, and there are many delicate shades in their delineation. Such is the resemblance between Madame Merle and Pansy, which is touched upon in a number of little ways and suggests their relationship to each other long before circumstances give any hint of it. Pansy is an unfledged Madame Merle, the same nature more carefully trained, as contented and as complete in her innocence as her mother is at home in intrigue. Madame Merle herself is tolerably vague. She is an ever-present idea, rather than a person. Miss Stackpole, on the other hand, is bright and vivid; and Ralph Touchett is the warmest and truest figure in Mr. James's gallery of portraits, not excepting the more elaborate and finished one of the Lady herself.

A part of the secret of Mr. Hardy's compelling force as a novelist lies in the fact that he apparently never shapes his characters to the necessities of his plot or makes their actions coincide with any definite consequences which he fixes as his goal from the beginning. The incidents succeed each other as in real life,—a jumble of the usual, the unexpected, and the impossible. He creates men and women of exceptionally strong natures, not endowed, however, with lofty serenity, but vibrating easily to every breath of feeling, daring to give the rein to passion, pliant to opportunity, and setting out boldly on the path to which their inclinations point. With characters like these in hand, an imaginative author goes far, and pushes sometimes to extremes his craving for untried situations and deep and strong emotions. These apparent dubitations of destiny, these endlessly shifting combinations, these checks and balances and unexpected sequences, keep up the interest of the story almost to a feverish degree.

George Somerset's first impression of Paula Power, the owner of De Stancy Castle, is gained when on the brink of the baptismal pool the girl hesitates, wavers, and refuses to be immersed according to her dead father's wish. The outraged pastor's sermon and his text are supposed to give the key-note to this fair Laodicean's character,—“lukewarm, neither cold nor hot;” and with this fascinating but complex nature the story has to deal.

Paradoxical although she may be, Paula is a charming creature, and rivets the imagination and touches the heart with a spell more potent and seducing

than more logical and consistent women are apt to possess. She has a mediæval castle to restore, and unlimited financial ability to carry out every fancy of the most æsthetic restorer of the present renaissance. The competition of the rival architects contains almost every element of interest. Somerset, the hero, is committed to a situation not only difficult but dangerous, fighting as he does against unseen but malign powers of which he is ignorant. The villain of the book is inspired with devilish ingenuity, and a child of light like Somerset seems in a way to be utterly vanquished. All Dare's machinations serve De Stancy, Paula's rival suitor. The girl's coquettings with her two lovers, her whims and fancies, are given with irresistible piquancy. You can forgive her for not too soon allowing Somerset to know her full mind; for no man has a right to win so fair a creature without fighting hard for success. Still, after the scene which we quote, Somerset had some right to complain of his treatment through the next four hundred pages.

“Her hand was hanging by her side, and Somerset's was close by. He took it, and she did not draw it away. Thus they stood a long while, the rain hissing down upon the grass-plot, and not a soul being visible outside the dancing-tent save themselves.

“‘May I call you Paula?’ asked he.

“‘Yes,’ she said faintly.

“‘Dear Paula!—may I call you that?’

“‘I suppose so.’

“‘Do you know I love you?’

“‘Yes.’

“‘And shall I love you always?’

“‘If you wish to.’

“‘And will you love me?’

“‘Paula did not reply.

“‘Will you, Paula?’ he repeated.

“‘You may love me,’ she said again.

“‘But don't you love me in return?’

“‘I love you to love me.’

“‘Won't you say anything more explicit?’

“‘I would rather not.’

“Somerset sighs, but reflects that, after all, his love is new and that she does not take it coldly. Presently he bends his lips to hers.

“‘No,’ whispers the fair Puritan.

“‘Why not?’ he asks.

“‘I don't know. I— Nobody ever has.’”

After this, De Stancy's love-making, or rather Paula's toleration of it, does not please us, since there is no surer test of

the actual delicacy of a woman than the character of the man whom she admits to her intimacy. De Stancy as an impoverished man of ancient lineage, self-repressed, with a single burning experience which he blames himself for ever after, and the same De Stancy with all his barriers and limitations gone, his senses unlocked, and the whole man, his longings, ambitions, and passions, fused into a single ruling wish, are powerfully contrasted. Dare, his son, is an ageless, sexless being, with enormous activity for evil, and his achievements light up the last half of the book with the lurid hues of melodrama. Paula's final impulse toward the lover she has wronged is womanly and charming.

Turning from an English to an American novel is like looking at an etching after studying a vivid and effective oil-painting with rich backgrounds and multiplied vistas. Yet, even in spite of their sharp contrasts, there are delicate points of resemblance between Mr. Hardy's and Mr. Howells's heroine, each of whom is called a Puritan.

No doubt every one knows by this time that Dr. Breen is a young lady by the name of Grace, whom an early disappointment in love and a longing to be of some actual use in the world have driven to take up medicine as a profession. Nobody better than Mr. Howells can draw the typical New-England girl, and no one of his heroines pleases us more irresistibly than this youthful M.D.—pure, proud, full of imperious impulses, with a wish to be widely beneficent and to fuse herself into the noblest aims of the noblest, yet morbidly sensitive and self-conscious, sure neither of others nor of herself, and finally turning back when in sight of the promised land for what she had been ready to consider the flesh-pots of Egypt, giving up her wish to serve the world, "abandoning herself," as the author says, "to a recovered sense of girlhood and all its sweetest irresponsibility."

The logic of the story is fatally against the modern ideas about a woman's career. It is fairly argued that while a man may count each deep and sweet experience of his life as a part of his development, the

promoter of his aims, and the feeder of his ambitions, a woman's intellectual strength is scattered and broken when she falls in love, and that in order to fulfil the stern conditions of outside and public duties her private life must be lonely and bare and sad. Mr. Howells is not, however, wearisome or dictatorial in enforcing his moral, and none of his readers need feel imprisoned by his verdict, since he himself at the close suggests the idea that he has been all along begging the real question. For Miss Grace Breen is not, in truth, impressed with any ardor of conviction for her undertaking; she has no vocation for medicine, and the essential basis of most good work—the necessity of living by it—does not enter into the question at all for this very prosperous young lady. Accordingly, there is no tragic element in her failure, although she is represented as a little discontented at finding no severe demand for moral heroism in her married life.

Much of the book is mere graceful comedy. Mrs. Maynard, always in dread of her mind preying upon itself, her husband, with his "Sleep? I never sleep. I should as soon think of digesting," Miss Gleason, the "rapturous maiden," and the full chorus of the summer lady-boarders, amuse us on every page. The turn of the story, too, upon a case of pneumonia certainly belongs to comedy, if not to farce. Most people, we fear, would share Mrs. Maynard's distrust of the lady practitioner who at the critical stage of an ordinarily fatal disease goes out for a sail with a young man,—no matter with what laudable intentions,—leaving her friend and half-patient to be talked and read almost to death, and who finally, on returning, drives the invalid into delirium by moral precepts.

Dr. Breen's choice between her two passionate admirers shows, like Paula's, that a woman is generally captivated by a man the very opposite of her ideal. Still, in the present book the heroine had the advantage of two almost equally valuable offers, and we even think it possible that, well dominated by Dr. Mulbridge, she might have had no leisure for personal disappointment and have become an absolutely contented woman.